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# Saturday Review of THE ARTS

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Inside a National Book Award Jury

Jean Dubuffet

Terry Southern: "Why not hire the *real* Rip Torn?"

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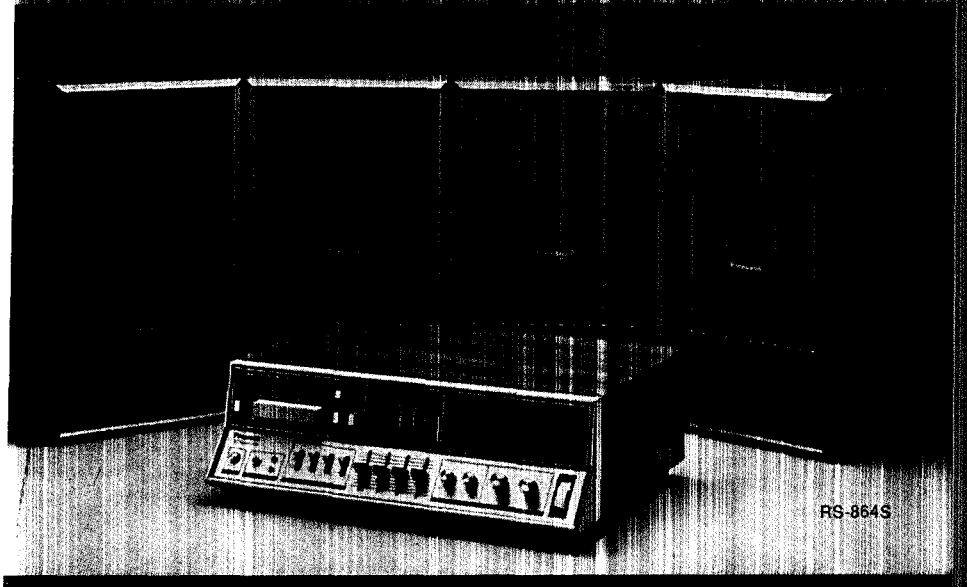

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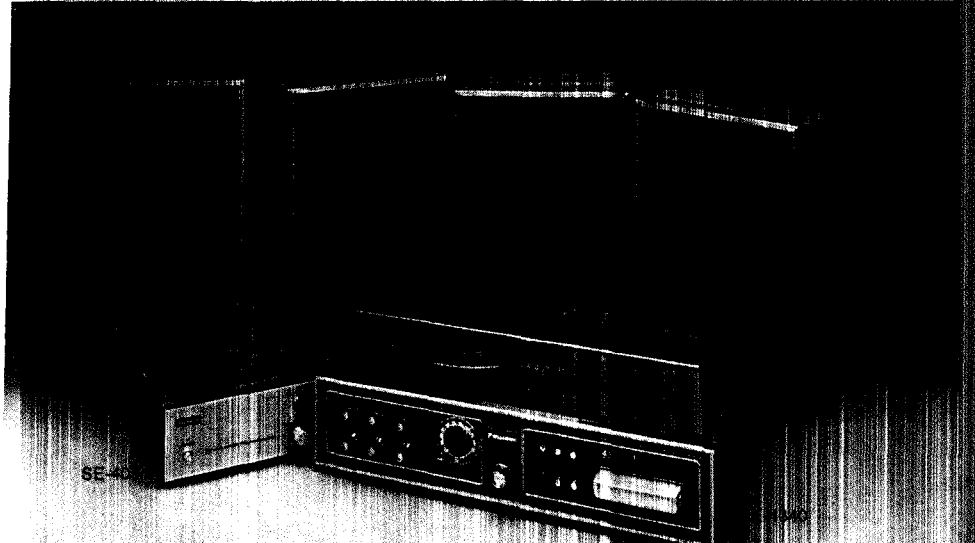

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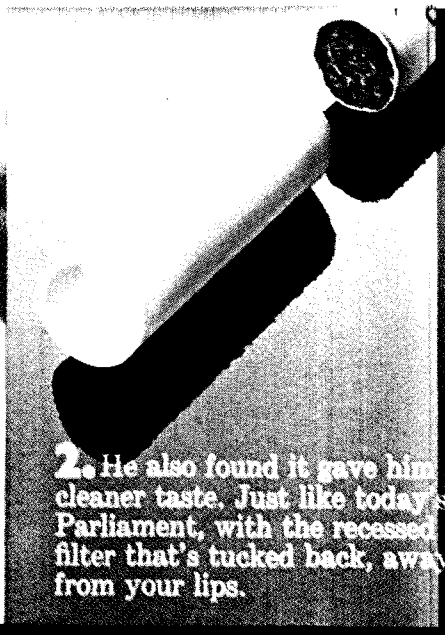

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Saturday Review of
THE ARTS

APRIL 7, 1973 VOLUME 1, NUMBER 4

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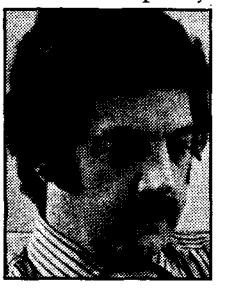
# INSIDE SR

Sometimes it seems that artists come in only two categories—timid and bold. This issue appears to be devoted entirely to the bold ones.

We start with the great French painter and innovator Jean Dubuffet. Beginning this month, the Guggenheim Museum in New York is holding the largest exhibition of Dubuffet's work—some 30 years' worth—ever seen in the United States. Thomas M. Messer, who has been the director of the Guggenheim for 12 years, has managed to write "Down to Earth—The Painting of Jean Dubuffet" between the gargantuan effort of staging the show and dashing off to Europe for a few well-earned days of rest.

*Messer*

Another April event, and one that traditionally involves a clash of strong artistic personalities, is the National Book Awards. Who will be the winners of our most prestigious literary prize this year? Will Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* beat out Vladimir Nabokov's *Transparent Things*? Is it A. R. Ammons's turn to win the poetry award? According to Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, a veteran of last year's fiction panel, the infighting will determine all. In "Confessions of a Book Award Judge," the senior daily book reviewer of the *New York Times* tells how that five-man jury, including literary light-heavyweights Joan Didion and Joseph Heller, *really* came to a decision.


*Lehmann-Haupt*

It's not often that the writer and his subject are equally bold. With Terry Southern profiling his fellow Texan Rip Torn, we think we have a perfect pairing. Southern is a most extravagantly outrageous writer—have you read *Candy* and *Blue Movie*? Rip Torn is no patsy either, and maybe that's been a problem for him. Directors are likely to remember Torn more as the man who once tried to slug Norman Mailer with a hammer than as a versatile actor. We know of no photographer who could have captured this fissionable duo better than their chum Susan Wood.

*Torn and Wood*

Possibly the most vivid personality in this issue is Irene Papas, the great Greek classical actress, who is glimpsed through the eyes of her lifelong friend Nanda Root. Mrs. Root, a Greek herself and the wife of an American, lives in London. She got in touch with us recently when she was in New York to hold Miss Papas's hand as the actress prepared her role in the stage production of *Medea*.

*Root*

In this issue appears the first of a series of periodic reports on equipment for the enjoyment of the arts, which we have dubbed "pleasure machines." This first installment deals with the reproduction of music. We all had a hand in it, but the major contribution comes from our music editor, Irving Kolodin. For his report on the new four-channel sound systems, Kolodin had an array of dangerous-looking equipment installed in his apartment. "Every time you visit Irving," said one friend, "you're in danger of being electrocuted." For further technical expertise, we went to Ivan Berger, who is the electronics and photography editor of *Popular Mechanics*. Berger gives us a handy guide through the electronic jungle.

*Berger*

On March 20 Kolodin went to Washington for the official presentation of the new White House Record Library. Kolodin's contribution to the library, a list of 500 classical selections that appears here, will, we hope, be of use to *SR* readers for years to come.

R. C. and C. M.



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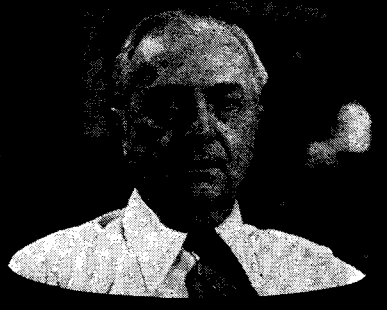

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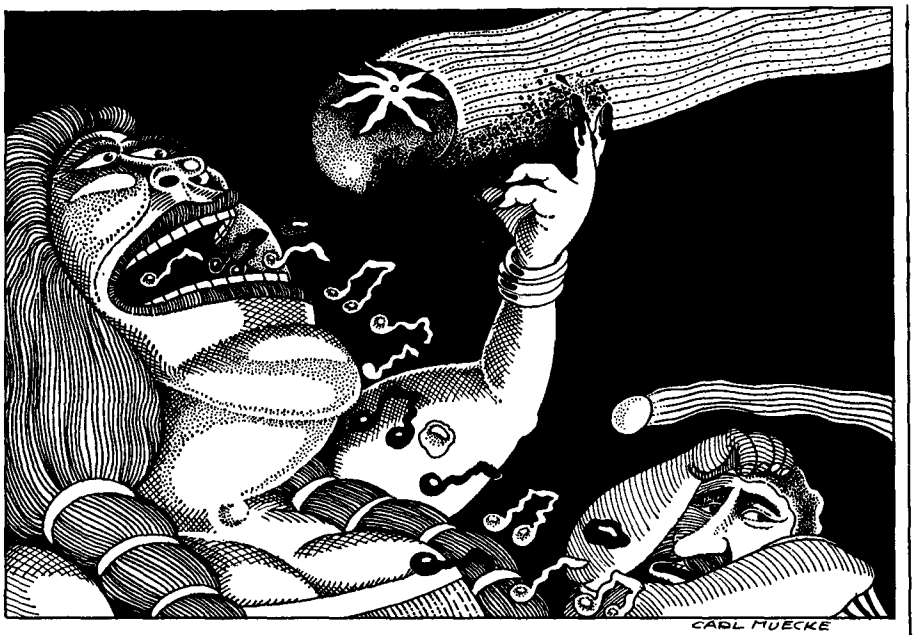


## Three Boos and You're Out

BY CHARLES MITCHELMORE

VIENNA, Austria—"Once again Vienna has an opera scandal!" The music editor who broke the story could barely disguise his glee. The affair, which pushed Vietnamese peace arrangements off the front pages and took over *Kaffeehaus* gossip, occurred at a glittering premiere early in February. The occasion was a fresh production of *Aida* at Franz Joseph's State Opera house on the Ringstrasse. Verdi's classic hadn't been touched up since the grand old building, bombed out by the Allies during World War II, was reopened in 1955. The State Opera had imported director Nat Merrill from the Met in New York to do the new staging, and soloists from Covent Garden in London and La Scala in Milan. The administrative offices leaked word that something like $130,000 was being spent to produce a new *Aida* of which the city could be proud.

Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky and a quorum of his cabinet ministers showed up for the opening. The house was packed. But when Gwyneth Jones, singing Aida, had some trouble with her high notes, boos came from the standing-room section at the back of the main floor. There were more boos as Viorica Cortes, playing Amneris, also got into vocal difficulty.

Just after the curtain fell at the end of the second act, uniformed policemen plunged among the standees and, at the direction of ushers, hauled out three young men. As the black-tie crowd began to buzz, the standees erupted. Then, high above the stage, a man wearing a business suit stood up in the special artists' loge.

"The federal Chancellor is looking on," he boomed out, "as freedom of expression in this house is being suppressed. Is that democracy?"

The speaker was an off-duty baritone, Eberhard Waechter. His words brought a roar of approval from the standees—and boos mixed with cheers from the orchestra seats. Chancellor Kreisky, an old socialist warrior, remained impassive. ("What do they think Bruno should do?" one of his ministers asked another. "Go up and sing Amonasro himself?" "Keep still!" hissed his colleague. "He's in shape and he just might try it!")

The next day the affair was the subject of public debate. The State Opera issued a communiqué saying that the three standees had been removed as a result of "numerous protests" to ushers about the booing. Education Minister Fred Sinowatz, who is responsible for the State Opera, claimed that the boos were part of a planned disruption—anonymous calls had warned the opera that it would happen, he said.

One of the three men pulled out by the police, a teacher at a hotel training school, retorted that he had neither booed nor bravoed, and said he was going to consult his lawyer. He and the other two were released after their names were taken. No charges were preferred—the usual course in such incidents here. As one Austrian cultural offical remarked—perhaps coming as close to the truth as anyone—"Isn't it better that these young people get all worked up over opera rather than swarming after a Hitler or a Stalin?"

That left only the off-duty baritone. In his early forties, Eberhard Waechter is a Viennese, a hometown darling, and his own best press agent: polite, open, and absolutely confident of his client's talent. He noted that he had been booed himself on occasion. He went on to make it clear that what he had done at *Aida* was in no way a political demonstration. "I'm not connected with the left wing at all. I just feel as a strong principle that everyone should be able to give his opinion, even if it's wrong."

Did he think that his effort would bring results? "I am absolutely convinced," he said, "that what I did will not make the slightest difference." □

*Charles Mitchelmore is a foreign correspondent living in Vienna.*

## A Taste of 125-Year-Old Pudding

BY JOHN KRONENBERGER

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—For the undergraduate who could afford it and also manage to get voted in, Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club has long been a pleasant place to take a girl after a football game. The club has survived into the 1970s as a kind of social time capsule; young men with fairly short hair can still be found in Shetland sweaters and English shoes, getting drunk at the second-floor bar—and on occasion dressing for dinner.

Hasty Pudding Theatricals, an affiliated but separate entity, makes its home with the club on Holyoke Street. A fact sheet issued a month or so back claims that it is "the oldest theatrical

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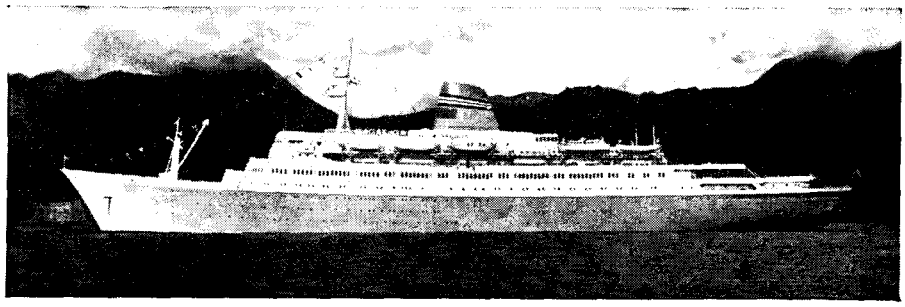

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organization in the United States, and the third oldest in the world, preceded only by the Oberammergau Passion Players and La Comédie Française."

"Every spring," the fact sheet continues, "the members present an original musical-comedy satire, with men playing women's roles. This year's is the 125th annual production." The celebration of the anniversary, it was indicated, would go considerably beyond the traditional "Woman of the Year" and "Man of the Year" awards to stars of stage and/or screen (though Liza Minnelli, this year's winner of the former, would get a huge parade a week before the show opened).

There was late news of even greater importance: the club had voted to reverse tradition and admit women as members. What did this portend for the oldest drag show on earth? And when word was leaked that before the first-night curtain Gloria Steinem would receive a special "Person of the Year" award while Pudding alumnus Jack Lemmon got "Man of the Year" honors, it was no longer possible to stay away. (Lemmon is probably the best-known actor to have emerged from the Pudding in recent decades; Alan Jay Lerner and Erich Segal are among those who, as students, have written shows.)

A news conference featuring Lemmon was called for 7:30 P.M. on opening night. In the Pudding's baize-green dining room, members in dinner jackets and their mostly luscious, gowned dates crowded around the sides and to the rear of the seated members of the press, who gradually perceived that they themselves were part of the evening's entertainment. Their self-consciousness may have been responsible for what happened when Lemmon entered with one of the show's student producers, a stocky, curly-haired senior named Alfred Putnam.

Suddenly, it was the kind of press conference usually seen in the movies: flashbulbs popped continuously and reporters, some of whom one knew personally to be pretty stable, actually *announced* their questions: "Irving Farble, *Rockport Evening Gazette.* Mr. Lemmon, do you think it's true that moviegoing audiences identify with you because you project such vulnerability?" The only things missing were PRESS cards stuck in hatbands.

There was, on the whole, limited breaking news. Lemmon did announce that he'd come to realize how well his drag experience in the 1947 Pudding show had prepared him for his role in Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot.* Asked about being on the same bill with

*John Kronenberger works for* WGBH-TV, *Boston's public television station. Yes, he went to Harvard.*



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Gloria Steinem, he replied, "She scares the hell out of me." (Laughter.) Soon Pudding and press adjourned to the bar for a champagne reception.

When a murmer of voices indicated that Gloria Steinem had finally arrived, everybody gathered for an informal picture session with the two awardees, who did much smiling at each other. Her burgundy jeans matched the color of his formal tie and silk socks, and her rimless glasses were, if anything, even nicer than the aviator model she had made a national craze. Lemmon kept a running dialogue going with the photographers:

"Jack, another one looking at her. . . ."

"Whatever you say, Slick; I'm with you, Ace . . . ."

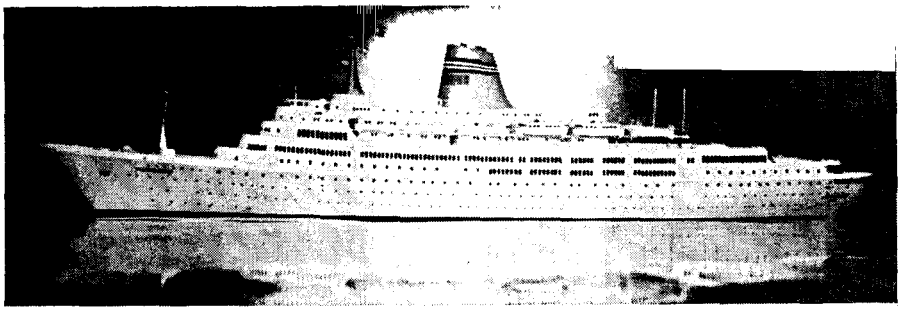
Opportunity presented itself. "Uh, when you said Gloria Steinem scares the hell out of you, what did you mean?"

Lemmon whirled to interpose his body between the questioner and Ms. Steinem. "That was just a joke," he said, lowering his voice. "I've never met her before tonight . . . . Of course, I can tell she's an awfully bright lady."

Finally, the crowd made its way downstairs to the 350-seat theater for the pre-curtain ceremonies, which were running a half hour late. As the TV film crews got rolling, Putnam invited Jack Lemmon to the stage to receive his award, an engraved miniature Hasty Pudding pot. "I used to spend hours at the piano that was there in the corner," Lemmon said as he peered across the room, "working on songs like 'The Bottom Dropped Out of Everything but You,' thinking I was going to be the next Gershwin . . . . Honest to God, I don't know what to say, except that I'm very grateful for this."

Young Putnam also gave Lemmon a 125th-anniversary T-shirt, crimson on white, and then summoned no less a personage than Julia Child from the audience to give Lemmon a taste of "his favorite food." Regal in blue and green silk, Mrs. Child marched down the aisle with a large cast-iron pudding pot. While the cameras ground on, she towered over the hapless actor until, after much mugging, he sampled a spoonful of what was purported to be the Original Recipe. (Later Mrs. Child indicated that it was really Indian pudding, and not her own concoction at all, simply some of the stuff served in the undergraduate houses that night.) Lemmon feigned spitting it into the curtain, then smiled brightly. "Oh, it's *terrific*," he said. He got the iron pot to take back to his seat with him and for the rest of the evening had to watch where he put his feet.

Putnam, looking prosperous beyond his years in wing collar and formal vest, paused to let the noise die down

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# Marshall McLuhan says the printed word is "obsolete."

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—The Editors of World Magazine

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After all, one of them, Goodman Ace, was a great radio comedy writer. Now he writes a non-verbal humor column every two weeks for us.

And Cleveland Amory, when he isn't critizing the new TV shows for TV Guide, is criticizing everything for World Magazine.

Buckminster Fuller considers future shock in his column, Geoview. He often writes of the 21st century in a good old 16th century form: poetry.

U Thant who once spoke for billions as Secretary-General of the UN now writes for himself. As Editor-At-Large for World.

Hollis Alpert does film criticism. And we give him the space to pursue things not often pursued. Such as considering a film while it's actually being shot. (Recently, he did a piece on *The Exorcist* and wondered what effect it would have on the little girl chosen to play the excruciating role of Regan, possessed by the Devil.)

Katharine Kuh is our art critic. Sharon Fass chooses our cartoons. (A magazine without a bright visual element *is* obsolete.)

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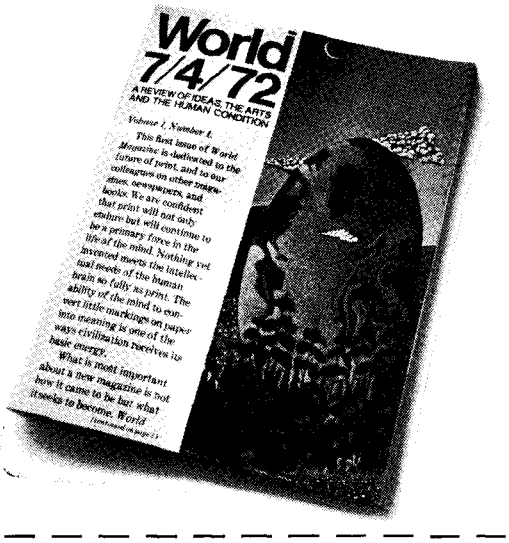


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after Lemmon's appearance. "For the first time, and probably for the last time," he resumed, "we're giving out a 'Person of the Year' award. As you know, the Hasty Pudding Club this year voted to admit women. [Cheers, boos]. Ah, yes, the hard-core are here. . . . The reason being, after all, that women have been involved in the theatricals for 20 years." (This year's stage manager was a Radcliffe senior.)

But Alec Smythe, Putnam's co-producer, had earlier put the matter more bluntly in private. "In any situation when you have declining membership," he said, speaking of the club's fiscal problems, "you have to make it less exclusive." Women, however, will continue to be barred from appearing in Pudding productions.

"If you see the show," said Putnam to the first-night audience, "you know we're not . . . *quite* in step with women's liberation, but we're not as bad as we used to be." He handed the Person-of-the-Year pudding pot to Ms. Steinem, who said, deadpan, "I hear the vote was close." She deftly compared drag to blackface, but noted that she didn't really resent it too much, "since women have been taught to be female impersonators for years." Suggesting the evening ought to be preserved in plastic as a national monument, she concluded, "It's the end of a dying era, and let's all enjoy it." Applause followed her back to her seat.

"When the era dies," said Putnam, evenly, "I'll let y'all know." The first woman's membership in the Pudding was then presented to Radcliffe's young president, Matina Horner, while the band played, of course, "Ten Thousand Men of Harvard." The first bars of the overture followed, and there was nothing to do but relax.

*Bewitched Bayou, or All's Well That Ends as You Like It* was not a terribly good show, even as these things go. The traditional highlight, the famed male Pudding kickline, did its predictable thing this year before a gorgeous ice cream and candy backdrop. But the ambitious production numbers were done a bit too well for travesty, yet not quite well enough, and the mocking Shakespearean book was surprisingly witless.

Even the most gentle soul, finally, would see a kind of sublime gratuitousness in making Gloria Steinem guest of honor at a show that boasted not only a song called "Radical Chic" but a long drag-queen number titled "Liberated Woman," with lyrics like "I need to flagellate, denigrate, underrate, castrate, and sub-ju-gate a man!" During the song, one could see Ms. Steinem staring, with a tight smile, at the ceiling above the proscenium. A penny for her thoughts. □

# His Time Has Come

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—This country-music capital became the center of the record industry's universe last month as the 3,000 members of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences selected the winners of the fifteenth annual Grammy Awards. In 1972 the ceremony was a sweep for Carole King, who won five Grammys. This year Don McLean and Neil Diamond seemed the most probable contenders for multiple honors. But neither McLean nor Diamond finished in the money, and no contemporary artist or composer took home more than two Grammys. There was one sweep, however: the Solti/Chicago Symphony recording of Mahler's Eighth was named Album of the Year (classical), Best Choral Performance (classical—other than opera), and Best Engineered Recording (classical). The same performers won the Grammy for Best Classical Performance for their Mahler Seventh. The composer always said his time would come, but surely he never dreamed of winning four Grammys in Nashville. □

# Steve Ostrow's Satyricon

BY GRACE LICHTENSTEIN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—You don't have to be gay to love the Continental Baths. On Saturday evenings it is one of the best nightclubs in town.

Picture the scene: an all-male health club, cozily situated in the basement of the staid old Ansonia Hotel on Broadway at 74th Street. It's almost eleven-thirty—show time—and hundreds of beautiful men, most of them clad only in terry bath towels slung low on the hips, are crowded onto the large discotheque dance floor, boogying their hearts out. In the background a few are splashing naked in a lovely green swimming pool, or lounging around the pool table, or chatting in big rattan wing chairs, or toning up their muscles on the exercise equipment, or simply making friends at the snack bar. A revolving silver ball above the dance floor casts shards of glittering light off glass pillars and black walls.

Suddenly the recorded music dies down. Lights focus on a small stage platform where a three-piece band led by a young woman pianist named Cheryl Hardwicke strikes up a tune. The dancers, the bathers, and an assortment of fully dressed visitors gather around the bandstand, sitting shoulder to shoulder on the floor or on casually arranged folding chairs.

Onto the stage, microphone in hand, bounds a tall, pencil-slim dude, who, with his folds of bright blond hair, blond mustache, four-in-hand tie, and snug camel vest, looks like a Seventies version of a Virginia City gambler.

The emcee's name is Steve Ostrow, and he's the man responsible for transforming this steamy pleasure palace into the city's most remarkable showcase for pop talent. Make no mistake: it's not for your maiden aunt from Topeka. But for New York's hip cognoscenti, gay and straight alike, the Baths have become a heavy number. Bette Midler got her start here. Mick Jagger dropped in a few weeks ago to see the show. Bella Abzug gave a campaign speech here. Can Jackie O. be far behind?

Basically, of course, it's still a health club, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Men pay $8 for a locker or $14.50 for a room. The discotheque

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## WIT TWISTER NO. 325

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

A sad-eyed — — — —, no matter where he goes

He — — — — his books along for extra study.

While classmates stroll by — — — —, his lamp-light glows:

He dare not date; his thinking might get muddy!

He — — — — not what a pleasure it could be

To — — — — his books and let his thoughts run free.

A. S.

*Answer on page 94*

## FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1548

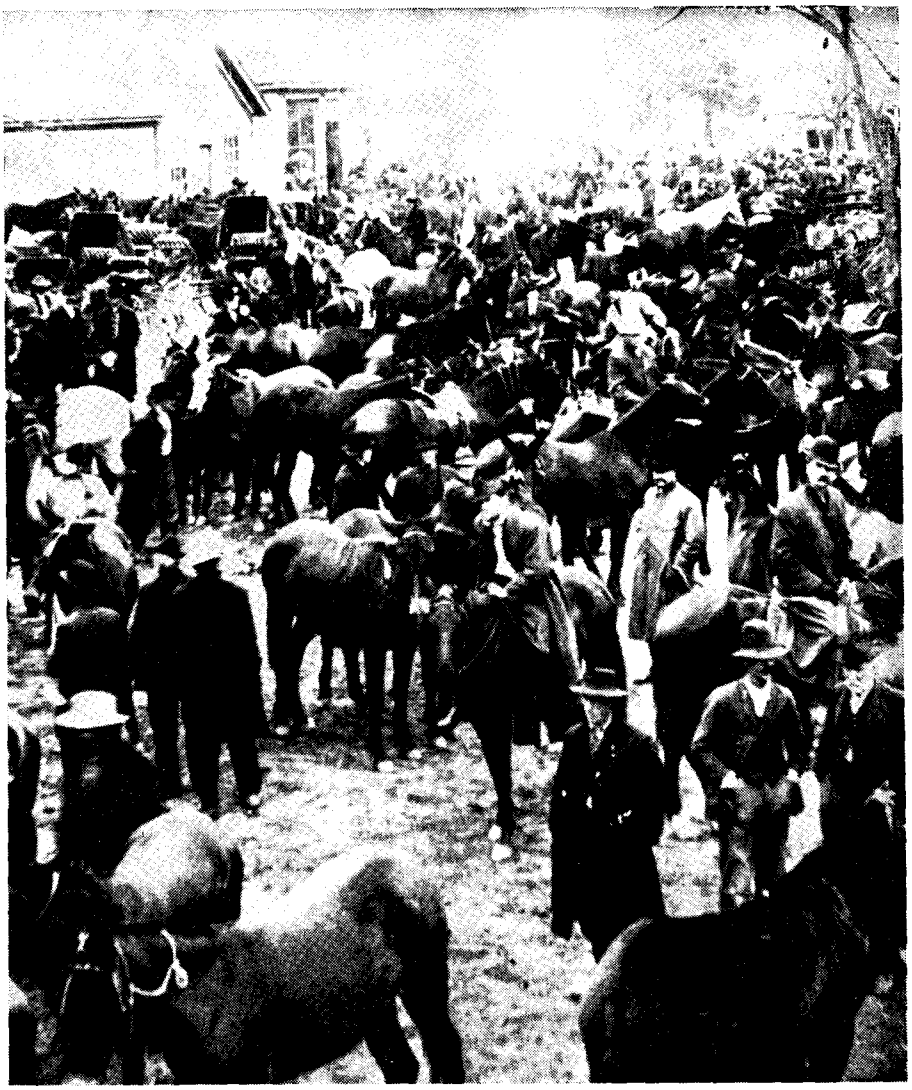
*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1548 will be found on page 94.*

RW ZRH RYF PCKWT

HUFXEMWPV YOT GECWLPV

RYF PCKWT ZWPP.

HKCT

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"Throughout she reaffirms her faith in the equal qualifications of women and underlines her abhorrence of arbitrary governments. These two concerns alone make her thoughts eminently pertinent today."—*Publishers Weekly*

Madame de Staël

TEN YEARS OF EXILE

**Translated by DORIS BEIK** Introduction by Peter Gay
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goes all week, but Saturday is the only night when women are admitted. They must remain dressed, since there are no women's lockers. The club serves only soft drinks.

The Baths, though, are funky enough without booze. Call them Felliniesque. Call them a freaked out Jack LaLanne, a Maisonette with showers, a Tuesday's for boys. The fact is that the Baths are neither dangerous nor dirty.

Ostrow himself is a 40-year-old, unabashedly bisexual entrepreneur who has been, among other things, a cantor, an opera singer, a Fuller Brush salesman, and a loan company president who was indicted for mail fraud but never brought to trial. From the day he opened the Baths in September 1968, they have been a hit with that part of the gay community fed up with sleazy bars and sooty Y's. It was also a hit with the vice squad, which raided the place regularly. "They'd wear handcuffs underneath their towels, waiting for someone to touch them," Ostrow recalls disgustedly. The raids gradually stopped, and Ostrow insists he paid off no one. "What happened," he says, "is that the whole climate of the city changed."

The Saturday night shows began a little over two years ago, simply because Ostrow liked live entertainment. At first they were nothing more than "a fat lady on an orange crate," but soon Ostrow brought along more sophisticated fare, scouting offbeat clubs and holding his own auditions. While many of the acts have campy overtones, the shows have never been pitched solely to gay audiences.

It was Ostrow who put Bette Midler in the limelight, and she returned the favor. "She was waiting on tables and singing for nothing in a club called the Improv," he recalls. "She looked just like a little singing Shirley Temple. But my instinct told me she'd be fabulous. I signed her for $50 a week, 16 weeks, and she's never forgiven me," he laughs. Now, with superstardom apparently around the corner the Divine Miss M apparently has given up the Baths. But her fans still adore her. "My dear, you can hear a towel drop when she's here," a habitué told me. "She's our house goddess."

In the early days Ostrow found some performers turning him down because of the nature of the Baths. These days, he says, he's turning *them* down. The Baths audience is known as a tough but fair one, a crowd that can put you on the map if you're good or abandon you for the swimming pool if you're lousy. When singer Peter Allen showed up one recent Saturday, frog-voiced and 90 minutes late, he got the latter treatment. "The rule is 'Be good or don't waste our time.'" Ostrow says. "Re-



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member, they've got better things to do here."

When a performer hits it off at the Baths, the place resembles a big, loose, happy house party. I was there one night early in December when Daphne Davis, a tiny, blonde Australian comedienne, did some hilarious impersonations of Carmen Miranda, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Swanson, Liza Minnelli, and Katharine Hepburn. Just the mention of Hepburn's film *The African Queen* brought a roar. "Oh my, I can't say *anything* around here," she cooed. Imitating columnist Rona Barrett, she gossiped that Rex Reed had come to the Baths one night, trying to be incognito. "He wore a towel around his head," she breathed in the Barrett style, "and was immediately recognized—by *everyone*." It brought the house down.

The performers dig the club, and so do the regular patrons. "It's my home away from home," confided John, a bearded, toweled young salesman. But how is it for straights?

Well, it can take some getting used to, on both sides. I mean, nobody does anything totally outrageous, but swimmers think nothing of doffing their towels right before your eyes, and one evening I saw a young black man do an impromptu Salome with his red towel that was truly mind-boggling. The crowd is still 90 per cent gay, which makes some straight men uptight. John says his friends don't mind the straight men, but some do feel uncomfortable about the women. For a woman, the only problem is keeping your hands to yourself, surrounded as you are by what must be the most stunning collection of males in New York. The trouble is, they pay absolutely no attention to you. It can be a very disconcerting experience. As a woman friend of mine sighed, "Now I know what it's like to be invisible."

I guess it depends on how liberated you are. Ostrow is very liberated. ("Why restrict yourself to 50 per cent of the population?" he asks.) His wife, Joanne, helps him run the club. His nine-year-old daughter earns her allowance by doing odd jobs there on Saturday afternoons.

And there's more liberation to come. Ostrow's plans for the future include Sunday morning services at the Baths. Meanwhile, his second club, Continental Sauna in the Great Northern Hotel on West 56th Street, is getting even more daring. There are no shows, disco, or coed nights yet, but it has just begun a program for "liberated women" only, Sunday through Thursday nights. Its new name? "Ms. Continental," what else? □

*Grace Lichtenstein is a reporter for the* New York Times.

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# TRAVEL

## The Front Porch Restaurants of Guadeloupe

BY LINDA WOLFE

Guadeloupe is the only island in the Caribbean where I am willing to forgo sun and surf to savor a new local restaurant or a new Creole dish. On other islands the sacrifice is simple masochism, but on Guadeloupe it is an exquisite mix of pleasure and pain. Often in the Caribbean the poor and the tourists constitute the two main classes. But on Martinique and Guadeloupe, the two major islands in the French West Indies, a sophisticated middle class has developed. This group accounts for the more than 80 restaurants on Guadeloupe, above the average for the Caribbean islands.

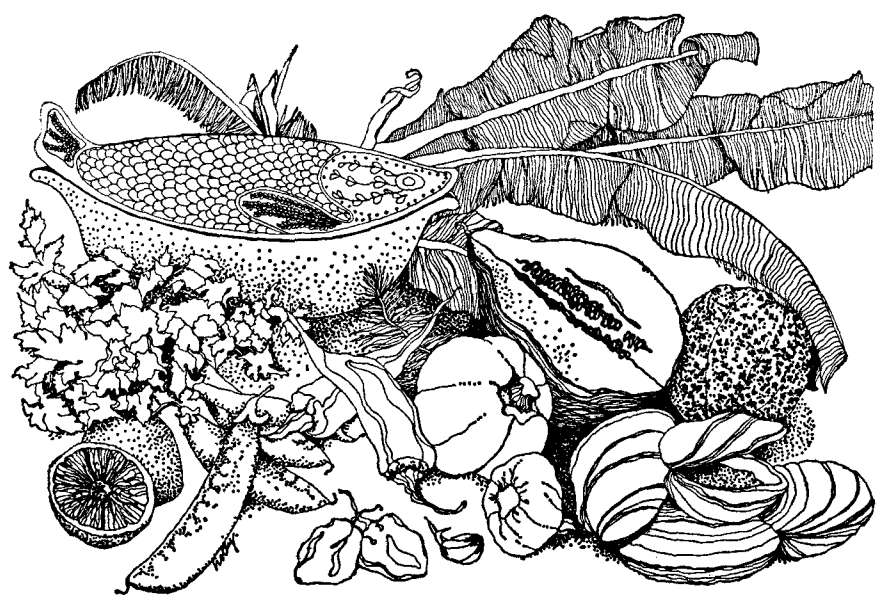
Meals on Guadeloupe nourish the mind as well as the belly, because they offer tantalizing clues to restaurant history. The earliest French chefs (including former servants of noblemen guillotined in the French Revolution) are said to have cooked only one or two specialties. On Guadeloupe one-dish and two-dish restaurants survive in a close relationship to their terrain—there are seashore restaurants that serve only lobster, riverside restaurants that serve only crayfish. Usually the specialty restaurants are in the country, and an automobile is needed to seek them out. They may have bamboo sides below palm-thatch, or be totally out of doors, with only sand for a floor. Sometimes their bamboo tables do not have linen cloths. But fine French wines and imaginative desserts accompany the food, and their attentive proprietors welcome foreign visitors.

One of the most interesting of the one-dish crustacean restaurants is Le Module, in Goyave, about a 25-minute drive from Gosier, Guadeloupe's tourist capital. Here the single dish is *ouassous*, island crayfish. The name means king of the river's source—*roi de la source*—which is softened, in Creole, to *ouassous*. The crayfish, caught in the morning by the family that cooks them in the evening, are indeed kingly creatures, large, succulent, and firm. The crayfish have so much flavor that Le Module serves them *au naturel*, with just a hint of pepper and herbs. Le Module also offers appetizers, either grilled lemony *palourdes*, the local clams, or peppery *boudin*, blood sausage. For dessert there is homemade coconut ice cream, sometimes accompanied by the haunting sounds of local drummers playing on the *tambour*.

It is difficult to single out a favorite among the crustacean restaurants. I have a penchant for pepper and admire even more the *ouassous* at La Moüina, only a 15-minute drive from Gosier. There an East Indian chef serves his crayfish in a deep bowl filled with a raging pepper broth studded with garlic, as compelling as the best of *bouillabaisse*. No appetizers are offered, but there is an intriguing dessert made of coconut, pineapple, and banana baked into a chewy candy. But even *ouassous* pales beside the lobster at La Langouste in St. François, a short drive from Gosier. Here there are no frills to the meal (the coffee is Nescafé!), but the Algerian proprietor is always besieged by customers who drive miles for his fresh lobsters, caught a few yards from his tables and grilled over an open fire.

The one-dish restaurants are cousins to another island tradition that is only now beginning to fade: Creole restaurants that are little more than the front porches of famous local cooks. I was introduced to such restaurants four years ago, on the sagging front porch of Madame Thoussine in Gosier. I had to ask her in advance which of her specialties she was willing to cook; the possibilities were infinite, for to the Frenchman or the islander Creole does not mean, as it does to us, a sugary tomato sauce invariably accompanied by rice. It means a complex interweaving of lemon, onion, garlic, and indigenous hot peppers, called *piments*. Tomato appears only occasionally, while the ten varieties of *piment* hold center stage. Creole, in the words of the chief local culinary expert Dr. André Nègre, is a cuisine not meant for anyone "who judges himself persecuted by pimento or who is filled with terror by garlic or onion." Creole cuisine also includes specific foods—most often those native to the islands—such as landcrab, lobster, turtle, conch, glittering varieties of fish, or those foods that came from Africa with the slaves, such as okra, pigeon peas, and dasheen—a large leaf that tastes like spinach and forms the basis of the French island's most traditional dish, *calalou*, a stew made with crab.

Madame Thoussine's three-table restaurant still exists, although the proprietress has grown old and ill. But younger women have made true restaurants of their front porches. One such place is Chez Rosette, the home of Madame Rosette Limol, now one of the finest Creole restaurants in Gosier. Rosette has built a large, sunny dining room and will soon add another wing to her restaurant. Her menu offers elaborate Creole specialties. The turtle is fresh; when I was there, tomorrow's tortoise was still drowsily maneuvering along the kitchen floor. Also, there



*Linda Wolfe is the author of* The Literary Gourmet, *published by Random House, and* The Cooking of the Caribbean Islands, *published by Time-Life Books.*



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is *lambi*, the meat of the local conch, which is marinated and scurrilously beaten until it becomes incredibly soft and chewy ("He beat him like a *lambi*" is an expression one sometimes hears in island law courts); there are *accrats*, little *beignets* of salt cod fried in a pepper-laden batter; there are *oursins*, the yellow eggs of the white sea urchin, a sautéed country cousin to the caviar; and of course there is *calalou*, served here with its emerald smoothness ornamented with glistening chunks of crab in the shell.

Restaurants like Rosette's pepper the island. An hour-long scenic drive from Gosier there is another excellent restaurant, Le Relais de Port in Basse-Terre, merely a tiny porch and two tinier rooms overlooking the banana boats that load here for France. The owner, Madame Clémence Cortana de la Barthe, speaks army English (she lived for a time in Vietnam), and she cooks elegantly (she once managed a restaurant in Paris). Madame de la Barthe serves fried shrimp, sautéed octopus, and cold lobster with a spicy vinaigrette sauce so doggedly ferocious it is called *sauce du chien*; everything you eat today was caught yesterday at the earliest.

While the tiny offbeat places in Guadeloupe provide for exciting dining, there are also fine French restaurants that mingle metropolitan and Creole styles at $10 to $15 per person. Among these are Auberge de la Vielle Tour, which features *poulet plantacion* cooked with bananas and pineapple, and Le Boukarou, which offers a local *vivaneau*, a snapper-like fish, *en papillote* and heady with imported fennel. Even Martinique cannot compare. While the restaurateurs of Martinique are feeding hordes of people who rush in and out, never to return, Guadeloupe quietly feeds its discriminating recidivists. And so, once again, I've returned from the Caribbean without a suntan. □

**Some Recommendations**

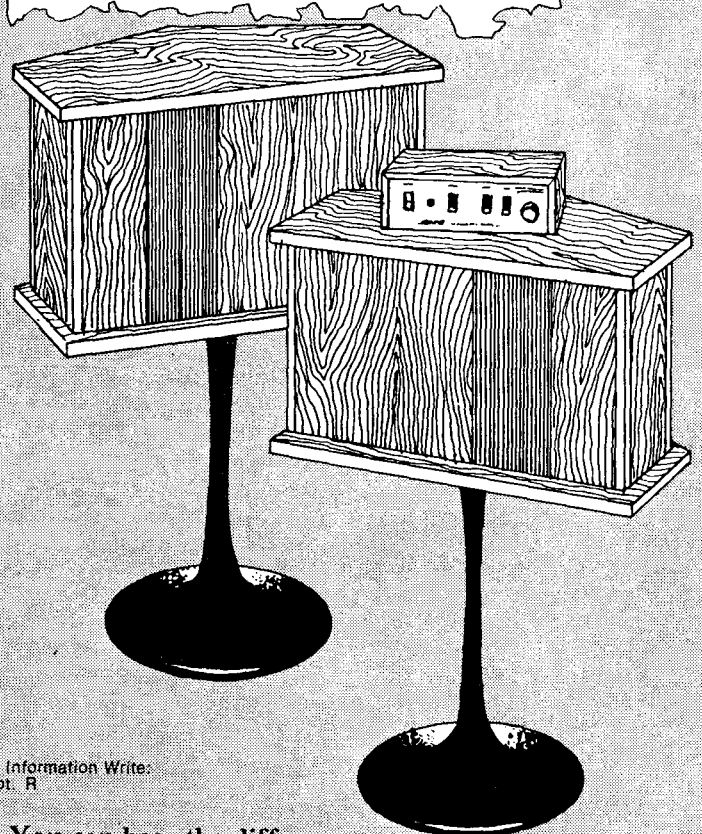
Including wine (and cocktails in many cases), dinner at most Creole and one-dish restaurants costs $5–$7 per person.

For crustaceans: **La Moüina à la Retraite,** Baie-Mahault, tel.: 85-11-71.
**Le Module**, Goyave, tel.: 37.
**La Langouste**, St François, no phone yet.

For Creole food: **Chez Rosette**, Gosier, tel.: 84-11-32.
**Le Relais de Port**, Basse-Terre, tel.: 81-19-95.


**Irving Kolodin, Dean of American Music Critics, Reviews the BOSE 901.**

*Saturday Review*



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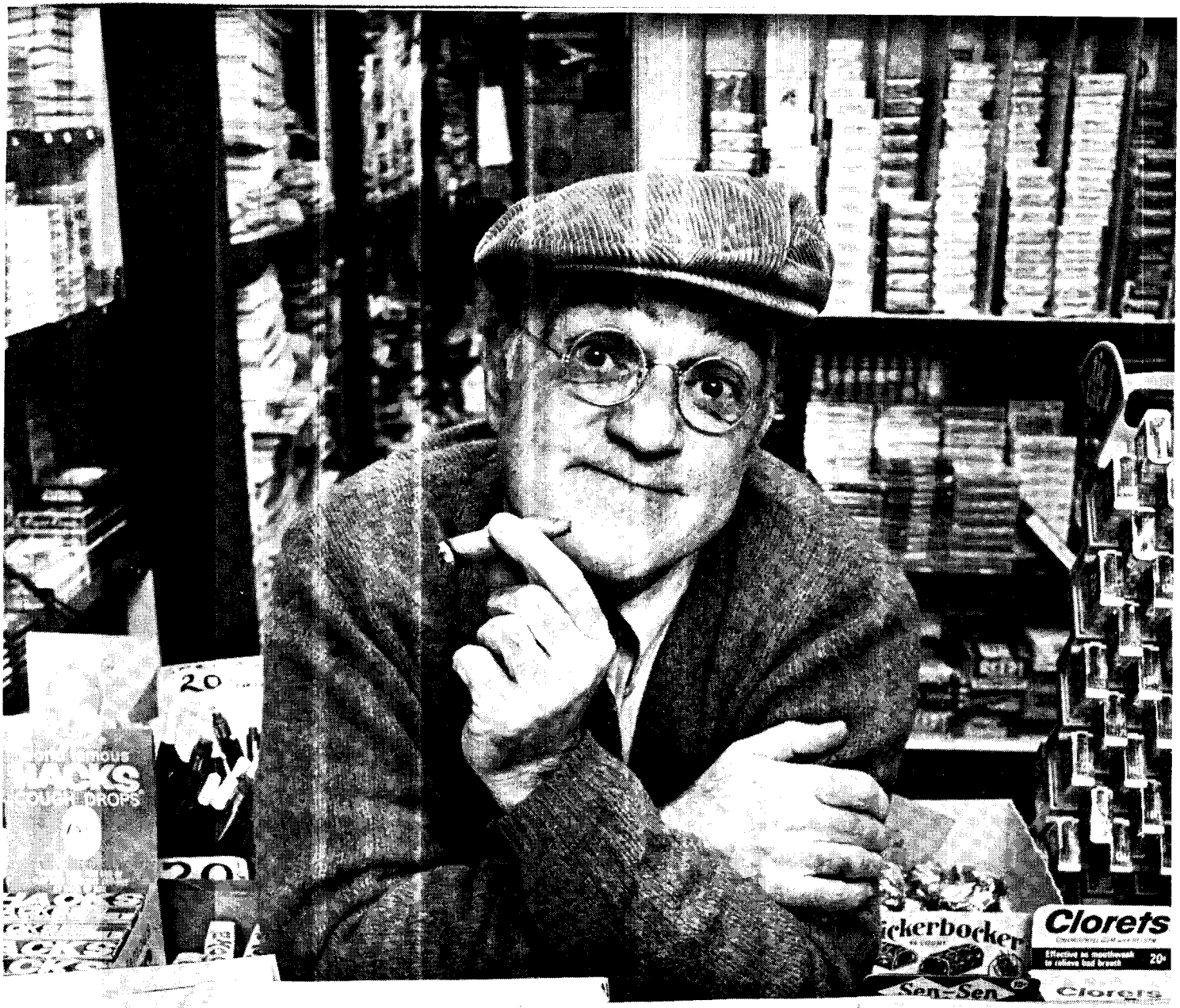

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¶The Great American Movie Game.
¶Claude Picasso on the private llections of America's best-known odern artists.
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# LETTERS

**Monster Flick**
Frederic Grunfeld has said admirably just what needs to be said about *Swastika,* a documentary film of Hitler and his mistress, in his article "Sunday Afternoons With a Monster" [*SR of The Arts,* March]. As one of a whole generation who in the supreme arrogance of self-righteousness pointed an accusing finger at all those "Krauts" who permitted such a monster to shape the destiny of their nation, I am appalled that it has come to pass here, little over a quarter of a century later, that "a peculiar double-vectored relationship" between the White House and the electorate exists whereby "progress wedded to *Schadenfreude,* terror, and vindictiveness" shall, it seems, provide the "perfect solution to social discontent."

A. G. DeCapua
Williamsville, N.Y.

**Few Favor the G-Rated Film**
After reading John Poppy's editorial "Wanted: A Positive Vision" [*SR of The Arts,* March], I didn't know whether to be overjoyed, angered, frustrated—or cynical. Our production company, formed last year, was put together to create the same kind of films Mr. Poppy seems to be looking for. To quote from our presentation: ". . . to produce family, general audience and children's films which *entertain*—films which depict not the worst of what is, as is so prevalent in the film industry today, but the best of what can and should be, the best of mankind's desires and dreamings." We acquired a number of lovely, sensitive, and exciting properties. We then took them to the majors in search of financing. The answer: "Not commercial." Do so few people have this vision, this belief in the inherent goodness and capabilities, the power of man? If these films are to be made, and I believe it vitally important that they be made, where is the investment coming from?

Eric Barnes
President/Producer
Salzman-Barnes Productions, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

We must break out of the minuscule container of our subjective existence, grab hold of this rising feeling of awareness, and let it pull us upward. John Poppy is obviously one who has done this and absorbs the inspiration fully.

Judy L. Fry
Nashville, Tenn.

**Monkey Business in the Movie Business**
Paul Sargent Clark's article "Hollywood Lives" and Marjorie Rosen's article "The Oscar's Curse" [*SR of The Arts,* March] superbly examined their respective aspects of the motion picture industry. Both pieces appear to share the conclusion that the continued survival and pursuit of realized prosperity by the motion picture industry depend on its faithful reflection of the popular culture nadir. Actually, the present rationalizations within the motion picture industry pervert artistic integrity to achieve desired commercial results and may well prove an unfortunate miscalculation in the projected future. I don't believe the movie business, suffering its existing economic difficulties, can afford to assume such consequences when the consumer public finally wearies of themes that not too subtly pander to baser emotions. Perhaps when the American society can identify with edifying motivation, the cinema will represent human behavior as an elevated level—and entertainment will depict real people of admirable purpose and conduct.

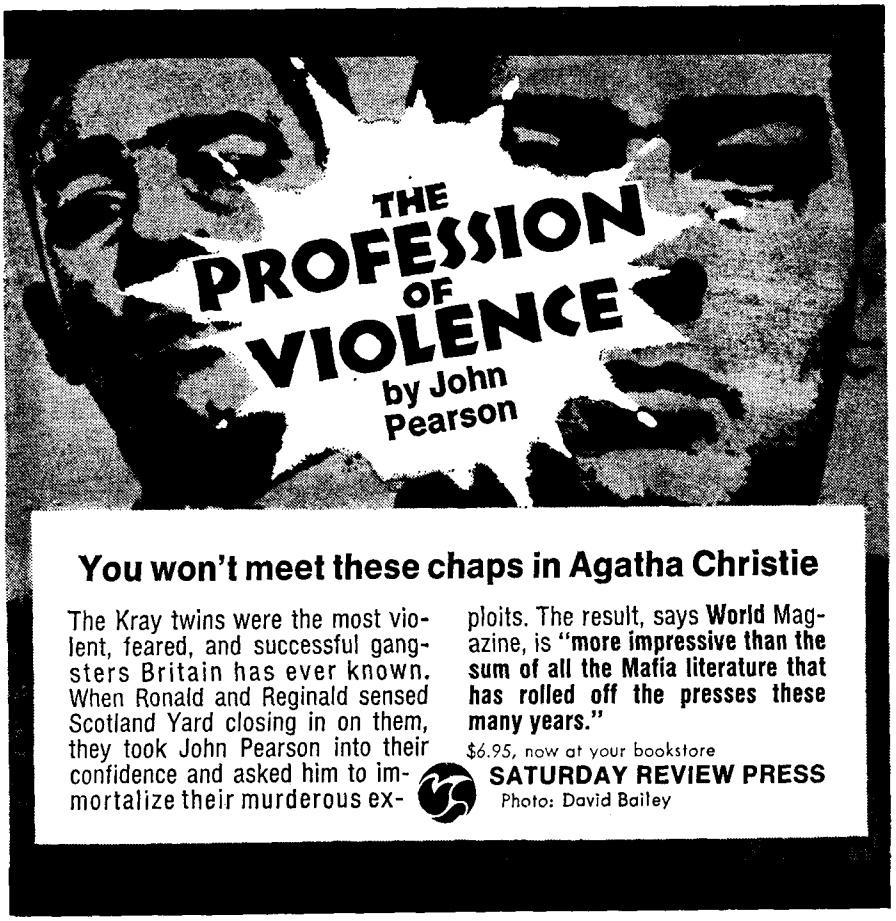
Larry Wolfe
Los Angeles, Calif.

**Valid Subjects for Art**
Does Les Levine really believe, as he wrote in his editorial "It's Realistic, but Is It Art?" [*SR of The Arts,* February], that "the social and political problems of a society are a valid medium for art"? Surely Mr. Levine meant to say that the social and political problems of a society are a valid *subject* for art, and that photography, cinematography, and the other media should try to cope with them. To my knowledge, the only people who have tried to use social and political problems as a medium for art are mad despots and Washington bureaucrats. Since Mr. Levine is no Hitler, I can only conclude that he is a bit confused. This conclusion is strengthened by his apparent belief that contemporary artists have been ignoring such "serious and necessary content" as life and social problems in order to chase their own tails. This may be true in the circles Mr. Levine moves in, but is he unaware of the work of such photographers as W. Eugene Smith, of such filmmakers as Gillo Pontecorvo, of such television producers as Marcel Ophuls?

Gene Thornton
New York, N.Y.

**The Oscar-Winningest Star**
If Marjorie Rosen is writing a book about women in film, I think someone should inform her that Katharine Hepburn is the Oscar-winningest star of all time. Contrary to the comment in her article "The Oscar's Curse" [*SR of The Arts,* March], Luise Rainer is *not* the only star to be honored with an Oscar two years in a row. Katharine Hepburn won an Oscar in 1967 for *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* and again in 1968 for *The Lion in Winter.* And what self-respecting movie buff will admit to forgetting the immortal Spencer Tracy? He won consecutive Oscars in 1937 and 1938.

William F. Taylor
Mankato, Minn.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# EDITORIAL

## Profitable Partnership: Business and the Arts

More than one nation is finally remembered, long after its rulers have been buried and its armies dispersed, through its artists—the men and women who record in paint, stone, wood, cloth, clay, and music the struggle to extend the reach of the human spirit. An artist enriches not only his countrymen but every person on the planet. There is cause for celebration, therefore, in the news that the arts are penetrating more deeply than ever before into our national life.

And news it is. The controversy over the buying and selling practices of the Metropolitan Museum in New York could not happen if the arts were not considered part of daily life. Neither could the painting of Chicano murals in New Mexico and Los Angeles, the performance of the street musicians of San Francisco, or the campaign in which Boston's National Shawmut Bank gave away 5,921 museum memberships in a six-week promotion for new accounts . . . . The list would touch every city in the United States.

From the beginning, we at *SR of The Arts* have insisted that "art," whatever forms it takes, must cease to be strictly the province of specialists. In a democracy art cannot be an aristocratic pastime or a religious cult. "Art is the great metaphor for meaning itself," we said just a year ago, "and our divided country surely needs a unifying language." At the time we were calling for increased government funding of the arts. There is, of course, another, almost unlimited source of support: the business community.

When most people hear the phrase, "business and the arts," they probably imagine a large Renoir hanging in an office. Certainly, businessmen are often indifferent to the finer points of aesthetics, while artists are just as frequently suspicious of business. Since 1967, however, an energetic organization called the Business Committee for the Arts (BCA) has had a hand in changing all that. Corporate philanthropic support of the arts, which, according to a Rockefeller Panel report, amounted to only $22 million in 1956, now exceeds $56 million. If the sums that businesses spend directly on the arts (for sculpture in front of the building or tapestries in the lobby) is added on, the total comes to some $110 million.

This figure, of course, is substantially higher than the much-celebrated $80 million that President Nixon earmarked for the National Endowment of the Arts in his proposed 1974 budget. There is in no sense a rivalry between federal and corporation arts funding. The government frequently presents money to cultural organizations, in the form of matching grants or as "front money," to help them seek contributions from outside sources. Such sources are sometimes state or local arts councils; once in a while they are individual philanthropists; but most often they are private corporations.

The BCA is not a conduit for money. It is a tax-exempt, national organization whose small staff spends full time urging business and industry to invest in the growth of the arts. Behind the staff is the persuasive clout of more than 100 BCA members—top-ranking business leaders who have pledged quantities of their own time and money to the task. Frank Stanton, chairman of the American Red Cross and former president of CBS, is presently the chairman of BCA.

What sort of artistic ventures receive corporate backing? A recent BCA questionnaire revealed that symphony orchestras and museums are the two most frequent recipients. The Schlitz Brewing Company, for instance, has paid since the mid-1960s for free performances of the New York Philharmonic in Milwaukee and New York City. In 1971 the Mobil Oil Corporation inaugurated a Summergarden program that enabled the Museum of Modern Art to open its sculpture garden to the public, without charge, on weekend evenings from May to October.

Last year BCA organized a series of state conferences designed both to call the attention of businessmen to the problem of the arts and to teach cultural groups how to go after business support. I'm not certain to what degree these conferences are responsible for the new diversity of business-sponsored projects, but business has been becoming more adventurous in its spending. To pick just a couple of examples: the Lincoln Bank in Philadelphia has underwritten and even managed that city's Playhouse in the Park; Touche Ross, a major public accounting and management consulting firm, has provided its services free to qualified arts organizations.

Are corporations simply trying to improve their images? I think not. George Weissman, president of Philip Morris and a member of BCA, told *SR*, "Businessmen *are* human, you know. They do actually enjoy the arts. Whereas 20 years ago towns tried to lure business to build in their area with promises of cheap labor and low taxes, nowadays they advertise their cultural (and environmental) advantages." A recent issue of *Art News* mentioned a Wharton School of Finance and Commerce study that disclosed that "graduate students listed art, music, entertainment, and the presence of intellectual stimulation high on the list of requirements for communities to which they planned to move their families." Many companies, in their campus recruitment, now take care to describe their involvement in the arts.

Concern for aesthetic values is good business in other ways, as well. For example, a foundation supported by the Cummins Engine Company has transformed Columbus, Indiana, into an architectural showcase by offering to pay architect's fees involved in the construction or restoration of buildings there. As J. Irwin Miller, chairman of the company (and a director of BCA), explains: "Mediocre buildings have short lives. It is expensive to be mediocre."

In short, businessmen have shown that they can make a tremendous difference to the arts. If I have any reservation at all about their involvement, it is that they are sometimes overawed by the activities they support. A Renaissance prince thought nothing of asking the painter of his portrait to add a little more blue to the background or change an entire composition, but the modern corporate executive sometimes acts as if he were terrified of being branded a philistine. Provided he is open-minded and well informed, the businessman surely has the right and the responsibility to understand what he is financing. A corporation should not only help conserve the art of the past but also promote the art of the future.

We at *SR of The Arts* are heartened by the BCA's considerable progress during its first five years. It is a significant stride toward this magazine's objective of democratizing the arts . . . and making them accessible to an ever-widening segment of our society.

JOHN J. VERONIS



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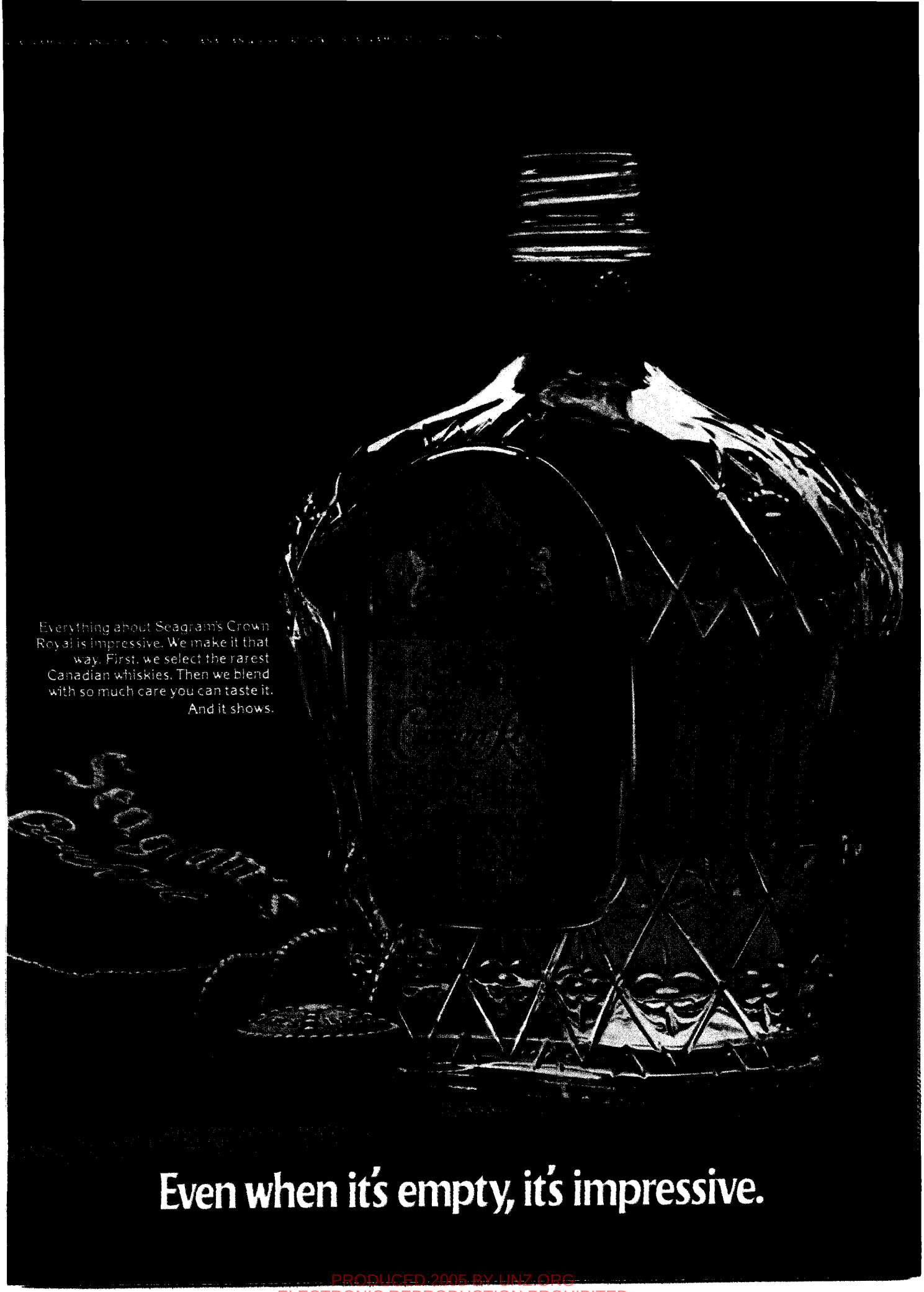
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Down to Earth—the Painting of

# Jean Dubuffet

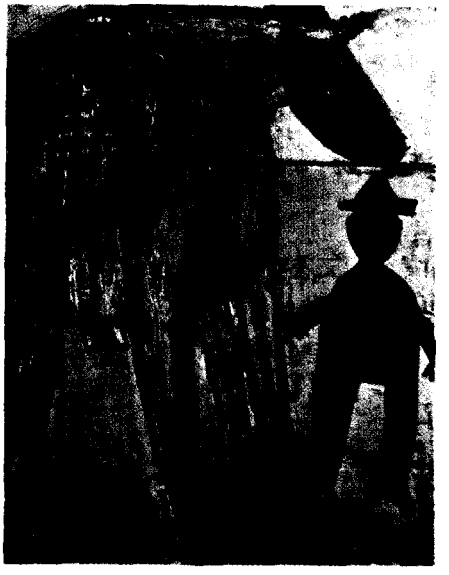
In one of the essays stating his credo on art and life, Jean Dubuffet describes the unprofitability of his schooling, the tedium of coping with uncongenial subjects, and, by implication, his frustration with his first attempts at art.

"I felt," Dubuffet admits, "that I had not adapted to my human condition . . . stupidly alone . . . not part of anything . . . having missed the bus . . . . I finally could bear it no longer and took a job as a wine salesman. Things began to look up [and so] I needed a wife, furniture, a maid, a brother-in-law, a car, and kids. I got all that . . . . I like to carry out ideas that come to my mind quickly . . . life goes fast, one must hurry . . . ."

"I didn't talk much about my painting and such things, since, in this milieu, it was considered a bit sissy. [Then] catastrophe! I rented a small studio . . . . My wife wouldn't have this . . . she disappeared through the trap door. Good riddance! The brother-in-law and the whole family went through the trap door too . . . . I did my painting . . . what relief! What joy! Three good years. I knew it couldn't last [but] one only lives once. Three good years in life is already something, [then] the time is up. No more of the good life . . . . Desperate requests (all day long) . . . doing bills till 10 P.M. . . . A dog's life . . . . Five years like that . . . . Until, suddenly, everything falls into place! The third plunge into painting! A good little wife now . . . a good nest egg (to live on for a year). Then we'll see."

This essay, and a few drawings that date back to the Twenties, are part of the evidence of Dubuffet's prolonged artistic gestation and the record of a relentless self-search. He was born in Le Havre in 1901, the son of a wine merchant. When he was 17, he went to Paris to study art, but within six months he had left the school to paint alone and to study literature, music, and philosophy. Dubuffet was 23 when he gave up painting, and, except for the abortive three-year try he describes above, he did not go back to it until he was more than 40.

Dubuffet's art began at the point where his explicit biography ended, for in the early 1940s his art and his life merged into a single, all-consuming purpose. From that time on, life meant work—more than that, it meant a Faustian striving for knowledge and a constant reshaping of worn-out concepts.



*Dubuffet, at the outset of his artistic career, invokes the vision of a child in* Cow and Breeder *(1943, top). Three years later, in* Prince Charming *(above), the artist has turned to materials—glass, sand, and pebbles—that will characterize his work for 20 years. The naïve and anonymous characters of* The Desert Track *(1949), who inhabit a vast and monochrome landscape, are going, perhaps, nowhere.*

What dawned upon the painter as he started his artistic career in earnest was that art has a purpose different from the one that is generally assumed. Proclaiming conventional portraiture a bore, Dubuffet stressed the pleasures and rewards



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The Guggenheim Museum holds a retrospective

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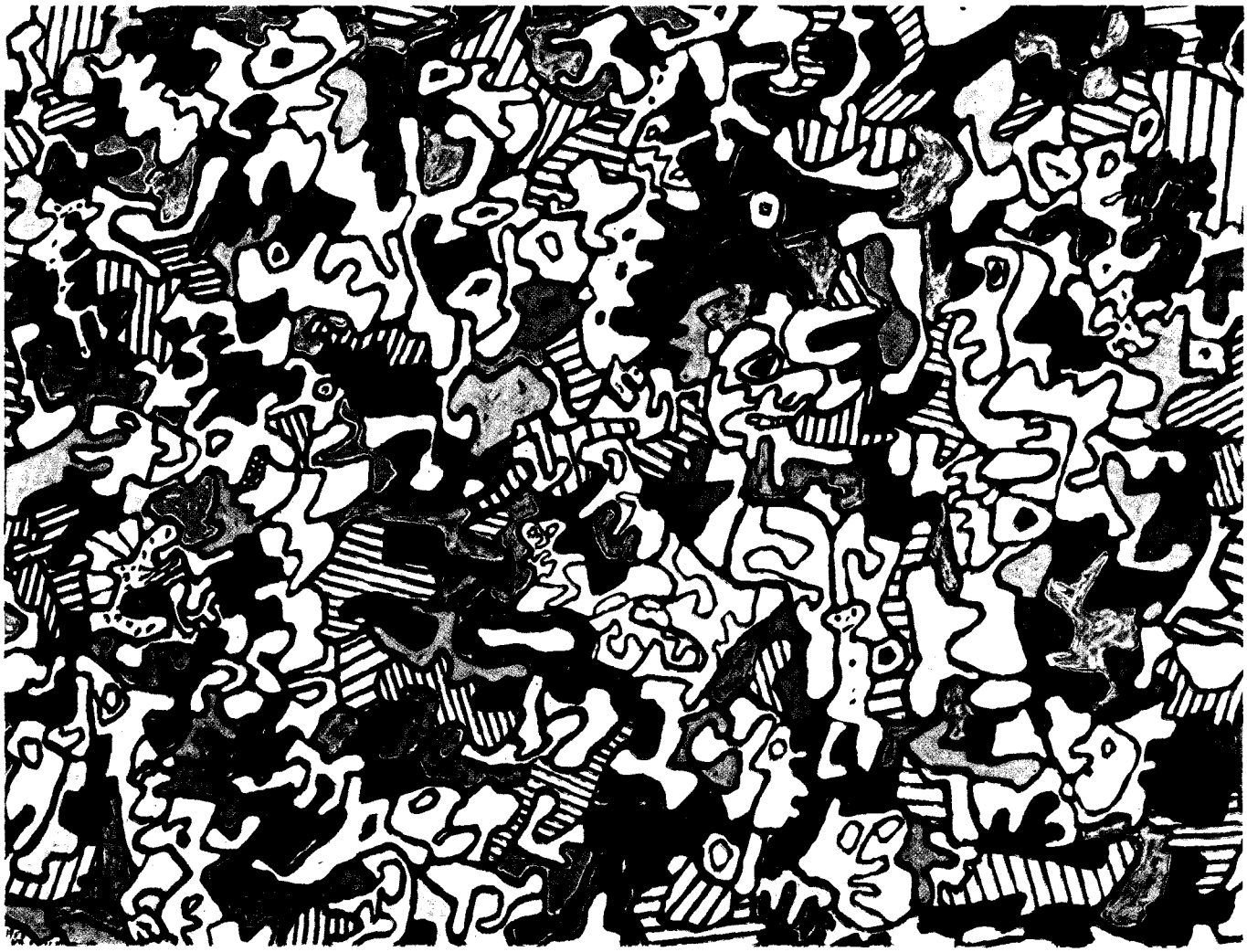

Clown's Point *(1956, left) is an assemblage of pieces of painted canvas. In other paintings of the period Dubuffet includes everything from botanical specimens to shreds of newsprint. By 1963, when* Being and Appearing *was painted, the artist had returned to conventional materials, oil and canvas.*

of an original, passionate, experimental attitude toward the acts of seeing and shaping. "To be a painter," he writes, "isn't as if one were a ventriloquist . . . . Painting is like speaking or walking . . . it doesn't depend at all upon special gifts, nor upon instruction or advanced guidance: anyone may appreciate or practice it." On the other hand Dubuffet emphasized the emptiness and meaninglessness of abstract essences. Considering the prestige that devolved upon nonobjective, abstract art early in the century, Dubuffet's rejection of it in the 1940s was courageous, for he flew in the face of an aesthetic that had been raised to dogma.

Dubuffet set another course for himself by projecting his own reality—a reality that depended upon a new figuration and upon the use (one might say the participation) in the creative process of materials that formerly had been deemed inert and passive. He debated within himself what painting is and why it should be pursued in the first place. He concluded that the whole commitment is pointless unless it can relate to fundamental questions about the human condition. His search for meaning was akin to philosophy, but it was pursued through the potent and direct language of images.

Dubuffet's first group of works—prints, drawings, gouaches, and paintings—is a sequence of perceptive renditions of serio-comic man entitled Marionettes of the City and the Country. In them Dubuffet catches man, woman, and beast in their natural state of absurdity. Glimpses of the Parisian subway show standing and seated women and mustachioed men with bovine stares, their insipid yet lovable animality reinforcing the dense emptiness of the crowd. In other pictures, Dubuffet himself, perilously balanced on a bicycle, speeds through the countryside in which trees, houses, peasants, and cows provide the background. All looks at first as if it has been drawn and colored by children. Indeed, like a child, Dubuffet's perspective is psychological; it includes or excludes, magnifies or reduces subject matter according to importance and conspicuousness rather than on the standard of objectively realistic proportions (see *Cow and Breeder*, p. 28).

Dubuffet, therefore, quite rightly invokes the child's vision in support of his aesthetic, but does so with well-defined qualifications: the example he uses is a portrait in his possession, whose author was only eight years old. "One gathers that is full of caprice and enchantment (one eye is red, the other yellow, and the lips are blue) . . . . [Yet] children's paintings are very rudimentary because children are very inept in all these matters and their little minds are very limited; while I, limited though I feel myself to be, am able nevertheless to run much faster with my longer legs; faster than they and hence farther! Much, much farther!"

Mirobolus, Macadam and Co. is the name of Dubuffet's next cycle of paintings. In them the pictorial element is reduced. Instead, the artist draws attention to the strange materials that are to become his means of expression: glass, sand, and pebbles, often held together in iridescent combinations. Elim-



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inating painting as such, Dubuffet's figures of men and women now appear in the natural colors of the materials themselves. The formerly flat ground gives way to a thick paste from which the subject matter emerges through accretion or incision (see *Prince Charming*, p. 28). Art is no longer imposed upon a more or less inert substance but issues from an animated exchange between the artist and his materials. The exchange allows for spontaneous behavior on both sides, for chance effects, and for improvisation.

For nearly two decades the exploration of the material world was Dubuffet's preoccupation. The subjects of his interest varied, as did the materials and techniques through which he gave them life and meaning. In imaginary portraits of his artist and writer friends, he kept a careful balance between two opposite perspectives: the archetypal imagery that conveys man's universal attributes and the identities of particular personalities. Placing his distinctly unflattered models somewhere between these opposites, he called the series Handsomer Than They Think. More relentless yet was his depiction of nude female figures, which, to those who first saw them in the early Fifties, are unforgettable. Depending upon the inherent expressive force of inventive materials—oil emulsion and fluid textures of various kinds—the large-bodied, bearish nudes carry simultaneous implications of earth and fertility, of landscape and sex, and evoke a psychic level of womanhood that few artists have dared to call forth.

Continuing his pursuit of reality through materials, Dubuffet, equipped with butterfly nets and other botanical paraphernalia, caught trophies, gathered and sorted them, and finally assembled their highly colored wings into expressive forms. This assemblage method was also put to use with print shreds and later with fragments obtained from the cutting up of his own canvases (*Clown's Point*, p. 30).

Perhaps the most recurrent characteristic in Dubuffet's thought process, and therefore in his art, is his affinity for paradox. Mental and spiritual dimensions are attained through the material, the invisible is evoked through the visible, and the universal is intimated always through extreme attentiveness to the particular. To paradox we must add ambiguity, equivocation, and other modes of contradiction. These are based in part upon an ambivalent attitude toward all representation of objects. Having articulated a table, a stone, and other items, he then varies and conjugates their forms until their identities are no longer certain. One shape flows into another, creating hybrid images with transitional attributes.

Uncertainty about the nature of Dubuffet's images increases as we contemplate their placement. His Grotesque Landscapes (see *The Desert Track*, p. 29) are inhabited by characters pasted or carved into surfaces whose position may be variously interpreted. On inclined planes, defined by a horizon line, Dubuffet's tragic-comic humanity moves without aim or direction. The space coordinates—up and down, right and left—are unclear; the viewing perspective—from above or from below, bird's eye or frog's—is indeterminable; and the placement of man within his space—standing, lying, on top, on the slope, under the earth—invites contemplation of the human condition in general.

*Jean Dubuffet (above) began painting in earnest only in his forties. Now, as his artistic career completes its third decade, he turns to ever bolder forms of art. Among them are the costumes (one is shown below) worn by actors and dancers in an "animated painting" of 12 tableaux conceived by Dubuffet. Set to electronic music and called* Coucou Bazar, *it will be performed six times a week at the Guggenheim Museum during the Dubuffet retrospective.*

Through almost two decades Dubuffet assembled a visual vocabulary of perhaps unprecedented richness, and then seemingly discarded it. The first indication of such a reversal is the so-called Paris Circus cycle. In contrast to the earlier ashen textural paintings, highly colored scenes, mostly of city life, evoke memories of the Marionettes of 20 years before. In the Circus paintings the surface is no longer flat, and Dubuffet's enhanced capacity to see and comprehend simultaneously from various points of view is carried into the new idiom. What returns, however, is color in all the richness paint can give.

In retrospect, the Circus assumes an intermediary position leading to the style that has marked Dubuffet's work in numerous variations ever since the early 1960s. The designation for this demanding and rewarding phase is Hourloupe, an invented term perhaps connoting both fantasy and fierceness. The Hourloupe idiom consists of a system of stripes, usually in primary colors on white or black (see *Being and Appearing*, p. 31). In some ways the personages and objects seen against a texture from which they are inseparable reenact "movements" of the earlier stages. The Hourloupe has left behind palpable earthiness and moved into an inhuman environment, a moonscape of sorts, upon which the spectacles continue with less intimacy but with a wider symbolic reach.

In Dubuffet's most recent creations the Hourloupe has moved toward architectural dimensions, as its mood becomes adapted to public purposes. *The Group of Four Trees* at the Chase Manhattan Plaza is an example of this direction, and a sight well worth the trip to lower Manhattan.

Dubuffet has aged with the century. Now in his early seventies, he occupies a commanding position among artists of our time. In keeping with his contradictory approach to most problems, he does so implicitly rather than overtly, through the continued strength and rejuvenation of his art. Today he lives a simple Parisian life, in keeping with his conviction that art itself is truthful only if it is rooted in situations common to all and if it rejects the affectations and pretensions that have attached themselves to artistic myths for five hundred years. Through his piercing intelligence and capacity to articulate in images and words, through the courage to be himself and to speak and shape in his own name, Dubuffet sums up what is vital in our past, and surely points to artistic possibilities for the future. □

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*Thomas M. Messer is the director of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, where the Dubuffet show will be held from April 27 to July 29.*



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# CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK AWARD JUDGE

BY CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

## April is the month of our most prestigious literary prize, the National Book Award. Why are the best works so often passed by? A former judge tells all.

So the hour comes round at last . . . once again. On the twelfth of this month the rough beast of the National Book Awards comes slouching into New York City's Lincoln Center to make its twenty-fourth annual presentations and to spread joy, confusion, gossip, and alcohol among America's literary folk and hustlers. And, as usual, the appearance of the beast moves the resident pipe smokers in the publishing industry to deep thought about how far the beast has crawled all these years, and to what end.

Has the prestige of the awards increased since their infancy? Opinions divide, and the thinkers blow smoke in each other's faces: probably yes, an informal consensus holds. True, it would be hard to quarrel with some of the early choices. Pioneer winners include Nelson Algren, William Carlos Williams, James Jones, and W. H. Auden. (There were only three categories in the beginning—Fiction, Nonfiction, and Poetry. In recent years these categories have spawned like guppies, and this year there will be ten—Fiction, Poetry, Children's Books, Biography, Contemporary Affairs, History, Arts and Letters, Sciences, Translations, and Philosophy and Religion.)

But it is also true that the publishing industry originally set up the National Book Awards in 1950 as a means of promoting its own products. And as long as it ran them alone, the awards were vulnerable to the criticism that they were nothing but an elaborate form of advertising. So in 1959 an independent organization called the National Book Committee, Inc., was brought in to administer the awards, and, partly as a result, they have prospered modestly, rising in prestige, if not to the status of the Nobel Prize, then at least high enough to overshadow the Pulitzer. (Whether they will continue to prosper is another matter: as a consequence of industrial permutations too complex to go into here, the National Book Committee now finds itself facing a financial crisis; it is yet to be worked out where further financial support for the book awards will come from.)

Until last year I wasn't given to brooding about the awards. As an editor and a book reviewer, I had many times frolicked through the week of special events that the National Book Committee annually wraps around the presentation ceremony—the week of panel discussions on Big Literary Questions, of press conferences with the winners, of lunch gatherings for out-of-town reviewers and cocktail parties for everyone else.

And I had often attended the Great Ceremony itself, shoehorning myself with the rest of the book industry into an auditorium where I yawned through the introductions of dignitaries, the distribution of the prizes (worth $1,000 each), the citing of the citations, (which cost $80.50 each), and the well-chosen thank-yous of the winners. Then I would join the stampede to a nearby hall to chew on plastic containers of booze, snatch a passing oyster on a crumb, exchange gossip, and stare over shoulders to see Who Else Was There. Certainly, I had never, not even in my rawest apprenticeship, taken the whole thing as seriously as the editor who once confessed to me the harrowing effect of his first awards party. He was so overcome, he said, by the anxiety of it all—the pressure of all those pumped-up egos—that he went home and literally wept in his wife's lap.

Still, I did seriously resent the system by which the awards were chosen. I thought it insulting to good books to *elect* them for awards—to bring together disparate tastes on a three- or five-man jury and expect anything but compromise to result. I thought it wrong to mix politics with art. So imagine my surprise when upon receiving an invitation from the National Book Committee, Inc., to serve as a judge on the five-person fiction panel for 1972 . . . I accepted. There I was with a letter from Chairman Roger Stevens himself, asking me if I would join Martha Duffy, the book reviewer for *Time* magazine, and novelists Joan Didion (*Play It as It Lays*), Joseph Heller (*Catch-22*), and L. Woiwode (*What I'm Going to Do, I Think*) on a jury to pick the best work of fiction published in 1971—asking me to *politick* for the best fiction of the year . . . and I accepted.

Why did I do it?

For a number of reasons.

First of all, I was absolutely certain that they had intended to ask me. This may sound like an odd reason, but the National Book Committee has not always asked the person they meant to ask. In 1965 it was decided that Richard Gilman, the critic, should serve on the fiction panel. So a letter went to Richard Gilman. But through some oversight it was sent to another Richard Gilman, a professor of philosophy at Carlton College. The committee didn't get around to asking the first Richard Gilman to serve until this year. Since there are no other Christopher Lehmann-Haupts around, as far as I know, I was sure they meant me.

Second of all, the Book Awards people had gone to unusual trouble to ask me, and what's more, they'd paid me a considerable compliment in the process. You see, before asking me to serve on the fiction panel, they had asked me to be on the Nominating Committee for the National Medal of Literature. Given my prejudice against mixing politics with art, I had declined when I learned that the function of this particular committee is precisely to nominate five candidates to a "ballot that is sent to the 200 members of the National Book Committee and to past National Book Award judges."

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Joan Didion may not look or sound very formidable (she is tiny and she whispers), but after I got through trying to sandbag her, she very nearly sandbagged me.

After I declined, my name was apparently moved over to the fiction panel in exchange for that of Norman Mailer, who had in his turn declined to serve there. (When I had a chance to ask him why, Mailer said the politics of it were too much for him. "With three judges, you can figure how it's going; but with five . . . too much." Subsequent developments were to prove him all too prophetic.) For me, this deal was a little like being Marv Throneberry traded even up for Willie Mays—too much of a compliment to decline.

Third, there was a book I particularly admired and thought would make an ideal winner—E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, a fictional treatment of the Rosenberg espionage case. The book was unusual, I thought, for having treated a specific historical incident in depth and yet having managed to transmute the incident into myth. The author would benefit from the award, I thought, since, despite having published two previous novels, he was still relatively unknown. I also convinced myself that while I might disapprove of the system, perhaps I could improve it by boring from within.

Finally, my own ego was beginning to swell. I began to have fantasies about the potential Force of My Personality. Granted, politics would determine the winner. Granted, it would be a matter of influencing others with the soundness of my aesthetic judgment. Granted, it would be a slightly grimy game having nothing to do with the excellence of art. Granted all that: perhaps I could play the game well. Perhaps I could dominate the proceedings in the way that Irving Howe is rumored to have done in 1969, when he persuaded his fellow judges Jerre Mangione and Wright Morris that Jerzy Kosinski's *Steps*, a difficult experimental novel, made an unusual choice for the award. Or so I convinced myself by and by.

Now that I look back on it all, I can see that the whole thing was settled the very first time we met—we judges—when The Tricky Little Question came up. As we beamed amid the sparkling linen and the glittering silverware at lunch in a suite at the Waldorf, the entire issue suddenly teetered on a technicality. But I scarcely even noticed because I was still too busy fantasizing politics and figuring the vectors of the Force of My Personality.

I had found time to read at least part of most of the books that had been listed on the master sheet of novels supplied to us by the Book Committee. (As a full-time book reviewer, I was at an advantage in this respect.) I had even found time to read at least part of most of the books that were being listed on the memos that we had sent flying around among ourselves—memos exhorting, recommending, damning, cheering, memos that occasionally got sniffy when it began to look as if two of us might be headed for disagreement, but memos that, on the whole, seemed to be paving the way for an amicable get-together. And the tide was apparently running with me, because "my" book, *The Book of Daniel*, showed up on these memos with enough frequency and sufficient favor to indicate that I would have no trouble getting over the first hurdle—that is, getting it included among the ten nominees that were to be announced to the public.

I even had one other judge's tacit agreement on this. We'd had cocktails early in the game (having cocktails and exchanging memos are all within the rules), and the judge had agreed that yes, *The Book of Daniel* was certainly a reasonable candidate for the award . . . and so was Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins*, right? "Right," I said, thinking, "Right over my dead body," which, as later events proved, was what this other judge was thinking about *The Book of Daniel*.

Things went smoothly enough throughout most of that luncheon meeting, even though we were drifting in different directions and little bubbles of enthusiasm were popping up where I didn't want them in the least.

Sure, none of us had read quite enough. As a matter of fact, when we actually got down to the business of nominating, there were books on the list that not all of us had read. Someone would say, "How about X? I think X is terrific." And someone else would say, "Yes, by all means X." And the other three of us would look at each other a bit fishy-eyed, not quite wanting to admit that we really hadn't had a chance to read X. So X would go up there on the list of the ten books we thought were terrific in 1971.

Oh, and there was a misunderstanding, which turned into a rumor, which eventually became a juicy item in the book industry. Here's how it happened. Looking over the list of candidates and noticing that none of us was showing much enthusiasm for Bernard Malamud's *The Tenants* or Mary McCarthy's *Birds of America* or John Updike's *Rabbit Redux*—which three books happened to have been generally considered the three "big books" of the previous year—I got to wondering what it would look like if we didn't nominate any of them. Mightn't we give out the impression that we somehow had it in for established writers? I said, looking significantly at the three not-quite-so-firmly established writers around me. As for myself, though I didn't overly care for it, and certainly wouldn't want



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to see it *win*, I would be perfectly willing to lend one cheer for *Rabbit Redux*. After all, the *New York Times Book Review*—I said by way of illustration—had picked it as one of the Best Books of the Year.

I did not put the argument well. Though we did end up nominating *Rabbit Redux* (indeed, one of the judges—who remained perversely silent throughout my garbled harangue—eventually declared that it ought to be the winner), I later heard through the grapevine that Christopher Lehmann-Haupt had supported the book because he had been ordered to do so by the *Times*.

But, on the whole, we had none of the complaints that judges have had in the past. Nobody from the Book Committee hovered over us, suggesting that we might consider this particular book or that nice volume. And, to our everlasting gratitude, we did not have to include among our nominees books voted for by booksellers and book reviewers from across the land. (This is what had happened to the previous year's fiction panel: the list with which they were presented had included Erich Segal's *Love Story*, and the judges, led by William Styron, had risen up in protest.)

In fact, we had not come up with a bad list of nominees, even if we hadn't read them all. We could not be accused of outright perversity, as the fiction judges of 1969 had been: they had seen fit to ignore Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*. It looked as if we were pretty safe from making the kind of blunder the fiction panel had pulled off in 1957, when five distinguished men of letters contrived to pick Wright Morris's *The Field of Vision* (a forgettable and indeed forgotten novel, if ever there was one) over such books as Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*, James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*, Saul Bellow's *Seize the Day*, and James Thurber's *Further Fables for Our Time*.

And there on our list of nominees, by unanimous acclaim, or at least without serious objection from anyone, was E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*. My candidate. My ego stake. I felt good about it. So I pretty well missed the significance of The Tricky Little Question when it came up at that first luncheon meeting.

Joseph Heller didn't miss it. Because he raised it. He reminded me recently that he had first brought the question up in one of those early memos when he asked whether Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* would be eligible for the award. There was a rule, you see, to the effect that an author who had been dead for three years or more would not be eligible, even if he or she had a work published posthumously that year. What Heller was asking in his memo was whether the judges would be inclined to waive the rule as a matter of principle. And the point he was driving at—the point he finally got around to raising at our luncheon—was: Did we wish to waive the rule and consider Flannery O'Connor's *The Complete Stories*.

As he tells me now, he was opposed to making a candidate of Miss O'Connor, who had died in 1964. While he deemed her *Complete Stories* eminently prize-worthy, he divined that she would be the natural compromise should we come to logger-heads. He wanted us to sink or swim with someone younger and less prize-worthy, but someone for whom the award would do more good.

I, on the other hand, had not thought the matter through quite so carefully. Or else I was feeling dog-in-the-mangerish, reasoning that, if "my" candidate couldn't win, then nobody (i.e., Flannery O'Connor) was going to get the award. Or else I was still floating on my ego and was so convinced that my candidate would win that the question didn't matter. I don't really remember. In the event, I voted "aye" with the majority in favor of waiving the rule on Miss O'Connor.

Looking back, I can see it was a foregone conclusion from then on. Naturally, I did try to exert the Force of My Personality. I was figuring that I could probably count on one vote from the judge I'd had cocktails with a few weeks earlier, provided of course that judge's candidate was out of the running. What I needed, then, was one other strong vote. Which I proceeded to lobby for.

The first thing I did was to walk Joe Heller back to his office when that lunch meeting broke up. The subject of my candidate inevitably came up. "You liked that book, didn't you?" Heller said avuncularly, referring to a rave review I'd written when the book first came out. "Perhaps its politics touched you in some way it didn't touch the rest of us." It was not an overwhelming endorsement, though Heller did concede that, if worse came to worst, he'd be willing to go along with me.

The last thing I did was to corner Joan Didion at a party the night before our final meeting. Or did she corner me? Joan Didion may not look or sound very formidable (she is tiny and she whispers), but after I got through trying to sandbag her, she very nearly sandbagged me. I made my pitch for *The Book of Daniel*, and she whispered something inaudible. Then she began talking very softly about Joyce Carol Oates's *Wonderland* and saying, oh, she knew it couldn't win, and, oh, she wouldn't ever try to persuade me otherwise, and, oh, wasn't it all too bad.

And while whispering these nothings, she began to signal someone across the crowded room. Pretty soon that someone approached—it turned out to be a very heavyweight literary critic, a critic whose judgment I respect. Miss Didion turned to him and said, quite distinctly, "I recently read a piece of yours on Joyce Carol Oates. Why don't you tell Mr. Lehmann-Haupt what a marvelous writer she is." And this critic whom I respect said, "That she is. But I didn't like *Wonderland*." And I think Miss Didion whispered, "Shucks."

So when we met the following morning, the verdict was settled very quickly. At first there were five different candidates, none of them Flannery O'Connor. Then there were two—Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins* and E. L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*. Then we tried to get a majority for Walker Percy and failed. There were two votes, but I wouldn't be the third because Percy had already won the award once for *The Moviegoer*, in 1962. While I liked *Love in the Ruins* well enough, I didn't think it so superior to *The Moviegoer* as to deserve another award. Then we tried to get a majority for *The Book of Daniel* and failed. Again there were two votes, me and a lukewarm Heller, but when it was put up to my former cocktail partner—the one I had sort of been counting on in a crunch—there was a moment of thought and then a decisive "no." And then there was Flannery O'Connor.

It wasn't a bad choice, of course. No one could seriously object. Certainly, her publisher wasn't going to protest, as Alfred Knopf had done when his author, Walker Percy, won the award. (It meant that Knopf was forced to advertise a book that had already gone to sleep commercially. Needless to say, Mr. Percy has long since moved on to another publisher.)

But it wasn't a good choice either. It didn't call attention to a previously uncelebrated novelist. It didn't bestow hitherto withheld recognition. It didn't anoint. It was, come to think of it, a predictable result of mixing politics with art.

At least that's what I began muttering to myself up there in the committee room, as the gloom began to descend and the corks came off the champagne and the air began to leak out of my ego. Force of My Personality, hell. Hadn't Norman Mailer warned me about the politics of five? It was a lousy system anyway. What they really should do about the National Book Awards is . . . . □



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# One of the Real...ah...Originals

## Rip Torn's new movie, *Payday,* once again proves his pure authority as an actor. There are people, however, who think of him only as some kind of wild man—didn't he attack Norman Mailer with a hammer?—but a true friend here relishes him as a beautifully subversive character. By Terry Southern

I met Rip Torn under conditions that might be described as Classic Hollywood. That was in April 1967, when it had just become apparent that a cheap movie called *The Hustler* was going to make a lot of money, and the fabulous MGM, in unswerving dedication to monkey-see-monkey-do, had barreled ahead with a generic spin-off. Instead of using a pool shooter, however, they were using a poker player. "So who'll know the difference, right?" Right. And they asked me to work on the script.

The film was called *Cincinnati Kid,* and it revolved around a monstro showdown game between the super-talented but overconfident "Kid" (Steve McQueen) and the grand old pro and boss-skilled "Yancy" (Edward G. Robinson). The game would be played in New Orleans, and the men had agreed on who would deal it: another grand old pro so honest and so straight that he was known simply as "Shooter" (Karl Malden, natch). There was, however, a fourth and all-important catalyst character: "Slade," an affluent and decadent southern gentleman of about 35, who, for various personal and twisted reasons, wanted to see the old master shot down by the upstart kid. And to this end did he contrive to persuade the Shooter to deal a cold deck—or at least to feed the Kid enough cards to give him the edge.

I considered this scene—wherein Slade tries to convince Shooter to cheat—to offer one of the most interesting possibilities in the movie and treated it as such, having the "interview" take place in Slade's palatial cracker mansion, while he is coolly and deliberately engaged in target practice with one of his exotic handguns, never openly referring to the shooting, but using it as a sort of punctuation to the dialogue. The character took on a Faulknerian dimension, and the producer began to see the role as much more important than previously conceived.

After the producer saw the new scene, he slapped his desk with a show of enthusiasm: "Christ, that scene will *play*!" he said as he wheeled around in his Eames chair and snatched up his *Players' Guide.* "We gotta get a Rip Torn type for this." He started briskly leafing, muttering names as he went.

It took me a second to realize that he had actually said "type," and what he was now about. Here was a $3-million movie, using every variety of actor from star to semi-retired (Ann-Margret, Tuesday Weld, Jack Weston, Cab Calloway, Joan Blondell—aside from the aforementioned Big Three: Steve, Eddie, and Karl). Why not go for the *real* Rip Torn? Surely he was neither too great nor too small for this company.

"Rip Torn would be perfect," I agreed, ". . . what's the matter, is he dead?"

The producer, a man not without certain twists of humor himself, smiled a certain smile as he continued to scan the photos in the *Players' Guide.*

"You don't *hire* Rip Torn," he said, "you hire a Rip Torn *type.* Here, how about Bob Duvall? No, wait a minute . . . ."

I went along with it. "Hey, that's far out . . . it's cheaper, right?"

"No, no it isn't that. It's, well, it's hard to explain, but there are quite a few actors like that."

"Yeah? Who else?"

"Oh, Brando, Mike Parks, Peter Sellers, George Scott, Dennis Hopper, Lenny Bruce . . . ."

"Jesus, you just named some of the best actors in the country!"

"*Actors*?" He laughed. "Well, I'm sorry to tell you that *acting* ain't exactly where it's at, baby. When a producer casts a picture, and when 99 per cent of the directors cast a picture, their primary concern is not with the quality of the finished film but with the *fact* of it. And for just this reason they have learned to very elaborately avoid shit-kickers."

"Shit-kickers?"

"That's right. Like all those guys I mentioned. If one of those guys is walking along and sees a piece of shit, he won't just walk around it like an ordinary person, he'll walk up to it and *kick* it."

"I see. And you mean it's liable to go anywhere."

"You got it, kid."

I'm happy to say, however, that despite the eloquence and beauty of the producer's parable, Rip was eventually hired for the part and proved to be one of the best things in the film.

When I was asked to do a piece about Rip Torn, I started hanging out with him on a sort of round-the-clock, sleep-on-the-couch, empty-the-bottle basis, mostly at his home—a narrow brownstone house on the West Side of New York, north of Greenwich Village. He lives there with his wife, the actress Geraldine Page, their twin sons and daughter, and his daughter from an earlier marriage. (I used a tape-recorder, and all of the direct quotes are verbatim transcripts.)

When I recounted that bit of heavy MGM philosophy, Torn laughed, shaking his head; it was an old familiar story, no longer painful but occasionally vexing in the extreme.

"Well," he said, "that producer was talking about what he considers troublemakers—people who are antiestablishment when the establishment is rotten and corrupt, as it so often is, and those people are repressed everywhere because each time the human spirit cries out about the troubles that beset us, these other people say, *'Please, please be quiet! Just be quiet, or we'll have to* MAKE *you be quiet!'* It happens to all the great writers, of course, whether it's Shakespeare, Molière, Brecht, O'Neill; they all barely manage to keep out of jail. Aristophanes is *still* banned in Greece.

"And Hamlet, of course—now he is a really beautifully subversive character—he recognizes his responsibility to blow the whistle on injustice and corruption, but it's a drag for him. Remember how he says: 'Oh cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right!" You see he knows what is happening—he is like a blessed hippie of his time—when they make him shave his beard off, and he says, 'Who plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?' He means who is it who makes such a repressive state that they will make some-

*Terry Southern has completed a screenplay of Nathanael West's* Cool Million. *Now he is at work on a new novel, which will be called* Double Date.



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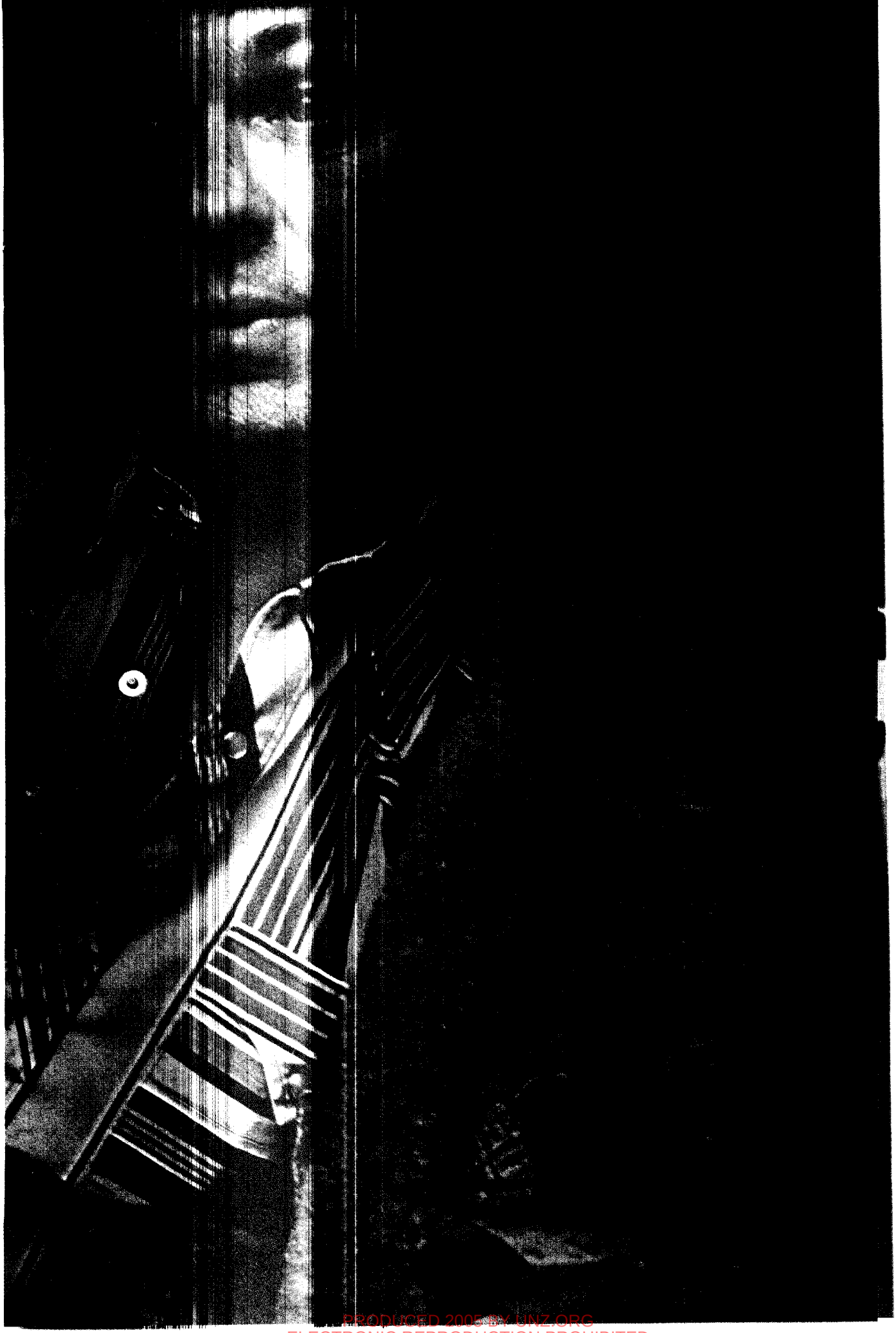

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one shave the hairs off his face, that's what he means."

"It seems to me," I recalled, "that the last run-in you had with a producer was with David Balding during the previews of Bruce Friedman's play *Steambath*. Didn't he fire you, or something like that?"

"He fired me, yes, but that was more psychological than political."

"Wasn't there something about your hitting him? Or was it the director?"

"The day after it happened I was working out at Sig Klein's gym, and Louis Calta of the *New York Times* calls and says something like, 'Listen, I know you're not supposed to be exactly the most cooperative actor in the world, but don't you think you've gone a little too far this time?' And then he said, 'Is it true that you: one, were drunk on stage; two, destroyed your dressing room; and three, struck the director?' Well, all of this was so farfetched, so fantasyville, that it was right out of Kafka. Of course, none of the three things were true . . . but dig it, even the 'uncooperative' notion is the opposite of what really went down. Their play, *Steambath*, was running. Dick Shawn was the lead. I was working in Washington in Strindberg's *Dance of Death* when they fired Shawn and asked me—Balding, the producer, Bruce Friedman, and Tony Perkins, who was directing—asked me to take his place. I said, 'How can I, I'm already working every night in Washington.' They said, 'Well, you can take a plane back and forth every day to New York.' So that's what I did—the Strindberg until eleven-thirty each night, have a nap, take a seven-thirty plane in the morning for New York, rehearse four or five hours, take a plane back to Washington in time for the curtain there."

I had to admit that seemed pretty cooperative. "So far, so good," I said. "Then what?"

"My cooperation was just beginning. Before we opened they suddenly decided I should shave my beard off. As you know, the character in *Steambath*, the attendant, is supposed to be God, and it seemed to me that a beard was not inappropriate. I liked the beard, but I didn't argue, I shaved it off. Then they said I should get my hair cut short, so I did that too. And finally, a day or two before the first preview, they said, 'Listen, we've been thinking it over and you know how the girl in the first scene is bare-ass . . . well, we think it would be more effective if *you* were bare-ass too.' Well, I didn't see the purpose of it, in terms of the play—it seemed senseless to me, except as some sort of sensationalism, and certainly no actor likes to be absolutely naked on stage—but I did it, in the spirit of cooperation. So there I was, stripped of everything—my beard, my hair, and my bit of cloth—and still learning the lines. It was an actor's nightmare!"

"How did the preview go?"

"The preview was great. Everyone was very enthusiastic, especially David Balding. He kept saying how terrific it was, and so on."

"And he's the one who fired you the next day?"

"Two days. The first preview was on Sunday, and he fired me on Tuesday."

"And you've never understood why?"

"No one has ever understood why. It remains to this day one of the great mysteries of the off-Broadway theater of our time."

"No theories?"

"Well, when you consider the history of the production—Dick Shawn was fired from the lead, I was fired from the lead, Charles Grodin was fired from the lead . . . and Tony Perkins, the director, finally took over the lead, and remained—perhaps that tells us something."

"But I understand there were certain, shall we say, feelings of animosity when your dismissal was announced."

"I was pissed off, that's true—after all I'd been through, who wouldn't be?"

"I understand you issued a challenge."

"Yeah, well, that was a pretty funny scene all right. Balding obviously expected some sort of backlash, because when he made the announcement he was surrounded by a kind of flying wedge. I remember I said something very melodramatic, very corny, something like, 'If there is a man among you, let him step forward!' No one moved, and then Tony started forward, and a really weird thing happened. It was raining outside, and just as Tony took this step forward there was a tremendous crash of thunder and lightning, and Tony just sort of collapsed.

"It was very funny now that I think about it."

"You don't hire Rip Torn," a big Hollywood producer told Terry Southern several years ago. "You hire a Rip Torn *type*."

As an *actor*—in the most conventional and purest sense—Rip Torn has a range that is unsurpassed by any other American actor I know, with the possible exception of Brando. And, like Brando, Torn has spent his career in a search for new and challenging roles. I have seen him play everything now

from an okie-honky blues singer (*Payday*) to a crippled king (*Richard III*), and always with an authority that seemed absolute.

Most American actors have a strictly one-note *schtik*. They are comparable to TV newscasters who cultivate a certain "personality," project it, and that's that, no changes allowed. This is not to say they aren't extremely effective at doing their thing (if one may coin). I mean, who could be more menacing, despite his lack of gross bulk, than the great Georgie Raft? But as Louis Pasteur? No way. Who sits easier in the saddle than big "Duke" Wayne? But as the brooding Dane? Uh-uh. The reason for this is that American training methods concentrate on *emotional depth* rather than on the sheer mechanics of *appearing to be someone else*. It also has to do with having, or acquiring, an ear. I once worked on a movie in which a well-known American actor was being paid $350,000 (for nine weeks work) to play an Englishman. He could not do it. Despite endless coaching he could only approximate the accent, but then couldn't sustain it—great sections had to be dubbed.

In contrast to this is an actor like



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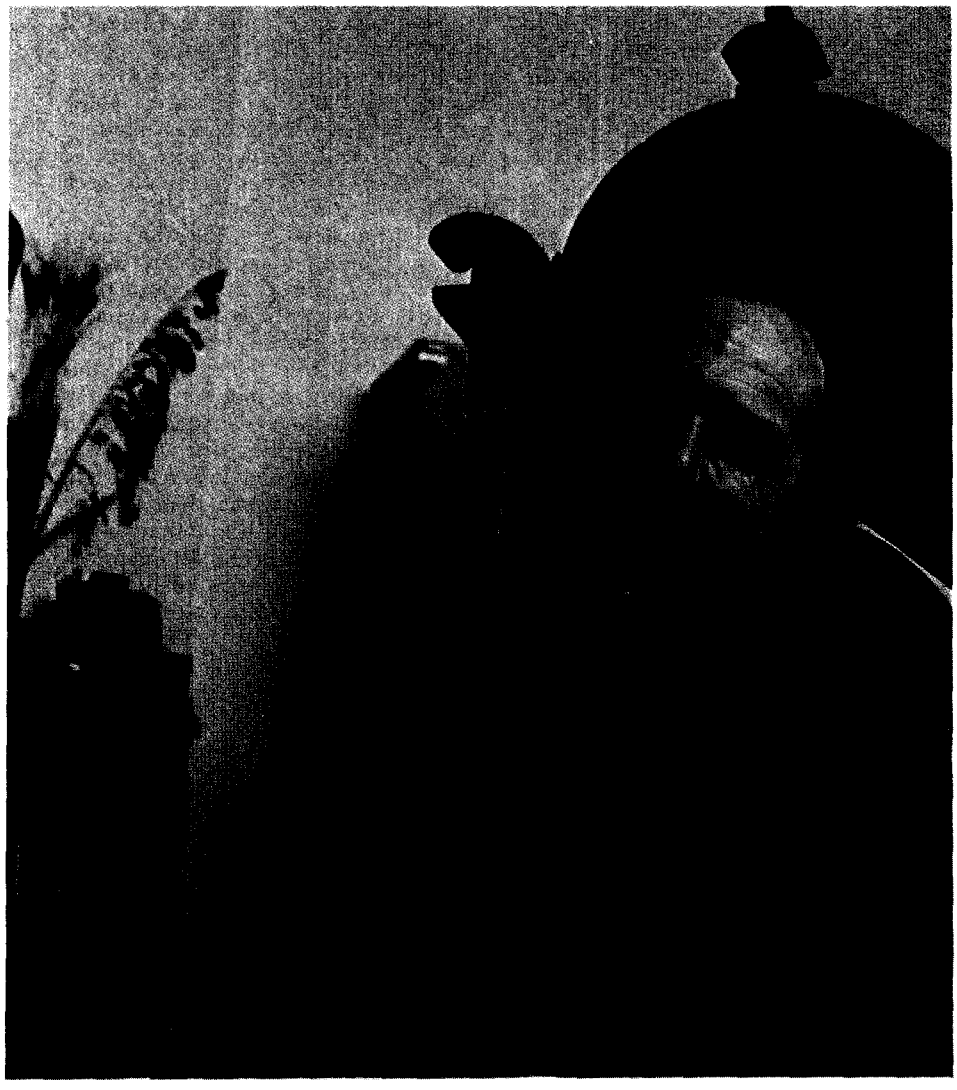

*Terry Southern (left) interviewed Rip Torn (right) mostly at the actor's house on the lower West Side of New York City, where they worked on a round-the-clock, empty-the-bottle basis.*

Rip Torn. Over the years I have seen him in an extraordinary array of ethnic characterizations and age-spans. Among the dialects I recall are: Scots (*The Hasty Heart*), Australian (*A Marriage Has Been Arranged*), Italian (*Daughter of Silence*), Russian (*The Bear*), Cuban (*The Cuban Thing*), and German (*The Kitchen*). In *Dance of Death* he played a man of 65 so effectively that when I arrived late for the performance I thought he had been replaced by an elderly actor.

When I asked him once, toward the end of a very long evening, with the first rays of the sun glittering in a large bullet-hole in the front window (where a couple of years earlier someone had apparently tried to kill him for reasons not altogether clear), which actors he preferred, and he mentioned George C. Scott among them, I asked further what he thought about Scott's having declined the Academy Award.

"Well," he said, "I'm not going to be *friendly* to George, face to face, but from a removed and objective point of view, I say, 'George, I salute you!' "

That's another intriguing quality of Rip Torn's—his answer generally has more interesting and curious content than it would seem possible for the question to evoke.

"Not be friendly to George Scott? Why do you say that?"

"Oh, well, he got me fired from a play, you know."

"No, I didn't know that."

"Oh, sure, we were working together in *Desire Under the Elms*, and after the show some people came backstage and said to me, 'Hey man, you got more applause than Scott did.' So he had me fired. But I can always say, 'All right, brother, you did some shit to me, but I'm going to be removed, objective, not personal about it, and I know what you're doing now, and I applaud it!' When George Scott says, 'I'm not going to take a prize for being Patton,' he's being very specific. You see, he gave Patton the humanity Patton deserved. I mean, what was Patton really? He was some weird freako fighting against the fascist order at that time, he was a throwback to an earlier age with a certain amount of goodheartedness—and that's what George played. So when they said that now, at this present time, not World War II during a fascist take-over, but *right now*, we're going to make this monstro-freak tank-commander into a national hero—with tricky Dicky showing the movie three times in the White House and then doing his Richard the Third bit: I will lead f-o-o-o-rth, my soldiers to the plain. I mean, dig it, he watches George playing Patton three times, then he sends *his* tanks into Cambodia! So when George understood how it was coming down and they said, 'Here, take this prize for playing Patton,' he refused it. Rightly so. And that's why I salute George Scott."

That was one it seemed like we could drink to, so I suggested as much and poured out a few fingers of the great Wild Turkey.

"Let's just run it down for a minute or two about how you first got involved in acting. It was in some kind of theater in Big D, Dal, Tex, if memory serves. Was that the Margot Jones group?"

"No, no, this was a theater that was owned by Baruch Lumet, Sidney Lumet's father, and I was working there. I mean I helped build the stage, do the plastering, paint the walls, lay the tiles, do the typing—all the gopher stuff, every manual task that could conceivably be associated with apprentice—was in all the scenes, and Harold Clurman was my spark, in the literary sense, down there in Texas in the middle of the dry tinder, those fervent years in the wasteland. He was the only one who wrote the truth about what was happening in the theater: the attempts to put together a *group* theater—of people getting together trying to make an American theater, and getting wiped out by the commercial interests. Crushed. And then the remainders came on—the embers that survived. Like here in New York, on Henry Street, some who had been under Strasberg . . . there were others—Clurman, Cheryl Crawford . . . some working out of the Theatre Guild, like stage managers . . . so they would live together in a boardinghouse somewhere, all wanting the same thing—a collective theater. It was like an early commune. . . ."

One thing a great many people admire about Torn, though ever a bane to producers and the like, is his sense of political involvement and consequent activities, which on occasion will elicit the ire of others besides your monolithic film mogul.

"Now then," I reminded him, "a curious story, I believe—and correct me if I'm wrong—attaches to a recent stage appearance you made, out West some-



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*One of the weird incidents in Rip Torn's life occurred a few years ago when someone, apparently trying to kill him, shot a bullet through his front window (above).*

where, and you did a parody of Nixon. . . ."

"Well, yes, I suppose you might call it that. It was in northern California, in the little town of San Rafael. Some friends of mine have this rock 'n' roll band called the Red Legs Heavy Duty Crunch Band. They're supposed to be the worst, the absolute worst. They have things on their posters like quotes from the head of Columbia Records saying, 'This group is unrecordable'—that sort of thing.

"Anyway, they said to me, 'Why don't you do something with us?' They knew I'd done things with the Jefferson Airplane, at the Fillmore, places like that. So I must have stayed up eight hours making a plaster cast for my nose and baking it, getting this whole Nixon outfit together, with a big brass artillery shell about four feet long, and I rolled it on stage as Nixon, and I told 'em that I had this huge bomb, and I'm straddling it in a very phallic manner, and I was huggin' it, and peering out over the top of it, and announced that this was my secret plan to end the war in Vietnam. And these kids, the audience, were laughing, and I am saying in my Nixon voice, 'Yes, when I was a boy in Whittier, Dad used to tell me, "Dick"—he always called me Dick—"Dick, what you have to remember in the commodity business is that you've got to keep the old rusty cans off the shelf. Move the rusties first," he used to say. And that's what I'm doing with this old bomb.'

"Well, everybody was laughing and carrying on, but about 12 or 13 guys suddenly arrived out of nowhere and they were like young Birchers, or YAF crazies or something—all in their twenties, short hair, husky—and they start yelling, 'We don't want *you*, we want the *real Nixon*!' And they keep it up, and I can't get it together now because of these interruptions, so I asked the one who was closest to the stage, who was also the loudest and the biggest, I said, 'Well, are you going to let me get on with my act?' And he says, 'Hell no, we're putting you off the stage!' So I said to the crowd, 'Now here's a man that really loves Dick!' And the guy yells, 'I do!' And I yell back something really gross and of course the cat had to come after me then, so we were up there on the stage, punching it out, and me in this grotesque Nixon getup with the big nose and the monstro phallus.

"But you know it was a funny thing—that little incident probably saved my life, because after the show, about three o'clock that morning, I was driving back to the hotel in this pickup truck of mine and I stopped at an after-hours joint to get something to eat and there were all these black brothers out front and they said, 'The front door is locked, go around to the back,' so I went around to the back and it was locked too, and then, of course, when I got back around to the front, these cats had ripped off everything in the truck—emptied it. And they were all standing around like 'What you gonna do about it, Whitey?' And I said, 'Say, it looks like a little stuff must've fallen out of the truck—could you bros help me find it?' And they were laughing and getting ready to dismantle the truck and probably me along with it when one of them says, 'Hey, ain't you the dude that did that Nixon thing tonight? Hey bro, that was far out! Right on!' And I said, 'Good, can I have my keys back now?' And they all laughed and started putting the stuff back in the truck.

"And then a pretty weird thing happened. A couple of squad cars from the sheriff's office suddenly lit up and swooped down from the hill—they'd been sitting up there watching the whole thing, waiting for these guys to wipe up the pavement with me and *then* they were going to swoop in—and blast them, probably. They wanted me to file charges, but we just laughed, made out like it was all a big joke."

The first few days of my stay with Torn were dominated by the final rehearsals of a play he was directing—*Look Away*, a two-character drama about Lincoln's widow and her final hours in a madhouse, with Geraldine Page and another superb actress, Maya Angelou. An incredible amount of work went into the production, and witnessing it gave me an insight into Rip's formidable talents as a director.

I attended the opening and found it electrifying, as did the audience—an absolute *tour de force* for both actresses, especially Miss Page, whose many speeches ran for several minutes each, and whose curtain calls were of an intensity and number usually seen after a ballet rather than a play.

A tepid review in the *Times*, however, and the producer announced that there would be no second performance.

"What do you think about the role of the critic?" I asked Torn.

"Have you ever thought of it this way—that there are more critics of the theater than there are first-class actors; there are more critics than there are playwrights of stature. If a playwright emerges, they fasten onto him like hyenas and drag him to the ground—like they did with Arthur Miller. The system is geared to subsidize lightweights, people who try to write entertainingly, writing pieces that are not about the theater, but are personality pieces about the person who is writing them. So in a way, you see, it's all rigged."

When I was working on the script for *Easy Rider*—and practically unassisted, despite any moronic notions to the contrary—it was the general intention to use Rip Torn for the sympatico-cracker role eventually played by Jack Nicholson, and I wrote it for him specifically, using a Faulkner lawyer-character, Gavin Stevens, as a model. As it turned out, Rip was not available, and Jack Nicholson did a magnificent job—certainly one of the best things in the film, and it brought him a recognition he well deserved. It was ironic, however, that Torn, who had paid such heavy dues for so long a time, should miss this particular custom-built boat. His extraordinary film, *Coming Apart*, too far ahead of its time (it certainly opened the door for *Last Tango in Paris*), never achieved the fruition it should have, nor did *Tropic of Cancer*, though it was also highly acclaimed. Therefore it was especially gratifying to see him finally come up with a big one—as surely he has now in his latest film, *Payday*, in which he plays a country-and-western singer. It is a character not unlike the late Hank Williams—driven, tormented, ever careening toward the next one-night stand, to the frenzied accompaniment of bourbon, women, and uppers. "You only pass this way once," he tells a teenie in persuading her to come along for the ride, "why not do it in a Cadillac?"

When I congratulated Rip on his fantastic performance in the picture, and expressed my confidence in its success, he only smiled, a bit wearily it seemed. "I wouldn't bet on it, kid," he said, paraphrasing Dylan, "they keep it all hid."

But I don't think so; not this time. The basket would have to be too big. □



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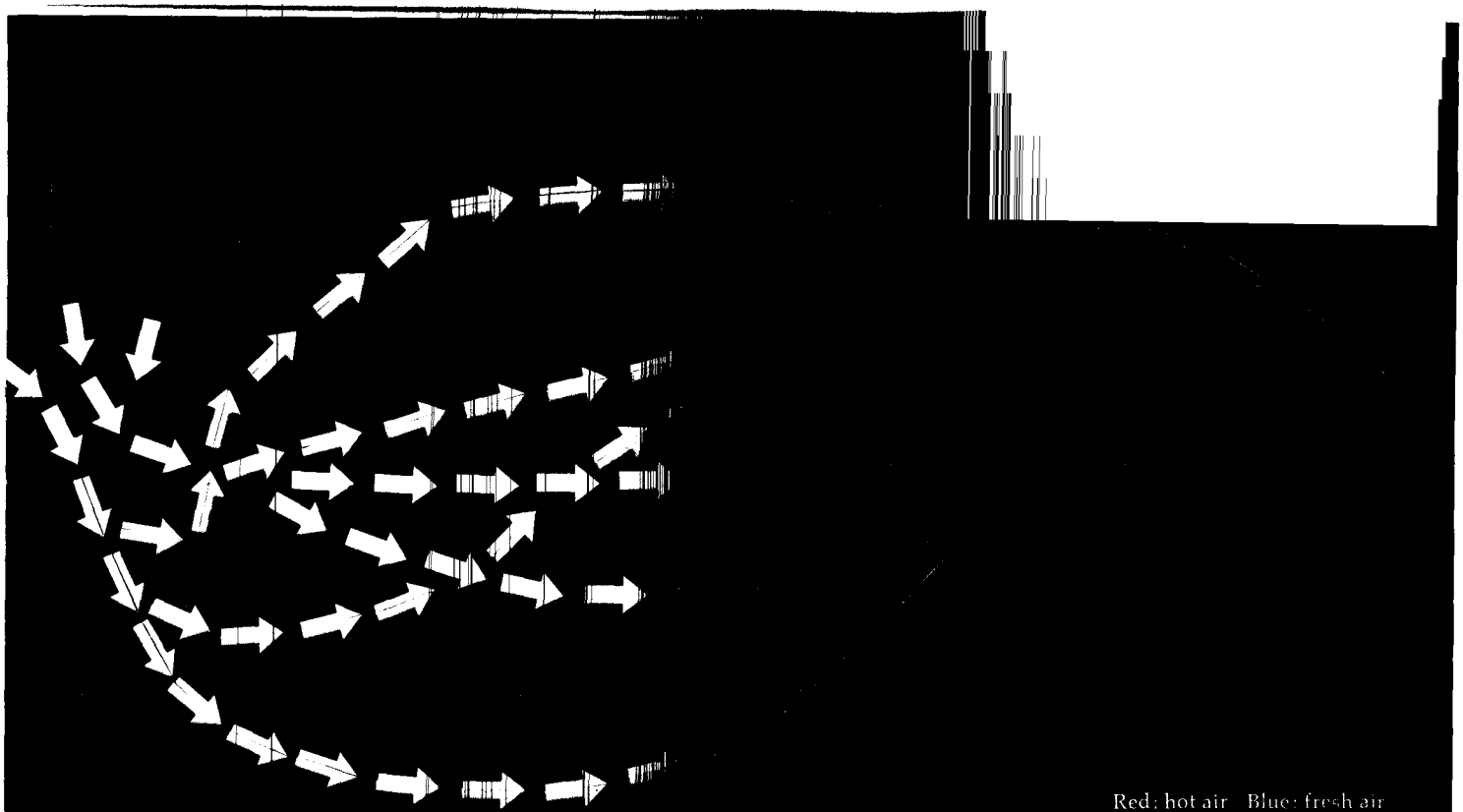


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# PLEASURE MACHINES: A GUIDE TO ELECTRIC DELIGHTS FOR THE MUSIC LOVER

This is the first in a series of special reports to readers of *SR of The Arts*. From time to time you will see supplements to the regular monthly magazine organized around one plain fact: Americans now have access to an unprecedented array of equipment, for home and automobile and other personal space, that can broaden their enjoyment of all the arts. Not their creation of art, necessarily, but their access to it. Artists in other periods of history certainly produced sublime work with the crudest of tools, but never has the general population of any culture had such opportunities as we now have to *experience* the arts in all their sensuous pleasure—opportunities that come in large part from what *SR* has christened "Pleasure Machines."

You might not think that machinery has much to do with the extensions of human reach that are commonly called "art," but it does form part of a paradox. Life seems daily more dependent on mechanism, from computers to toothbrush motors, yet increasing numbers of people care more about their experiences than about their things. Music, for example, has become an important way to communicate, not just through established "classical" compositions, but through the sonic pamphleteering of jazz, pop, and rock. What delivers that experience to you? For the noble few in Mozart's time it was fine to bring on a little orchestra after dinner. You can still do that if you want, and if you're wealthy, but for most Americans there is now more. To gain access to all that is available, you need electricity and equipment, even if you are more music lover than machine freak.

Some people still believe the old myth that there is only one "best" sound system—the one that creates an illusion that you're in the best seat in the best concert hall on earth. It's not true. Listening to recorded music is a different experience from listening to live music, and you might as well admit it and take advantage of the fact. You can manipulate the experience; depending on what you want, there might be several systems for you. One family, not so different from many others, leaves an elaborate set of turntables, amplifiers, and speakers behind in its New York apartment every weekend and drives to its Long Island house on a three-hour, musically programmed trip. Both parents and children want to choose their own music, so the car contains an 8-track tape machine and a portable cassette player. The program may include some *Godspell* for the children, then some *Aida* for the parents. "It's a marvelous time for us to share each other's worlds," the father says. "We're all off in our own orbits all week, and these trips pull us back together."

That is the big news story in recorded music: there is something for everyone. Do you want discs, tapes, or just a radio? Monophonic? Stereophonic? Or the newest thing, quadraphonic? It depends on what you're listening for. On the following 16 pages are some observations that should help you choose.



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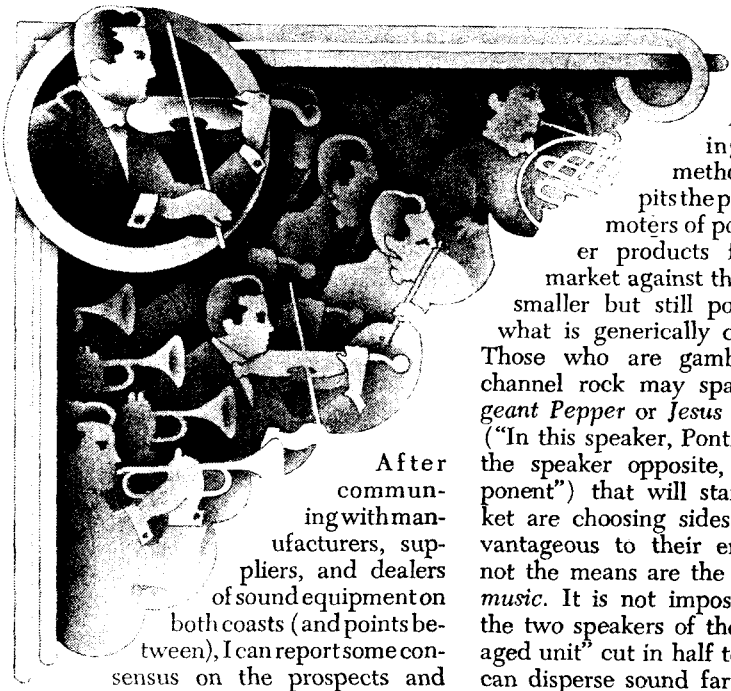
# THE QUAD QUANDARY & AUDIO OPTIONS

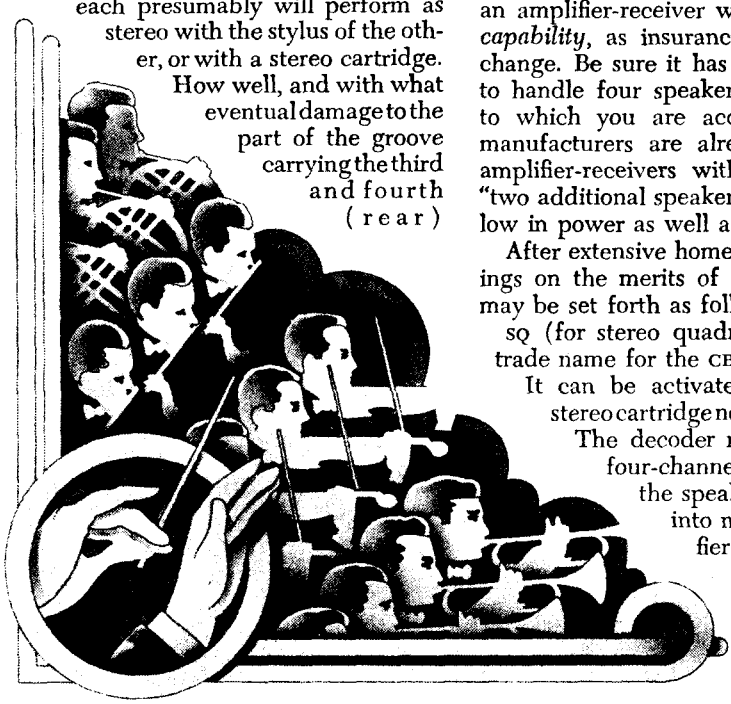
## If you're about to change your sound system, or start one, go for the quadraphonics. But be careful.

BY IRVING KOLODIN



After communing with manufacturers, suppliers, and dealers of sound equipment on both coasts (and points between), I can report some consensus on the prospects and problems of four-channel disc reproduction in the home. For the consumer the key word is "premature," with a conditioning clause that the next six months or year may bring more light to a subject now suffused with the heat of claims and counterclaims.

Before stereo was introduced on a large scale 15 years ago, the record industry had agreed on a uniform technique and a single stylus-groove standard. But the present state of quadraphonic sound puts a consumer in no-man's-land, between one American industrial giant (CBS) and another (RCA). As reported in *SR* some months ago ("RCA Drops the Other Shoe," April 22, 1972), CBS has gone to market with its "SQ matrix" system and RCA has chosen a "discrete" method. The two approaches differ radically from each other, but each presumably will perform as stereo with the stylus of the other, or with a stereo cartridge. How well, and with what eventual damage to the part of the groove carrying the third and fourth (rear) channel information, has yet to be demonstrated. As well as drawing battlelines on method, four-channel pits the purveyors and promoters of pop, rock, and other products for the "youth" market against those servicing the smaller but still potent market for what is generically called "classical." Those who are gambling that four-channel rock may spawn a new *Sergeant Pepper* or *Jesus Christ Superstar* ("In this speaker, Pontius Pilate, and in the speaker opposite, his worthy opponent") that will stampede the market are choosing sides for reasons advantageous to their ends, whether or not the means are the most suitable to *music*. It is not impossible to imagine the two speakers of the familiar "packaged unit" cut in half to make four that can disperse sound farther and louder. This would be a sociological rather than a cultural phenomenon.



After weeks of personal experimentation with the newest disc products of CBS and RCA, using the approved—and expensive—additions to the excellent stereo system I have long possessed, my pragmatic finding is: neither offers sufficient improvement over the best contemporary stereo standards to justify an investment, at this time, in the additional speakers, the added amplifier channels, and the incidental refinements required for quad reproduction.

In fewer words: if you have a stereo system that meets your present requirements—especially in a small living room, library, or den—stay with it.

On the other hand, if you want to upgrade it, make every effort to acquire an amplifier-receiver with *four-channel capability*, as insurance against future change. Be sure it has sufficient power to handle four speakers of the quality to which you are accustomed. Some manufacturers are already advertising amplifier-receivers with provisions for "two additional speakers." They may be low in power as well as low in cost.

After extensive home usage, my findings on the merits of the two systems may be set forth as follows:

SQ (for stereo quadraphonic) is the trade name for the CBS matrix system. It can be activated by the same stereo cartridge now in general use. The decoder required to feed four-channel information to the speakers is now built into many new amplifier-receivers (price range: $150 to $550). *It can also be used to receive four-channel* FM *broadcasts.* I have heard it demonstrated in the New York area, and it works fine. Present equipment is limited to "partial logic" (see glossary). When "full logic" is available, SQ may offer better separation (different front- and rear-channel content) than it now does. On the whole, this system has functioned without trouble for me. SQ records are now priced a dollar higher than their stereo equivalents.

CD-4 (or JVC) is the abbreviation for RCA's four-channel "discrete" disc (JVC stands for Japan Victor Company, which devised the technique). Adaptation of playback equipment begins with a special stylus and cartridge and continues with a demodulator (electronic circuit) in its own box, not now included in commercial amplifiers or receivers. RCA has plans for marketing by late fall a unit containing a demodulator and the additional channels of power required for two additional speakers. This system is more critical than SQ, more subject to distortion from dust in the grooves or from heavily scored passages. However, a personal problem I encountered in reproducing heavily scored brass passages in the Shostakovich Symphony No. 15 (Philadelphia Orchestra–Ormandy version) was not the record's fault; the problem was resolved when a Dual 1229 tonearm unit was substituted for a Thorens

*Irving Kolodin is music editor of* SR's *family of four magazines.*



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turntable that had long given me satisfactory service for stereo. The reason? The new Dual simply tracked the groove better. CD-4 cannot yet be broadcast quadraphonically over FM stereo stations as SQ can. To broadcast it quadraphonically would require changes in FCC regulations, FM station equipment, and home FM tuners. RCA is marketing CD-4 records as *all-purpose discs,* usable for stereo as well as quad, at no increase in price.

So much for the systems, their differences and distinctions. What about the sounds they produce?

In quality of performance, both systems profit from the additional dispersion available when two speakers equal in quality to a basic pair are added, in a rectangular pattern. However, two extra speakers will improve the sound of any well-recorded *stereo* disc, as well as those specially engineered for four-channel purposes.

Indeed, the lack of criteria for quadraphonic reproduction has put the sound you hear in the hands of individual record producers, with consequences that vary from disc to disc, sometimes from side to side.

The reason for this is embodied in the key word "premature." No one has yet come up with a means for making music conceived for a proscenium stage—opera and "musicals" as well as the concert hall literature—sound more *realistic* by using four channels rather than two. The first publicity for quad extolling "concert hall realism" has given way to such terms as "surround sound" or "all-around-you presence." Even when quad is well done, it is disorienting to hear different sounds coming at you from front and back, unless you are sitting imprisoned in the center of a room, surrounded by four speakers. That aspect of it is even worse than primitive stereo, when a listener was supposed to sit reverently in the focal point before two speakers. When the "wall of sound" concept of stereo was perfected, the listener could have breadth of sound *and* mobility. Four-channel as yet lacks such a concept.

To move from the general to the specific, a sampling of 30 or so items—SQ discs are in substantially more varied supply, so far, than CD-4—shows a considerable fluctuation in quality, credibility, and, above all, *playing time*, even from product to product in the same system.

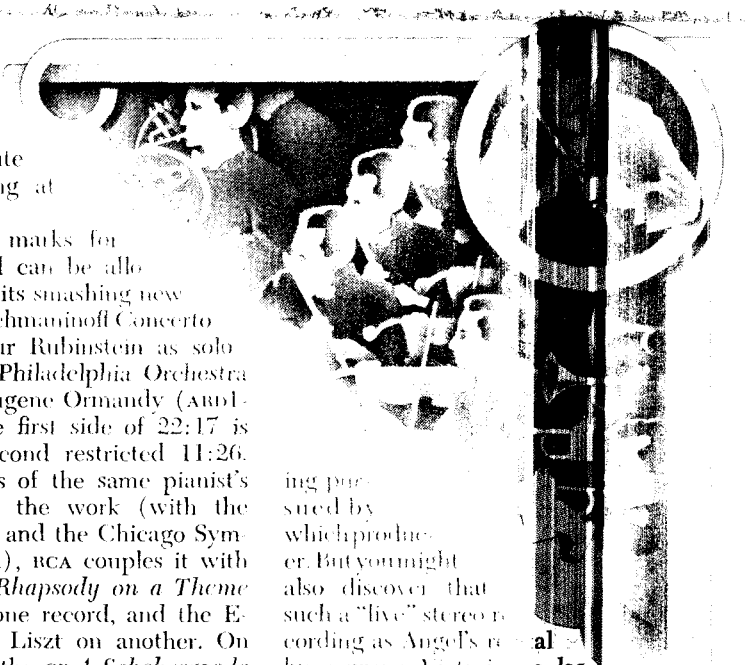
As an instance, the Boulez–New York Philharmonic performance of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* (Columbia, MQ 31076, $6.98) has excellent clarity, definition, presence. It is also restricted to 14 minutes and 20 seconds of music on Side One and 19:53 on Side Two. At a dollar premium the cost per minute of music for the two-side total of less than 35 minutes is 20 cents. That is nearly twice as much as the cost per minute of music for an average 50-minute stereo disc listing at $5.98.

Equally high marks for quality of sound can be allocated to RCA for its smashing new version of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 with Artur Rubinstein as solo pianist and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (ARD1-0031). Here the first side of 22:17 is backed by a second restricted 11:26. In recent listings of the same pianist's prior version of the work (with the late Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra), RCA couples it with Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* on one record, and the E-flat Concerto of Liszt on another. On the other hand, the CD-4 *Scheherazade* (ARD-0028) offers 22:23 on one side and 25:24 on the other.

Is the improved sound quality to be noted in these discs a function of the engineering, the circuits utilized, or, in the case of the CD-4, the Shibata cartridge that embodies an unconventional stylus? Or is it in substantial part a by-product of the shorter playing time and the improved engineering that is possible when grooves are spread out rather than crowded? Westminster's Lab Series of golden memory left a dramatic affirmation of the quality that is possible in records of reduced playing time. But the price factor was high, the market limited.

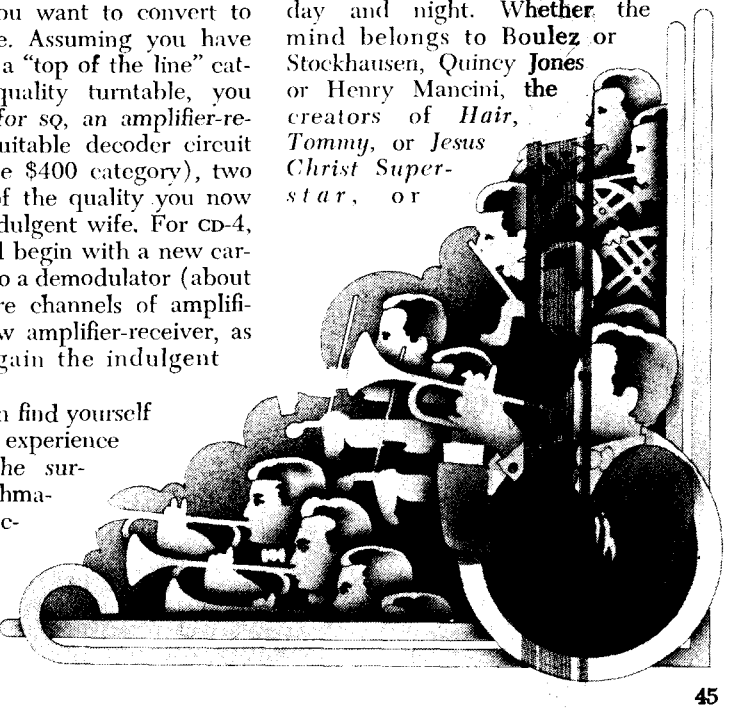
Let us suppose that cost is no factor, that you live in a house big enough to accommodate the sound generated by Henry Mancini's *Sounds of Sousa* on CD-4 or Gerallt Leslie Williams's *Bach for Band* on SQ, and you have a good stereo system you want to convert to four-channel use. Assuming you have two speakers in a "top of the line" category and a quality turntable, you would require, for SQ, an amplifier-receiver with a suitable decoder circuit (list price in the $400 category), two more speakers of the quality you now have, and an indulgent wife. For CD-4, the outlay would begin with a new cartridge, proceed to a demodulator (about $100), two more channels of amplification (or a new amplifier-receiver, as above), and again the indulgent wife.

You would then find yourself equipped to experience Stravinsky in the surround, or Rachmaninoff in the rectangular, according to which alternative was be-



ing pur-
sued by
which produc-
er. But you might
also discover that
such a "live" stereo re-
cording as Angel's re-al
by soprano Victoria e los
Angeles and pianist Alicia d
Larrocha sounded more like the
*original* experience in the Ass Hall
of Hunter College than any of the synthetic re-creations. That is because a good stereo record, heard on four speakers, profits more from the ambience of the room in which it is heard than any quad disc I have yet encountered.

No one versed in the history of sound reproduction from cylinder to disc to acoustic to electric to mono to stereo can doubt that there will be some dramatic outcome from four-channel reproduction (on tape, perhaps, if not disc). But there is a strong feeling among those interviewed that it will tend more to the stimulation of the NEW rather than the enhancement of the OLD. As a tool for creativity, it opens vistas of opportunity that resourceful minds must be pondering day and night. Whether the mind belongs to Boulez or Stockhausen, Quincy Jones or Henry Mancini, the creators of *Hair*, *Tommy*, or *Jesus Christ Superstar*, or



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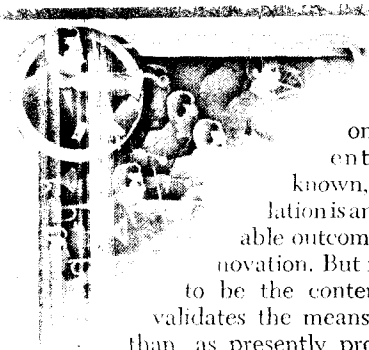


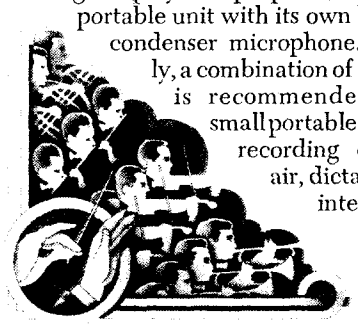
someone presently unknown, stimulation is an inevitable outcome of innovation. But it is apt to be the content that validates the means rather than, as presently projected, the means that validate the content.

Until that evolution occurs, the audio enthusiast with money to invest would be well advised to look elsewhere to exercise options that will continue to serve productive ends well into the future. Both for its "state of the art" improvement and as a consequence of my own experience in the past year, I nominate the humble cassette. This applies not so much to the prerecorded variety—though they, too, have broadened in diversity lately (see "Cassette or Cartridge for Your Car?" in this issue)—as to the uses of blank cassettes on behalf of pleasure, convenience, and personal adaptability.

As opposed to quad's contraction of playing time, blank cassettes are now being marketed that can accommodate up to 60 minutes per side or two hours per cassette. Snagging, snarling, and breakage, which have hitherto compromised the dependability of cassettes with more than 30 minutes of playing time per side, have been minimized through the introduction of flanges, pads, and other devices for keeping the eyelash-thin tape in line.

It is now possible for an individual no more mechanically endowed than I am—which is to say, totally unendowed—to record on cassettes from such sources as FM radio, his own records, or those of friends, a library of material more varied and less costly than has ever been available before. Such cassettes can be used interchangeably on one's own stereo system, in a car cassette player, or, with supreme portability, at a lakeside cottage, a beach bungalow, or any "second home," however modest.

The key to the kingdom of the cassette is either a "deck" that can be linked to your stereo system for recording and playback purposes, or a small portable unit with its own built-in condenser microphone. Ideally, a combination of the two is recommended: the small portable unit for recording off the air, dictation, or interviews; the "deck" for transcribing records (in no more time than it takes to play them) or for playing through your stereo system either prerecorded or self-recorded cassettes. Decks have become so thoroughly automated that the mere ability to press a button (*record* or *play*) qualifies the user as an "engineer."



Quality, as in almost any other context, relates to cost. Portable cassette recorder-players that will record music off the air at the same time as you listen to it on an AM or FM broadcast can be obtained for $125. For about the same amount, units with the built-in microphone—meaning no visible mike—are available, both with and without radio.

**Tape recorders linked to radios, two-hour cassettes, automated decks, the durable virtues of needle-and-groove discs: is one likely to beat the others out of existence? No. In the ever-expanding world of packaged pleasure, each mode can serve you in its own way.**

High-quality decks range upward from less than $200 to around $350 (dollar devaluation has made prices fluctuate on units imported in large part from abroad). I have an excellent Harmon-Kardon CAD-4 unit that is still giving faithful service after perhaps five years' use, at an original cost of $179.50. It is not only pre-Dolby but pre-everything else. So much for durability. The more sophisticated units of today cost substantially more—up to $300 or so—and they produce a result more faithful in sound, less afflicted by random noise.

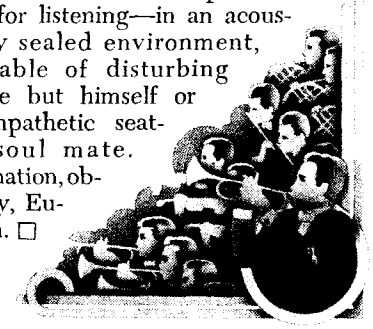
Such a unit has a multitude of uses. It can, as indicated, record 60 minutes of program material from a radio, then play it back in mono or stereo—but not quadraphonic—through the amplifier and speaker of your sound system. It can transcribe a record in the time it takes to play it. Moreover, by use of the "pause" button, you can join Side One to Side Two of an LP and have a cassette undisturbed by the break required to turn the record over.

As for those who blanch at the prospect of an expensive, sometimes irreplaceable record being scratched on its first play, the cassette offers convenient, reliable insurance. Make the first play onto a cassette a super-careful one. Keep the record in reserve and use the cassette as long as you cherish the content. You can always rub out the prior material and record anew over it.

Is the cassette, then, the inevitable replacement for open-reel tape, as tape itself was once promoted as the successor to the disc? The mercantile ambition of one visionary at the company called TEAC is to produce a deck and tape—Dolbyized, of course, for noise suppression—that will have reel-to-reel quality *and* cassette convenience. Recalling the cumbersome package in which RCA housed its first drop-in tape and transport in the Fifties and the miniaturizing of it, from which emerged the product of today—a veritable "little box" (cassette)—one can only conclude that what man has done, man can do.

In the ever-expanding world of packaged pleasure, the likeliest outcome is that each mode will serve its special function: disc and tape (reel-to-reel and cassette) will coexist, likewise two-channel, four-channel, and perhaps other multiples to come. Has the marvelous mechanical system of the etched groove and the interpreting point met its match in the newer electronic modes of tape, matrix, and complicated circuitry? Perhaps. But I would not sell short the potential of a printing process—which is, technically, the name for stamping likenesses from a master—that has created billions of records since EMI, in England, ran its first session in London just 75 years ago.

Incidental to all my research was the discovery of the ideal environment for the enjoyment of four-channel reproduction: a car such as the one I was exposed to at the Craig tape-deck distribution plant in Compton, California. Equipped with speakers at each corner, an 8-track playback unit, and quadraphonic tapes, it puts the driver in a fixed position—ideal for listening—in an acoustically sealed environment, incapable of disturbing anyone but himself or a sympathetic seat-and-soul mate. Destination, obviously, Euphoria. □





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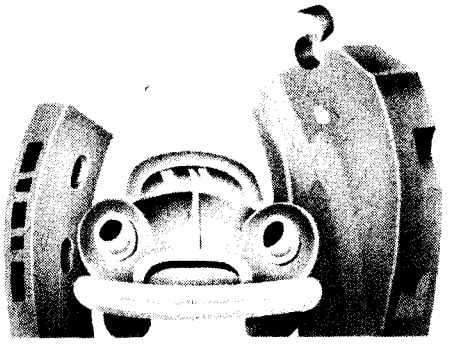
# CASSETTE OR CARTRIDGE FOR YOUR CAR?



## If you listen seriously to music, read this before you buy a tape player for the road.

BY IVAN BERGER

We're a nation of solitary drivers, cruising great, boring highways in great, silent cars. For us, car radios and tapes aren't just amenities—they're electronic companions that help us stay awake when our eyelids grow heavy along the interstates. But some of the company isn't as stimulating as it could be, especially for serious music listeners.

Radio outside the largest urban areas doesn't cater to us: the pop stations play the same few tunes *ad nauseam*, the talk stations fill the air with phone calls from the tongue-tied or the fanatical, and the all-news stations keep proving just how little the world changes between the three o'clock and the three-fifteen newscasts.

Tape is the obvious answer. Put a stereo player in your car and you can preselect your own programs to match your moods. The intimacy and acoustics of the car make stereo almost as immediate and all-enveloping as it is when heard through headphones, and a car can be a most impressive auditorium for quadraphonic sound.

Moreover, there's none of the noise and distortion that can plague stereo FM listening in a moving car. Taped signals don't fade with distance or in tunnels. And the hiss of the tape is masked by normal road noise.

But not even tape is as versatile a companion as it could be. The universally available automatic tape medium is the big 8-track cartridge, which, the serious listener is advised, is no match at all for the smaller cassette.

It's no match in repertoire, for one thing: Ampex, the leading recorded-tape supplier, estimates that classical music accounts for about 11 per cent of its cassette titles, but only about 3.5 per cent of its 8-track cartridges. The ratio in "serious" pop is less lopsided, but harder to assess, since the line between the Partridge Family and the Moody Blues or the Rolling Stones is less clear than that between Mantovani and Mozart.

The musical superiority of the cassette is rooted in technical excellence. The serious repertoire has gravitated naturally to the cassette as the medium that is really worth working with. Wander through a Consumer Electronic Show and you see engineering advances applied to cassettes long before they first appear on 8-track tapes and equipment.

And yet the 8-track cartridge has captured about 85 per cent of the automotive market. Although both cassette and 8-track players can be put in later, 8-track is the only tape system available as a "factory-installed" option from all U.S. auto makers. (Chrysler alone offers factory-installed cassette players as well; Ford tried it once but dropped the idea for lack of consumer interest.)

In a way it's not surprising. The 8-track cartridge was designed for automotive use. Its endless-loop design requires no attention from the driver: push the tape in and it starts; pull it out and it stops. If you're too busy at the wheel to pull the cartridge out when the tape ends, it simply begins again. And its players, if not its tapes, are pretty reliable.

But unless you're careful to withdraw the tape just as it ends, you can't start it the next time from the beginning. That's all right for background music, and it's fine for collections of short pop tunes. If the tape starts in mid-song, you've only a minute or two to wait before the next song begins. But it's not so fine when you're forced to begin a symphony in mid-movement. Nor can you skip to the beginning: endless-loop cartridges can't be rewound, and the fast-forward device found on some home cartridge decks (and on a very few automotive ones) is pathetically slow.

So the cassette, with its clear-cut beginning and end—and with fast-forward and rewind to bring us to any desired point on the tape—is far better suited to selective listening. (On some units, automatic reverse at each end of the cassette does its best to mimic the 8-track and to mock one of the cassette's main advantages in the process.) And while its sound should theoretically be a bit worse than that of 8-track cartridges, practically it is about equal. I suspect that's largely so because cassette listeners, who often have hundreds of dollars invested in cassette systems, *care*—and so force the cassette manufacturers in their turn to care more. In home cassette equipment, features like adapter switches for chromium dioxide tapes and the Dolby noise reduction system abound (there's even an automotive player with Dolby, coming soon from Craig), yet they are virtually unknown in 8-track—except for one series of Dolbyized cartridges that Ampex is now issuing.

The cassette has additional advantages for auto use. Cassettes take less than half as much space in today's increasingly compact cars. And because the cassette system was designed for practical recording, not just for inattentive playback, it's far more versatile than its competitor. The cassette system includes not only playback machines for the home and car but a host of recorders, including office dictating and transcribing machines, the ubiquitous cassette portables, and even recorders so small that they can be carried as easily as memo pads. A few automotive cassette players also allow recording from a microphone, for in-car note-taking or dictation; I know of no 8-track auto players that do.

How, then, do you explain the 8-track's commanding lead? Sheer marketing momentum appears to be the explanation. The first car cassette unit—merely an underdash tray to hold a monophonic Norelco Carry-Corder—appeared long after the 8-track boom had begun. Such early 8-track features as stereo and push-in loading came even later to the cassette, and automatic reverse (the cassette's answer to the cartridge's automatic, endless operation) still later. And four-channel sound, now most readily available in 8-track cartridges, is not available at all in the cassette.

With car cassettes still relatively hard to get and cartridges almost too easy to come by (they're sold by record, music, and auto-supply stores, and even by gas stations), the cartridge reigns supreme. It's a pity—but only for the listener who wants to hear Schubert instead of Led Zeppelin. □

*Ivan Berger has written about audio technology for the past decade in* SR.



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# THE SYSTEMATIC DR. DOLBY

## Meet the modern knight who rode out to conquer the evil tape hiss.

BY EDMOND LEBLANC

One of the great revolutions in sound reproduction is the Dolby System, a mechanism for suppressing "tape hiss." Tape hiss is the high, whooshing noise the moving tape itself makes and then, perversely, records. Since long-playing records are derived from master tapes, most of the background noise you used to hear on records was the sound of this same hiss. Remember the whispering at the beginning of each track on old LPs? That was not the sound of the needle in the groove, but rather of tape hiss in its purest form. By eliminating the hiss, the Dolby System has produced both tapes and records that are dramatically quieter.

But who or what is Dolby? Is it the name of an old established English firm, or of an English scientist (the system was first manufactured in England)? Or is it some sort of anagram (Depression of Loud Background Yodeling)?

No, Dolby is a man—and, surprisingly, an American man at that. Even as a boy growing up in the San Francisco area, Ray Milton Dolby was interested in gadgets; he was one of those kids you see buried behind an issue of *Popular Mechanics*. He was also a precocious gadgeteer. While still a sophomore in high school, Ray started working part-time for the Ampex Corporation, a pioneering electronics firm in Redwood City, California. By the time he was a freshman at Stanford he was putting in long hours; in 1955, two years before graduation, he was one of the small team of Ampex experts to develop a videotape recorder that outperformed anything the competition had been able to come up with.

Fresh from this triumph, Dolby moved to England, where he received a doctorate in physics from Cambridge; during that period he also found time to help devise important new X-ray analysis techniques.

After achieving recognition in America for his videotape research and in England for his X-ray techniques, Dolby now tackled a third country and a third project, the one that was to make him famous. In India he worked for the United Nations for two years, traveling all over the country as adviser to the Central Scientific Instruments Organization. During his long travels Dolby kept mulling over a problem that had tormented him for years—tape hiss. That may seem like a strange thing to torment anyone, but LP records until the mid-Sixties did have a great deal of background noise, especially when a solo instrument was playing. Even an ordinary listener could be disturbed by the hiss. Dolby found it particularly excruciating; he has such acute hearing that once, when visiting a friend, he was kept awake for hours by the tiny whirr of an electric clock three rooms away. When the host came downstairs the next morning, he found that the clock had been unplugged at 3 A.M.

Gifted (or cursed) with such acute hearing, Dolby resolved to eliminate that maddening hiss. Here's a simplified account of how his system works. Imagine that a solo violin is playing a low note. What gives the note its character are all the faint overtones above the fundamental. That's where the hiss is also. Before Dolby, suppressor systems took away overtones as well as noise. The "genius-thought," as a friend describes it, came when Dolby contrived to augment those faint overtones at the recording stage. When the overtones were lowered in playback, the hiss was diminished too—with no penalty to overtones.

Dolby demonstrated his exciting new invention to Decca in November 1965. By the following summer all of Decca's important recordings were being made with the Dolby System. Today virtually all records are made with it; in the words of Marc Aubort, the first person to record with the Dolby System in the United States—and owner of the unplugged electric clock—the discovery was "as significant as the change from wire to tape recorders."

At first Dolby's "Audio Noise Reduction System" was suited only for professional recording studios. By 1967, however, Dolby was already toying with the idea of making a simpler, less expensive system that consumers could use with the new kinds of cartridge and cassette tapes becoming available at that time. Today many tape recorders for home use come with the Dolby B, called the "chip," a small, flat circuit about the size of a little fingernail.

In making tapes, and especially records, the Dolby System is so nearly universal that recently a noisy, hissing recording made in Eastern Europe boasted, with perhaps misplaced pride, "This recording did *not* use the Dolby System."

Today Dolby is always on the go. He makes at least one trip a year to Japan, the great Oriental center for manufacturing sound equipment. He is also frequently running over to the Continent to attend a conference or convention. Wherever he goes, he is accompanied by his German-born wife, Dagmar. Mrs. Dolby, who has taken an interest in her husband's work for years, helped him construct the first noise-reduction system. She works in his London office.

The two of them live in a modest flat in London's Chelsea. Dolby collects Oriental art and is something of a wine connoisseur. Despite his flirtations with worldliness, he is still the shy inventor, serious and careful in choosing his words. Underlying this unassuming personality are traits of the old America: his California accent and a football player's build.

Dolby firmly believes in the importance of strenuous self-discipline when undertaking a task, and this belief is linked with a strong independence of mind. Even as a boy he learned from his father to be skeptical about what other people considered the "right" way to solve a problem or to look at the world. To call someone as mild-mannered as Dolby a "rugged individualist" may seem absurd, but inner character, if not outer qualities, make it appropriate. He stands directly in the succession of earlier American inventors from Franklin to Morse to Edison and Goodyear—all a bit odd, all brilliant. □

*Edmond LeBlanc is a novelist who contributes frequently to* SR.



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# THE LANGUAGE OF HI-FI

## It's sometimes like a foreign tongue. Here are a few definitions.

BY BARBARA KING

**Amplifier:** The control panel for the entire sound system. It receives a signal from a tuner, tape deck, or phono cartridge and magnifies the signal until it is powerful enough to drive the loudspeaker. An amplifier's quality is determined by the amount of continuous power (see "RMS") it can deliver relative to how much it distorts the original signal.

**Cueing:** The raising and lowering of a phono tonearm to play at a point anywhere on a record by means of a manual device. "Damped cueing" means the device is hydraulically cushioned.

**dB (decibel):** A measure of relative sound intensities. The smallest change in volume that can be detected by the human ear is about 1 dB.

**Decoder:** The device or circuit in the *matrix* system that restores encoded signals from a record groove back to their original 4-channel form. (See "matrix system.")

**Demodulator:** The device or circuit in the *discrete* disc system that restores the scrambled signals back to their original 4-channel form. (A demodulator should be used with a special phono cartridge.) See "discrete system."

**Discrete system:** The quadraphonic system in which four signals (two audible, two inaudible) are recorded onto the grooves of a disc. The two audible signals are really four signals that have been scrambled together. If the disc is played on a stereo system, the signals remain scrambled and the disc is heard stereophonically. If the disc is played on a properly equipped quad system, the two inaudible signals carry information to a demodulator, which unscrambles the audible signals back to their original 4-channel form, and the disc is heard quadraphonically.

**Encoding:** A way of mixing four signals together by means of a special circuit (matrix) so that they are inscribed onto the walls of a record groove as two signals, then restored (decoded) in playback to the original four. See "matrix system."

**HD:** Abbreviation for harmonic distortion, which is the addition of unwanted overtones to an original signal.

**Head:** The encased magnetic coil that erases, records, or picks up a signal on a tape.

**Hz (hertz):** Synonym for "cycles per second," a measurement of sound frequencies. The range of human hearing is approximately 20–20,000 Hz.

*Barbara King is an assistant editor of* SR of The Arts.

**Impedance:** The resistance in an electrical circuit to the flow of alternating current. In a sound system, impedance, expressed in ohms, is used as a measurement of compatibility between components (a 4-ohm speaker, for instance, should be attached to a 4-ohm amplifier). An 8-ohm speaker requires more power than a 4-ohm speaker; a 16-ohm speaker requires even more. In the listings of components on the following pages, amplifier specifications are based on a speaker impedance of 8 ohms.

**IPS (inches per second):** A measurement of the speed at which a tape passes over the magnetic head.

**Logic:** A circuit built into certain matrix decoders that helps to reduce "ghost" sounds still present on one or more channels after decoding. See "matrix system." Two types of logic circuits are in use: partial (or front-back) logic, which reduces the ghosts in either the front or rear speakers; and wave-matching logic. The two together become complete logic, which reduces the ghosts in all channels. Logic circuits are built into the more expensive decoders.

**Matrix system:** The quadraphonic disc system in which four signals are fed into a circuit (matrix) that mixes (encodes) them into two signals that are inscribed on the walls of a record groove. If the disc is played on a stereo system, the disc will be heard stereophonically. If the disc is played on a properly equipped quad system, the signals are fed into a complementary matrix, which restores (decodes) them back to the original four, and the disc is heard quadraphonically. The decoded signals, however, still retain some traces ("ghosts") of the signals with which they were mixed.

**Mid-range:** A speaker covering the frequencies between those handled by the woofer and tweeter in a 3- or 4-way speaker system.

**Ohm:** A unit of electricity.

**Open reel:** Tape on a large spool, as opposed to tape sealed within a cartridge or cassette. Many tape decks using open reels can be run at speeds of 1⅞, 3¾, 7½, and 15 IPS.

**Phono cartridge (pickup cartridge):** The part of a tonearm containing a stylus (needle) and a tiny electrical generating system. Its function is to convert the motions of the stylus in the record groove into an electrical signal that is then magnified by the amplifier. The downward pressure required for the stylus to follow the record grooves is called tracking force, which is measured in grams. (See "tracking.")

**Receiver:** A single component that combines the functions of both tuner and amplifier.

**RMS (root-mean-square):** A measurement of amplifier output. RMS, in effect, means "continuous power." This is opposed to "music power" (or dynamic power), which is the measurement of the maximum burst of power an amplifier can provide for a brief instant of time.

**Stylus:** The jewel, usually a tiny diamond, that follows the grooves on a disc. A diamond is used because it outlasts any known substance. "Elliptical stylus" or "spherical stylus" refers to the shape of the diamond. The elliptical stylus is thought to follow the shape of the groove a little better than the spherical one. (See "phono cartridge.")

**Tracking:** The downward pressure required for a stylus to follow the tiny contours of a record groove. (See "phono cartridge.")

**Tuner:** The device or circuit that picks up radio signals and turns them into audio signals, which are then amplified to drive a loudspeaker. A tuner combined with an amplifier is called a receiver; a tuner combined with an amplifier and a speaker is called a radio.

**Tweeter:** A loudspeaker that handles only high frequencies.

**uV:** Abbreviation for microvolts.

**VU meter:** A device to measure levels (Volume Units) of sound coming into a tape recorder or amplifier.

**Woofer:** A loudspeaker that handles only low frequencies.



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# WHAT DO YOU WANT TO HEAR?

The range and reliability of products in today's audio market enable the well-informed buyer to make a choice based on output rather than income. We are all familiar with the enjoyment provided by a car radio. We think, "Nothing that small should sound as good as it does." But does it really sound all that good? From inches away, in a space wholly sealed in, the thing sounds better than it should for the price.

The name of the game here, as in much else associated with audio, is *efficiency*. Getting the sound you want at the price you want to pay relates more than a little to the space you want to fill. For a den, sitting room, library, or similar surroundings, a packaged unit —meaning the kind sold with prematched turntable-changer, receiver, and "bookshelf" speakers—may be not only as good for your purposes but a better value than a more powerful unit costing considerably more.

If your tastes incline to music played at low volume for background purposes, it is wasteful to seek out amplifiers of high output to drive speakers of extended range. Buy the *sound* that suits your ears in the space in which you are going to listen.

Consider flexibility, portability, versatility. Do you move around a lot, practically "live" in a car or camper, spend weekends on the road or in a cabin? Get with a radio-cassette unit that will not only give you music and news but also enable you to record programs you like, or reproduce ones you have already recorded.

If you are a sedentary sort with rabbit-keen ears and the space and budget to make your home a listening experience, your problem is different. Here again, make efficiency the watchword. You will want to pick your way carefully through the maze of components that confronts you in any hi-fi store, being sure that you match amplifier to speakers, cartridge to turntable, and all to the kind of music you want to hear. Do you like loud rock and grand opera? You may want a powerful amplifier and throaty speakers. Do you listen only to piano and chamber music? Then you may not need so much muscle.

Too much advice can leave you as confused as none at all; so here we offer what we think is just enough. □

# HOW TO BE A COOL CUSTOMER

Even the most self-assured novice can't help feeling a bit overwhelmed on entering an audio supermarket for the first time. The noise is deafening—everyone's testing a sound system, getting Barbra Streisand into unlikely duets with Joan Sutherland, with counterpoint provided by a Moog synthesizer. Bold signs taped to equipment add to the confusion. What exactly *is* a Tape Degausser? (It's a demagnetizer.) And if a salesman tosses about terms such as EIA, IHF, and RMS, does it help to be told that they are "standards for rating amplifier power output?"

A veteran salesman at Harvey's Audio and Radio Exchange in New York City offers the emptor a few caveats, as well as a few pointers. Since previous mention of his name in print has drawn a ton of letters asking for expert advice, this gentleman (above) prefers to remain anonymous. But he's willing to give a few hints:

**Tell the salesman how much you want to spend.** All too often, customers are coy about how much they want to pay for sound equipment. But until you give the salesman some notion of the price bracket that interests you, he can't give you serious advice.

**Try out the packaged units first.** Once a price bracket has been established, the salesman can then demonstrate a packaged unit for you—an already assembled, complete, working system, sometimes put together by the manufacturer, sometimes by the dealer. For the novice there are several reasons to consider packaged units. They are cheaper than a comparable system you might put together yourself. Buying a packaged unit is also quick and painless. Most important, you know precisely how your system will sound. Instead of wandering around a store listening to various speakers in combination with various amplifiers and tuners, all the while trying to *imagine* how these components might sound in your living room, you can hear a predetermined—and immediately operative —combination of interrelated elements.

**You can make substitutions in a packaged unit.** You're not stuck with a unit as it is displayed: you should feel free, for instance, to substitute one turntable for another. So don't be deterred by the package. Keep in mind that the salesman may be pushing Brand X over Brand Y because they're overstocked on Brand X or because the markup is higher.

**The speakers are the most important part of your system.** When you start cutting corners to reduce the price of your total system, don't compromise on inferior speakers. The average quality of today's amplifiers is very high, but the quality of speakers varies radically. An inexpensive amplifier will affect the sound of your system relatively little (less than .5 per cent); cheaper speakers can cause you up to 30 per cent distortion.

**Don't become power mad.** In putting together a system, never fall into the trap of thinking that the number of watts of power in an amplifier is a sure index to superiority. Often a powerful amplifier attached to inferior speakers will cause marked distortion. It's better to avoid distortion, which you can easily do by comparing different combinations of components, than doggedly to insist on, say, a 100-watt amplifier (unless, of course, you want it only as a prestige symbol).

When confronted with a bad, good, better, or best system, the customer almost always can hear the difference, and the customer, for once, *is* right. After all, they're his ears. □



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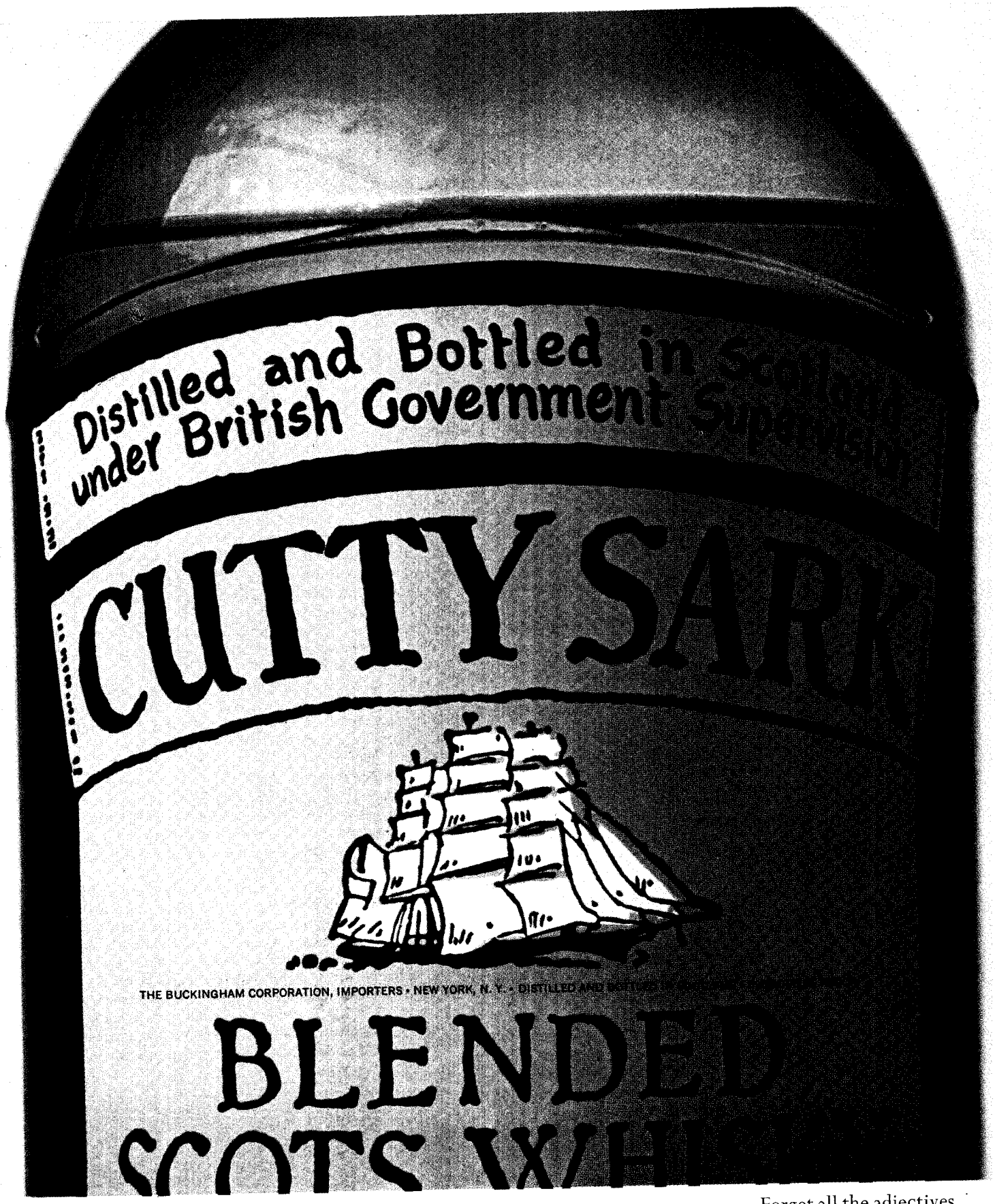
# Sure it's discouraging when your kid even flunks recess, but...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"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
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Buy one bottle.

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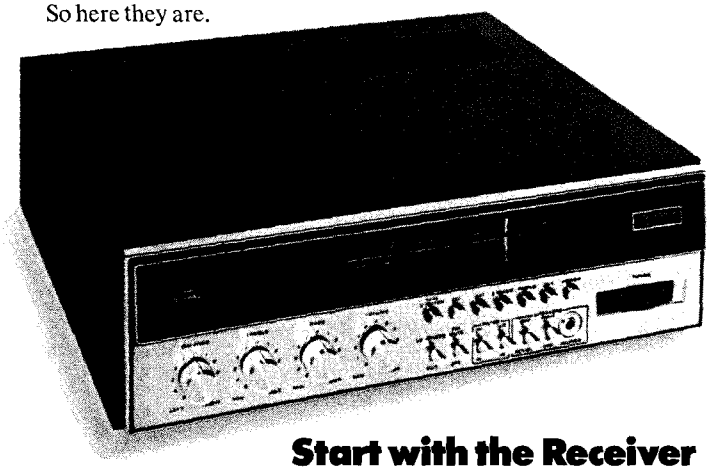
# How to get the for your money.

Buying stereo can be confusing.

One friend says you have to spend a mint. Another tells you about a "special" bargain on a foreign-made set. And overly enthusiastic salesmen might just confuse you with all kinds of technical specs.

Well, fact is you do have to know a little bit about stereo to make sure you're getting the most music for your money. But you don't have to be an engineer. Or even a buff. Just an intelligent shopper armed with a few basic facts.

So here they are.



## Start with the Receiver

A good music system starts with a good stereo receiver. (A stereo receiver is a combination of a stereo amplifier and AM/FM/FM stereo tuner.) So that's a logical place to begin your buying.

But picking the right receiver is no picnic. Because receivers by themselves don't do a thing you can see or hear. They just receive tiny sound impulses from a record, tape, or radio station, magnify them millions of times, with as little distortion as possible, and drive the speakers with the magnified impulse.

All of which means that two of the most important things to look for in receivers are how much distortion takes place and how much power there is to drive the speakers.

Distortion ratings (called T.H.D.) are simple. The lower the number the better. For example, Sylvania receivers CR2742 and CR2743 both have a rating of 0.5% at full power output, which is considered good.

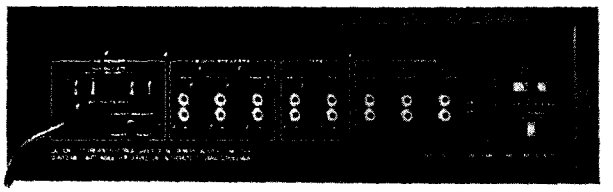
Power is a bit more complicated. There are several kinds of ratings. But the one that counts is the "continuous" or RMS rating. Here the higher the number, the more power you have to drive speakers. A receiver like the Sylvania CR2742, with a continuous power rating of 25 watts per channel, can easily drive four big speakers. If you want an even larger system, with speakers all over the house, the Sylvania CR2743 can handle them with a continuous power rating of 50 watts per channel. If you can't get a continuous power rating, be suspicious!

The next things to check are the features. A good stereo receiver should have solid-state circuitry, Field Effect Transistors (FET's), and ceramic filters. We won't go into their technical functions here, but be sure to look for them while buying. Quality receivers will have them.

Your receiver should also have a full-function jack panel (like the one on the back of the Sylvania CR2743 shown below) that allows you to add extra speakers, tape decks, headphones, or other equipment. And make sure there's built-in capability to adapt the new quadraphonic sound systems in case you want to expand in that direction.

Every Sylvania receiver, for example, has built-in Phase Q4 matrix four-channel circuitry to enhance ordinary two-channel stereo. This gives the effect of four-channel sound. In addition, you can get true (discrete) four-channel sound simply by adding our special new DMQ2784W quadraphonic converter. (And of course in both cases you need two extra speakers.)

Finally, check the price. As a guide, the Sylvania CR2742 gives you 50 watts total continuous and all the rest for $199.95.* The CR2743 gives you all that and 100 watts total continuous for $279.95.* So no matter what brand you choose, make sure you get just as much for just as little.



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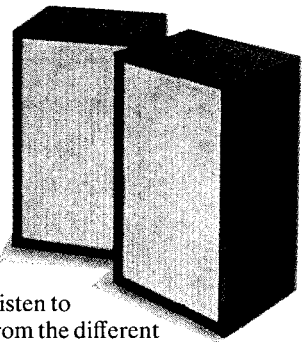
# most music



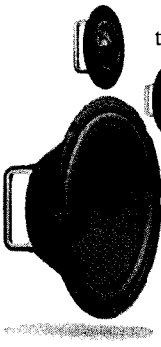
## Onward to the Speakers

The technical stuff's out of the way. Now comes the fun part.

The only way to buy speakers is to listen to them. Compare the different sounds from the different sizes. Ask the salesman about "air" or "acoustic" suspension speakers. In general, they deliver the most satisfying speaker sound.

Make the salesman work a little. Switch back and forth between the big, medium, and small speakers. Play it by ear. The ones that sound best to you are the ones to buy.

Just keep your eyes out for a few things while your ears are busy. Make sure the receiver driving the speakers you're hearing is the same as the one you're buying. Otherwise you won't be getting the same sound once you get the speakers home and hooked up to your receiver.



And remember, the word "speaker" refers to two things. It means the individual speakers... woofers, tweeter, etc. But it also refers to the whole speaker cabinet, which generally contains more than one individual speaker. Be sure to check out how many speakers there are in any speaker cabinet. Two, a woofer for low notes and a tweeter for high ones, is a minimum. Bigger speakers, like the Sylvania AS125A, will have at least three: a woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

Prices range from $149.95* for the big Sylvania AS125A with three speakers to a cabinet, down to $59.95* a pair for the Sylvania AS1706W with two speakers each.

But above all else, pick the speakers that sound best to you.

## Now It's the Turntable's Turn

There are a few manufacturers who specialize in making turntable mechanisms. It's their thing, and their product is definitely superior.

The only trick to buying a turntable, then, is to make sure that you get one whose guts come from one of these specialists.

Any audio manufacturer should be more than happy to tell you who made his turntable mechanism. For example, Dual (one of the big names) made the changer in Sylvania's T2705 Automatic Turntable. Garrard (that's another big one) made the changer in our model T2703.

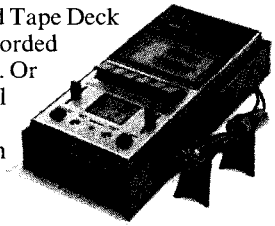
Ask for magnetic cartridges on your turntable. They're more sophisticated and pick up sound impulses better than ceramic cartridges. Both Sylvania turntables have them.

Things like cue-pause control (which allows you to gently raise and lower the tone arm to any band you choose) and anti-skate control (which equalizes pressure on both walls of a record groove to give less sound distortion) are usually standard on quality turntables like a Sylvania.

Price guidelines are $139.95* for the T2705 and $79.95* for the T2703.

## E-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

Adding tape facilities is a simple way to expand your basic stereo system.



You can add a Cassette Play/Record Tape Deck like the Sylvania CT160 to play pre-recorded cassette tapes over your speaker system. Or you can record your own in two-channel stereo.

Or, you can go the 8-track route, with a Playback Deck like the Sylvania ET2750W. That way you can use car stereo tapes at home, and vice versa.

## Good Luck!

By now you're a lot smarter about stereo. You know basically what to look for. And you've got some guidelines on what to pay.

So now's the time to go out shopping. Look around. Compare. Get the most music for your money.

And even if you don't pick a Sylvania, enjoy your stereo!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list price.

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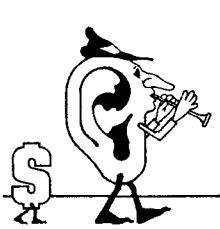
# Sound Systems You Can Buy For:



# $300

Selections of this kind are always personal and finally arbitrary, not so much in what they include as in what they exclude. I have excluded any component I do not know from personal experience or from experience with other products from the same manufacturer. *Prices* are approximate, due both to discounts available to careful shoppers and to current fluctuations of the dollar versus other currencies. *Specifications* on all products are those of the manufacturer. *Systems* listings—especially at the $300 level—are often predicated on the assumption that it's better to include either phonograph or FM facilities than to include both at once but compromise their quality.

IVAN BERGER

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **SPEAKERS** | Dynaco A-25 ($79.95, including wall-mounting brackets) | 2-way, 8-ohm system with 10″ woofer and 1½″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 15-60 watts RMS. 11½″ x 20″ x 10″. | Perhaps a trifle too expensive for inclusion in a $300 system, but worth bending a budget for. These are the least expensive speakers I've heard that I could live with contentedly. |
| | Acoustic Research AR-4x ($63) | 2-way, 8-ohm system with 8″ woofer and 2½″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 15 watts RMS minimum. 10″ x 19″ x 9″. | Smooth, clean, reasonably wide-ranging sound, requiring very little space or amplifier power. |
| | EPI 50 ($110 per pair) | 2-way, 8-ohm system with 6″ woofer and 1″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 10-25 watts RMS. 12″ x 10″ x 18″. | I have heard these only briefly, but I found them quite good and unobtrusively realistic. |
| | Dynaco A-10 ($99.95 per pair, including brackets) | 2-way, 8-ohm system with 6½″ woofer and 1½″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 15-50 watts RMS. 8½″ x 15″ x 8″. | Good sound in exceptionally small space. |
| **AMPLIFIERS & RECEIVERS** | Sylvania 2742A AM-FM receiver ($199.95) | 25 watts per channel RMS at 0.5% distortion, 0.1% distortion at 1 watt. FM sensitivity, 1.9 uV for 30 db quieting. Includes 4-channel simulator, metal cabinet. | Sylvania isn't known for components; paradoxically, that helps: Sylvania treats this $200 receiver as almost the top of their line, rather than sloughing it off as a low-end unit. That approach pays off in looks and features. |
| | Sansui 350A AM-FM receiver ($215) | 20 watts per channel RMS at 1% distortion. FM sensitivity, 3 uV for 30 db quieting. | A good little receiver from a company whose stuff I've learned to trust. |
| | Sony TA-1010 integrated amplifier ($123.50) | 22 watts per channel RMS at 0.5% distortion. Has high-cut filter, switchable loudness compensation. Includes cabinet. | Just enough power—I've used one to drive a pair of AR-3a speakers without excessive suffering—and just enough features. Nice control feel, but it could look a little prettier. |
| | Dynaco SCA-35 integrated amplifier ($99.50 in kit form) | 17 watts per channel RMS at 1% distortion. Has high-cut filter. Tube circuitry (not solid-state). In kit form only. | Put it together yourself and save. Tubes are unfashionable but not all that old-fashioned. If you can, though, add another $70 and buy Dyna's solid-state, 80-watt SCA-80Q kit. |
| **TURNTABLES** | AR manual turntable ($87) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm. Comes complete with base and dust cover. 33⅓ *rpm single-speed version* available for $3 less. | As classically austere and mathematically elegant as Shaker *furniture; all the necessities and no excess.* |
| | Dual 1215S automatic turntable ($109.50, plus base) | 33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm. Silicone-damped cueing system. Tracks as lightly as 1 gram. Variable-speed pitch control. | Seven years ago a Dual with these features would have cost about $140. And my seven-year-old Dual is still in use. |
| | Philips 308 manual ($99.50) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm. Silicone-damped cueing. Price includes base and dust cover. | Simple, serviceable, pleasant to use—and it performs well. |
| **CARTRIDGES** | Audio Dynamics Corp. 220X ($16)<br>Grado FTE ($19.95)<br>Grado FTR ($9.95)<br>Shure M7/N21D ($17.95) | 0.7 mil spherical stylus.<br>0.3 x 0.7 mil elliptical stylus.<br>0.6 mil spherical stylus.<br>0.7 mil spherical stylus. | Good cartridges, alphabetically listed. A word of caution, though: don't buy a cartridge you haven't heard (preferably through speakers like yours). Cartridges don't sound as individual as speakers, but they don't sound alike, either. |
| **COMPACT SYSTEMS** | KLH Thirty-Four-FM ($329.95) | Complete radio/phono system with Garrard 4-speed changer, Pickering cartridge, 10-watt per-channel (RMS) stereo receiver, matching 2-way speakers. | Unheard, but taken on faith from KLH's past performance in this area. Also available with AM for an additional $30. |
| | KLH Twenty-Six ($249.95) | Complete phonograph system with Garrard 3-speed changer, Pickering cartridge, amplifier, and matching speakers. | Ditto; but the difference in price between this and the Model Thirty-Four isn't merely the absence of a tuner: speakers are smaller, and the amplifier less powerful. |
| | Sony HP-510A ($329.95) | Complete radio/phono system with Dual 3-speed turntable, Pickering cartridge, 15-watt-per-channel (RMS) AM/FM stereo receiver. Dust cover included. | The turntable is a good one, but its speakers are no match for the KLH's. |
| | Sylvania MCS15W ($319.95) | Complete radio/phono system with Garrard turntable, Pickering cartridge, separate 12½-watt-per-channel AM/FM stereo receiver, matching 2-way speakers. | Haven't heard this, but other Sylvanias have sounded good to me. Check their other models, too. |

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER MARKS



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| SPEAKERS | AR-2ax ($128 walnut, $109 unfinished) | 3-way, 8-ohm system with 10″ woofer, 3½″ mid-range, and ¾″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 20 watts RMS minimum. 13½″ x 24″ x 11½″. | Clean, smooth, and uncolored, with excellently dispersed highs. |
| | Hegeman H-1 ($114) | 2-way, 8-ohm, omni-directional, floor-standing system with 8″ woofer, 1″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 20-25 watts RMS. 11″ x 8¾″ x 26″. | Stu Hegeman was designing omni-directional speakers (he also designed the original Dynatuner) before anyone else heard the word. The Hegeman H-1 sounds so smooth, fills the room so evenly with sound, and is styled so compactly and unobtrusively that your friends will pass it searching for your big speakers. |
| | Advent 2-way ($116 in walnut; $102 in vinyl) | 2-way, 8-ohm system with 10″ woofer and 2″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 20 watts RMS minimum. 14¼″ x 25⅝″ x 11½″. | Sounded good on my brief hearings—and other manufacturers cite the Advent most often as the speaker their $100 models are supposed to sound better than. |
| | Bose 501 ($124.80) | Direct/reflecting, 2-way, 4-ohm, floor-standing system with 9″ woofer, two tweeters. Recommended amplifier power: 20 watts RMS. Floor-standing. 24″ x 14½″ x 14½″. | Like the better-known Bose 901, the Model 501 mixes direct sound with sound reflected from the wall. The spread is less breathtaking than the 901's, but I find its sound a bit freer and more open. |
| AMPLIFIERS & RECEIVERS | Heathkit AR-1500 AM-FM stereo receiver ($379.95 kit, $649.95 wired) | 60 watts/channel RMS; FM sensitivity, 1.8 uV for 30 db quieting. Cabinet, $25 extra. | A $650 receiver for $380 (plus about 50 hours of work building it). Not for beginning kit-builders, but not all that tough, either. I can fault it only for its lack of high and low filters. |
| | Sansui 2000X AM/FM stereo receiver ($339.95) | 39 watts/channel RMS; FM sensitivity, 1.8 uV for 30 db quieting. | A satisfying amount of power, performance, and facilities for satisfyingly little money. |
| | Sony TA-1150 integrated amplifier. ($229.50) | 30 watts/channel RMS at 0.2% distortion (0.1% at 1 watt). | A clean little amp with jacks and controls set up to let you add a 4-channel decoder and keep it out of sight; the TA-1150 then becomes your quadraphonic master control. |
| | Dynakit SCA-80Q ($169.95 kit, $249.94 assembled) | 40 watts/channel RMS at 0.5% HD. Includes metal cabinet; wood cabinet available extra. | A good amp at a very good price (especially in its kit form), and Dyna tosses in its Dynaquad decoder, which will give you an excuse to buy those two extra speakers you'll want for 4-channel sound. |
| | Dynaco FM-5 tuner kit. ($149.95 in kit form) | FM sensitivity 1.75 uV for 30 db quieting. For factory wiring and/or AM-FM version, add another $50. | Very easy to build—and even easier to use, thanks to its station-centering Dynatune circuit. Not the ultimate tuner, but better than what most of us are using. |
| TURNTABLES | BSR 810 automatic turntable ($149.50, plus base) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm. Cueing. Variable-speed pitch control. Tracking force adjustable from 0-4 grams. | New and (by me) untried, but it looks good and is well spoken of. Technicality buffs will note that a unique sequential cam under the motorboard controls the changer's operation. |
| | ELAC/Miracord 660H automatic turntable ($149.50, plus base) | 4-speed (16⅔, 33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm). Cueing. Hysteresis motor. Tracking force adjustable from 0-6½ grams. | Push-button controls are convenient and extra-versatile (you can, for instance, repeat a record without dropping the next one), but having to remove the spindle to flip a stack of discs is a pain. |
| | Dual 1218 automatic turntable ($155, plus base) | 33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm. Silicone-damped cueing. Tracks as lightly as 1 gram. Variable-speed pitch control. | For my money, the best buy in Dual's line. I don't know if there's any audible difference between this model and the cheaper 1215, but the 1218 looks classier. |
| | Philips GA-212 turntable. ($149.50) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm single-play manual turntable, with hydraulically damped cueing, individually adjustable speeds. Includes base and cover. | Good performance, with pushbutton controls that are a gadgeteer's delight to play with: they light up and operate at a pressureless touch, like some elevator buttons. |
| CARTRIDGES | ADC XLM ($50)<br>Bang & Olufsen SP-14 ($40)<br>Pickering V-15 Micro IV ($39.95)<br>Shure M91ED ($54.95) | 0.25 x 0.9 mil elliptical stylus.<br>0.6 mil spherical stylus.<br>0.4 x 0.7 mil elliptical stylus.<br>0.28 x 0.5 mil elliptical stylus. | Again, listed alphabetically. Listen to several. |
| COMPACT SYSTEMS | KLH Thirty-Five ($549.95) | Complete radio/phono system with Dual turntable, Pickering cartridge, 20 watts per channel (RMS) AM/FM-stereo receiver, KLH Six speakers. | Since I've already recommended Dual turntables in this and the previous category and will recommend KLH Six speakers in the next, how could I omit a compact system that includes them both? |
| | Electro-Voice Landmark 1000 ($399.95) | Compact radio/phono system with Garrard turntable, Pickering cartridge, 20 watts per channel (RMS) AM/FM-stereo receiver, omni-directional speakers. | The speakers are unusually compact (10″ cubes with one corner missing), but the sound is unexpectedly good. |



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| **SPEAKERS** | AR-5 ($156-$175, according to finish) | 3-way, 8-ohm system with 10″ woofer, 1½″ mid-range, ¾″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 20 watts RMS minimum. 13½″ x 24″ x 11½″. | For my money, AR's smoothest, best-balanced speaker, with bass as clean as the AR-3a's, if not quite as deep-ranging. |
| | KLH Six ($134) | 2-way, 8-ohm speaker with 12″ woofer and 1¾″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 15 watts or more RMS. 12⅜″ x 23¼″ x 11⅞″. | The Six has been around so long that it's easy to forget how good it still sounds. A bit warmer than many acoustic-suspension systems. |
| | Micro/Acoustic Full-Range Microstatic FRM-1 ($149.50) | 2-way system with 10″ woofer and five small, angled tweeters. Recommended amplifier power: 15-60 watts RMS. 15″ x 12½″ x 25½″. | Treble dispersion is excellent and—uniquely—adjustable. On initial listening, sounds a trifle dry, but not brittle. Choice of two grille cloth shapes. |
| | Rectilinear XII ($139) | 3-way, 8-ohm, floor-standing system with 10″ woofer, 5″ mid-range, and 2½″ tweeter. Recommended amplifier power: 10 watts RMS to 70 watts IHF. 25″ x 14″ x 10¾″. | I've been happy with the $280 Rectilinear III, a speaker of great clarity. The XII, at least on brief listening, sounds similar. |
| **AMPLIFIERS & RECEIVERS** | Lafayette LR-1500T AM-FM stereo receiver ($319.95) | 70 watts per channel (at 4 ohms) at less than 1% distortion. FM sensitivity 1.5 uV for 30 db quieting. Has center-channel output, metal cabinet. | By all reports one of the better bargains in receivers. |
| | Kenwood KR-6200 AM/FM stereo receiver ($399.95) | 45 watts per channel RMS. FM sensitivity 1.7 uV for 30 db quieting. Includes walnut cabinet. | Brief knob twiddling at a dealer's suggests that the 6200 lives up to Kenwood's good reputation. |
| | Marantz 1120 integrated amplifier ($395.00) | 60 watts per channel at 0.15% distortion. Slide-type tone controls. | Lots of power, performance, and facilities for the price. |
| | Acoustic Research AR Amplifier. ($265) | 50 watts per channel at less than 0.25% distortion. In metal case, wood cover optional. | Control and input facilities spartan; AR concentrated on performance. Grace through work. |
| **TURNTABLES** | Dual 1229 automatic ($199.50 plus base) | 33⅓, 45, and 78 rpm, with variable-speed "pitch control." Tonearm height adjusts to maintain tracking angle on stacks. Arm tracks down to ¼ gram. | Dual's top of the line. Worth considering even if you'll only use it as a single-play turntable. Exceptionally convenient dust cover. |
| | Rabco ST-4 ($199.95) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm single-play turntable with servo-driven, straight-line tonearm. | Unique design eliminates tracking error distortion. As with all such refinements, buy it if you can hear the difference or would like to think you can. Or get one for its general gee-whiz effect. |
| | Garrard Zero-100 automatic ($199.95, plus base) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm. Has cueing control, tracking-angle adjustment, and pitch control. | Pantograph-type tonearm reduces tracking error to microscopic levels. Exceptionally convenient dust cover. |
| **CARTRIDGES** | B&O SP-12 ($75) | 0.2 x 0.7 mil elliptical stylus. | The latest models from two excellent European manufacturers. |
| | Ortofon M15E Super ($80) | Elliptical stylus. | |
| | Shure V-15 Type III ($72.50) | 0.2 x 0.7 mil elliptical stylus. | Shure's brand-new improvement on a top-notch cartridge. |
| | Stanton 681EE ($72.00) | 0.2 x 0.7 mil elliptical stylus. | Very good—and its built-in brush sweeps the record. |
| **TAPE DECKS** | Wollensak 6154 ($320) | Open-reel, 7½, 3¾, 1⅞ ips. Three heads. | Records stereo, plays stereo and 4-channel. Excellent controls. |
| | Advent 201 ($280) | Dolbyized cassette deck with auto shut-off, $CrO_2$ switch. | Heavy-duty mechanism (as with Wollensak 4755 and 4760) for good performance. Unique, single VU meter system. |
| | Sony TC-377 ($389.95) | Open-reel, 7½, 3¾, 1⅞ ips. Three heads. | Convenient, sloping case. Also available in 4-channel as TC-366-4 ($499.95). |
| **CAR TAPE PLAYERS** | Craig 3507 ($239.95) | Cassette player with auto reverse. Dolby, fast-forward and rewind, FM-stereo radio. | Held to car floor by magnetic lock, which allows removal only when ignition is on. |
| | Toshiba CT-800 ($129.95 with auto tape speakers) | Stereo-8 cartridge player with "MQS" ("music quick-select"). Fast-forward. | "MQS" stops tape automatically at beginning of next selection. |
| | Sanyo FT-864 ($119.95) | Q8 quadraphonic cartridge player. | Built-in matrix simulates 4-channel when played with Stereo-8 cartridges. |



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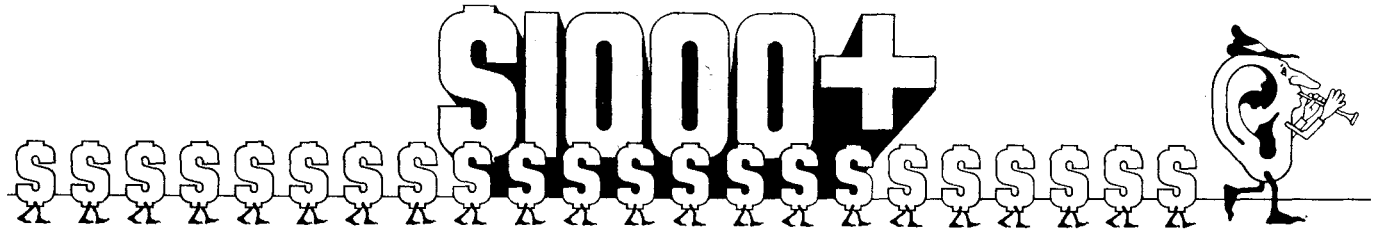


Alas, even when money presents no limitations, space does—resulting here in the exclusion of some excellent equipment. Overall, the riches were so plentiful that I left out as much as I left in. Most agonizing was omitting all the separate tuners, pre-amplifiers, and power amplifiers, which are the ultimate equipment in any supersystem.

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| **SPEAKERS** | Acoustic Research AR-LST ($600) | Floor-standing system with 12″ woofer, four 1½″ mid-range, and four ¾″ hemispherical tweeters. Speakers are the same as in AR-3a. Recommended amplifier power: 25 watts RMS. 20″ x 27⅛″ x 9¾″. | AR's lab standard. It's basically a multiple AR-3a, using the same components but more of them to cover a wider area. But the sound isn't just wider, it's a bit better too. If cost is a factor, team up an AR-3a ($250) with a Microstatic tweeter ($58). |
| | KLH-Nine ($1,400) | Electrostatic, floor-standing, full-range, 16-ohm system. Recommended amplifier power: 40 watts RMS. 70″ x 23½″ x 2⅞″. | The sound is clean and crisp and open, but the room you play it in makes a big difference. The flat, electrostatic shape is, as usual, illusory; Nines must stand out from the wall. |
| | Bose 901 ($476-$559 per pair) | Direct/reflecting, 8-ohm system with nine full-range speakers. Recommended amplifier power: 30 watts RMS minimum. 12¾″ x 20½″ x 12⅞″. | Magnificent spread, but opinions differ about the sound it's spreading. I find the sound a trifle cramped and overtight, but most critics and audiophiles disagree. Has optional pedestals. |
| | Klipschorn ($990 and up, according to finish) | Folded corner horn, 3-way, 8-ohm, floor-standing system with 15″ woofer, horn-loaded mid-range, and horn-type tweeter. Recommended maximum power: 100 watts of program signal. 52″ x 31¼″ x 28¼″ | Last of the big, folded corner horns. Very open sound with tremendous bass from little power. |
| | Rectilinear III ($280) | 4-way, 8-ohm, floor-standing system with 12″ woofer, 5″ mid-range, two 2½″ cone tweeters and 2″ super tweeters. Recommended amplifier power: 20 watts RMS. 35″ x 18″ x 12″. | Clean, flat, a most "electrostatic" sound that opts for clarity and articulation (unblurring choral and orchestral textures) at some expense of warmth. Bass is clean, but not as deep as, say, AR's. |
| | Tannoy Studio ($425) | 2-way, 16-ohm, floor-standing system with 14″ dual-concentric speaker. Recommended amplifier power: 50 watts RMS. 43″ x 30½″ x 24″. | Like the Klipsch, a classic—also like the Klipsch, it's big. The sound is very British but not stuffy; very broad, warm, and cultured. |
| **4-CHANNEL RECEIVERS** | Fisher 504 ($499.95) | 42 watts to each of four channels, or 90 watts to each of two channels. SQ. | Front and rear amplifiers double up for stereo and SQ. |
| | Lafayette LR-4000 ($499.95) | 47½ x 4 watts RMS. Full-logic SQ. | I've tried it at length, and it works sweetly. |
| | Panasonic SA-6800X ($599.95) | 42 x 4 watts RMS. Adjustable matrix. | Matrix adjustable to match all matrix recordings. |
| | Sansui QRX-6500 ($699.95) | 37 x 4 watts RMS. | Matrix can be set for Sansui or SQ-type discs. |
| **TURNTABLES** | Panasonic SP-10 with Rabco SL-8E arm ($548.95 total) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm, with servomotor-driven straight-line tracking arm. | Perhaps the ultimate in snob appeal as well as sound. |
| | Sony TS-5520 ($139.50) | 33⅓ and 45 rpm, electronic speed control. | Semiautomatic single-play operation. |
| | Thorens TD-125AB ($310 with arm, $230 without) | 33⅓ and 45, and 78 rpm, electronic pitch control. | Simple, slick, quiet quality. |
| | Toshiba SR-50 ($399.95) | 33⅓ , 45 rpm, semiautomatic. | Has unique light-beam phono cartridge. |
| **TAPE DECKS** | Crown open-reel ($995-$1,790 stereo, $1,895-$2,880, 4-channel) | Professional decks; 10½″ reel capacity; 3¾ and 7½ ips (plus 15 ips, most models). | Almost the ultimate. Great specs, which Crown guarantees as long-term minimums. |
| | Panasonic RS-279US ($499.95) | Cassette deck with 3-head monitor, Dolby, memory rewind, two motors. | More features than any other cassette deck in actual production. |
| | Revox A77 Mk II Dolby open reel ($969) | B Compact deck with 10½″ reel capacity, 7½ plus 3¾ or 15 ips. Dolby. | Legendary quality in convenient size. Optional plug-in 10-watt amplifiers. |
| | Tandberg 9000X ($649.50; $749.50 with 4-channel playback head) | 7½, 3¾, and 1⅞ ips. Crossfield heads, remote control. | Tandberg's finest (no mean recommendation in itself); has optional 4-channel playback. |
| | TEAC 3300/3340 ($499.50 and $849) | 7½ and 3¾ or 7½ and 15 ips. 10½″ reel capacity. 3300 is stereo, 3340 4-channel. | High quality, with exceptional versatility on the 4-channel version. |



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# THE PRESIDENTIAL 500

## Classical records for the White House, and your house.

When a commission to establish a record library for the White House was organized in 1969, Irving Kolodin, music editor of *SR*, was invited to head the group that would select the 500 records assigned to the classical category. Of the final list, Kolodin says: "In the context of this project, I have taken 'classical' to mean anything *other* than folk, jazz, popular, or spoken word, each of which has a quota of its own. Hence consideration for Richard Addinsell and Leroy Anderson, Richard Rodgers and Ernesto Lecuona. Priority has been given to assembling, from records *currently available*, the most functional sampling possible of the world's greatest music, combining in performances of the highest quality a maximum of variety with a minimum of duplication."

ADDINSELL, RICHARD (1904– ): *Warsaw Concerto.* Litwin, Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA LSC-2380).

ALBENIZ, ISAAC (1860–1909): *Iberia.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6194). *Suite Espanola.* Iturbi (Nos. 3/5). (Ang. S-35628).

ANDERSON, LEROY (1908– ): *Music of Leroy Anderson.* Anderson Orch. (Dec. 78865).

ARENSKY, ANTON (1861–1906): *Trio in D for Violin, Cello, Piano.* Heifetz, Piatigorsky, Pennario. (RCA LSC-2867).

AUBER, DANIEL-FRANCOIS (1782–1871): *Overtures.* Bonynge, New Philharmonia. (Lon. 6643).

BACH, CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL (1714–1788): *Symphonies, Nos. 2/5. W.182.* Maier, Collegium Aureum. (RCA VICS-1453).

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN (1685–1750): *Brandenburg Concerti (6), S.1046/51; Suites (4).* Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (3-Col. D3S-816), *Cantata No. 51, Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen.* Schwarzkopf, Gellhorn, Philharmonia Orch. (Sera. 60013). *Concerto for Solo Harpsichord, S. 972.* Marlowe. (Dec. 710113). *Fantasia and Fugue in g for Organ; Passacaglia and Fugue in c.* Walcha. (DG ARC-198305). *Fantasia in c; French Suite No. 5; Italian Concerto in F; Toccata in D.* Sylvia Marlowe. (Dec. 710012). *Goldberg Variations S.938.* P. Serkin, piano. (RCA LSC-2851). *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.* Lipatti. (Odys. 32160320). *Mass in b, S. 232 (excerpts.)* Richter, Munich Bach Orch. Soloists and Chorus. (DG 136300). *Partita No. 1 in B Flat.* Lipatti. (Odys. 32160320). *Passacaglia in c, Toccata and Fugue in d; Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C, S. 564.* All by Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6180). *Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 2. Nos. 1-8.* Glenn Gould, piano. (Col. MS-7099).

BARBER, SAMUEL (1910–): *Adagio for Strings; Medea's Meditation; Overture to the School for Scandal; Symphony No. 1 in One Movement.* Hanson, Eastman/Rochester Orch. (Mer. 90420). *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.* Browning, Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6638). *Knoxville: Summer of 1915; Antony & Cleopatra (selections).* Price, Schippers, New Phil. (RCA LSC-3062).

BARTOK, BELA (1881–1945): *Concerto for Orchestra.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA VICS-1110). *Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra.* Gold & Fizdale. (Col. MS-6956). *Contrasts for Clarinet, Violin, Piano.* Goodman, Szigeti, Bartok. (Odys. *32160220*). *Mikrokosmos (excerpts).* Bela Bartok, piano. (Odys. 32160220). *Music for Strings, Percussion, Celesta.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6956). *Quartets (6).* Juilliard Quartet. (3-Col. D3S-717). *Rhapsody for Violin.* Stern, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6373).

BEESON, JACK (1921–): *Lizzie Borden.* (3-Desto 6455/7).

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770–1827:) *Concerto in D for Violin, Op. 61.* Heifetz, Munch, Boston Symphony Orch. (RCA LSC-1992). *Concerto No. 1 in C for Piano, Op. 15.* Backhaus, Schmidt-Isserstedt, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 6099). *Concerto No. 2 in B Flat for Piano, Op. 19.* Serkin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6839). *Concerto No. 3 in c for Piano, Op. 37.* Rubinstein, Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-2947). *Concerto No. 4 in G for Piano, Op. 58.* Rubinstein, Leinsdorf, BSO (RCA LSC-2848). *Concerto No. 5 in E Flat for Piano, Op. 73.* Horowitz, Reiner, RCA Sym. (RCA VICS-1636). *Fidelio, Op. 72.* Furtwaengler, Vienna Phil. & State Opera Chorus. (3-Sera. 6022). *Missa Solemnis in D, Op. 123.* Toscanini, NBC Sym., Soloists and Shaw Chorale. (2-RCA LM-6013). *Overtures (Coriolan, Egmont, King Stephen, Leonore No. 2).* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6966). *Overtures (Coriolan, Fidelio, Leonore No. 3).* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139015). *Quartets, No. 4 in c, Op. 18, No. 4.* Bartok Quartet. *No. 11 in f, Op. 95.* Weiner Quartet. (Dover 7280) *No. 12 in E Flat, Op. 127.* Quartetto Italiano. (Phi. 839745). *No. 14 in c Sharp, Op. 131.* Juilliard Quartet. (RCA LSC-2626). *No. 16 in F, Op. 135.* Quartetto Italiano. (Phi. 839745). *Sonatas for Piano. No. 8 in c, Op. 13, "Pathetique."* Backhaus. (Lon. 6099). *No. 14 in c Sharp, Op. 27, No. 2, "Moonlight."* Moisiewitsch. (Dec. 710067). *No. 21 in C, Op. 53, "Waldstein" and No. 23 in F, Op. 57, "Appassionata."* Backhaus. (Lon. 6161). *No. 26 in E Flat, Op. 81A, "Les Adieux."* Moisiewitsch. (Dec. 710067). *No. 27 in E, Op. 90.* Rosen. (Col. M3X-30938). *No. 28 in A, Op. 101.* Bishop. (Sera. S-60035). *No. 29 in B Flat, Op. 106.* Ashkenazy. (Lon. 6563). *No. 31 in A Flat; No. 32 in C, Op. 111.* Rosen. (Col. M3X-30938). *Sonatas for Violin & Piano. No. 5 in F, Op. 24, "Spring." No. 9 in A, Op. 47, "Kreutzer."* Szeryng, Rubinstein. (RCA LSC-2377). *Symphonies. No. 1 in C, Op. 21; No. 2 in D, Op. 36.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7084). *No. 3 in E Flat, Op. 55, "Eroica."* Munch, BSO. (RCA VICS-1626). *No. 5 in c, Op. 67.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2343). *No. 6 in F, Op. 68.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2614). *No. 7 in A, Op. 92.* Toscanini, NY Phil. (RCA VIC-1502). *No. 8 in F, Op. 93.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139015). *No. 9 in d, Op. 125.* Furtwaengler, Berlin Phil. (Ev. 3241). *Trio (Piano) No. 6 in B Flat, Op. 97, "Archduke."* Stern, Rose, Istomin. (Col. MS-6819). *Var. on a Theme by Diabelli, Op. 120.* Bishop, piano. (Phi. 839702).

BELLINI, VINCENZO (1801–1835): *La Sonnambula (excerpts).* Sutherland, Bonynge. (Lon. 25887). *Norma (excerpts).* Callas, Corelli, Serafin. (Ang. S-35666).

BENNETT, ROBERT RUSSELL (1894–): *Commemoration Symphony, "Stephen Foster"* and *Symphonic Story of Jerome Kern.* Steinberg, Pittsburgh Sym. (Ev. 3063).

BERG, ALBAN (1885–1935): *Concerto for Violin.* Stern, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6373).

BERIO, LUCIANO (1925–): *Sinfonia.* Swingle Singers, Berio, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7268).

BERLIOZ, HECTOR (1803–1869): *Damnation de Faust (selections).* Munch, Philadelphia Orch. (Odys. Y-31017). *Harold in Italy.* Trampler, Pretre, London Sym. (RCA LSC-3075). *Nuits d'ete (Op. 7).* Crespin, Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 25821). *Overture (Roman Carnival).* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VIC-1244). *Overtures (Corsaire, Francs-Juges, King Lear, Waverley, Roman Carnival).* Davis, London Sym. (Phi. 835367). *Symphonie fantastique, Op. 14.* Munch, Orch. de Paris. (Ang. S-36517).

BERNSTEIN, LEONARD (1918–): *Fancy Free; On the Town (excerpts); Candide Overture; Prelude, Fugue & Riffs.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6677).

BILLINGS, WILLIAM (1746–1800): *Hymns and Anthems.* Gregg Smith Singers. (Col. MS-7277).

BIZET, GEORGES (1838–1875): *Carmen.* De los Angeles, Gedda. (3-Ang. S-3613). *L'Arlesienne Suite 1.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6877). *Symphony No. 1 in C.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7159).

BLITZSTEIN, MARC (1905–1964). *The Cradle Will Rock.* (2-CRI S-266).

BLOCH, ERNEST (1880–1959): *Sacred Service, "Avodah Hakodesh."* Merrill, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6221). *Schelomo—(1915).* Rose, cello. Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6253).

BOCCHERINI, LUIGI (1743–1805): *Concerto in B Flat for Cello & Orchestra.* Du Pre, cello, Barenboim, English Chamber Orch. (Ang. S-36439).

BORODIN, ALEXANDER (1883–1887): *Prince Igor: Polovtsian Dances.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6212). *Quartet No. 2 in D.* Drolc Quartet. (DG 139425).

BRAHMS, JOHANNES (1833–1897): *Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6965). *Alto Rhapsody, Op. 53.* Anderson, Reiner, Shaw Chorale, RCA Victor Sym. (RCA LM-1146). *Concerto in a, Op. 102.* Stern, Rose, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-7251). *Concerto in D, Op. 77.* Heifetz, Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-1903). *Concerto No. 1 in d, Op. 15.* Curzon, Szell, London Sym. (Lon. 6329). *Concerto No. 2 in B Flat, Op. 83.* Backhaus, Boehm, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 6550). *Hungarian Dances.* Reiner, Vienna Phil. (Lon. STS-15009). *Piano Music (from Op. 116, 118).* Rubinstein. (RCA LSC-2459). *Quartets 1 and 2, Op. 51.* Fine Arts Quartet. (Con.-Disc 226). *Quintet in b, Op. 115.* Kell, clarinet, Fine Arts Quartet. (Con.-Disc 202). *Quintet in f for Piano & Strings, Op. 34.* Rubinstein, Guarneri Quartet. (RCA LSC-2971). *Sonata No. 3 in d, Op. 108.* Oistrakh, Richter. (Mel./Ang. S-40121). *Sonata No. 3 in f for Piano, Op. 5.* Rubinstein. (RCA LSC-2459).



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*Songs (10).* Kipnis. (Sera. 60124). *Symphonies No. 1 in c, Op. 68; No. 2 in D, Op. 73; No. 3 in F, Op. 90; No. 4 in e, Op. 98.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (3-Col. D3S-758). *Tragic Overture, Op. 81.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6965 O 109). *Trio in E Flat for Horn, Violin, Piano, Op. 40.* Bloom, Tree, Serkin. (Col. MS-7266). *Variations & Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24.* Anievas. (Sera. S-60049). *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6965). *Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Op. 35.* Anievas. (Sera. S-60049). *Ziegeunerlieder (7 Songs).* Lotte Lehmann. (RCA VICS-1320).

BRITTEN, BENJAMIN (1913–): *Ceremony of Carols, Op. 28.* (Lon. 25271). *Peter Grimes (excerpts).* The composer conducting. (Lon. 26004). *War Requiem, Op. 66.* Britten conducting, with soloists, London Sym. (2-Lon. 1255). *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra, Op. 34.* Connery (narrator), Dorati, Royal Phil. (Lon. 21007).

BRUCH, MAX (1838–1920): *Concerto No. 1 in g, Op. 26.* Ricci, Gamba, London Sym. (Lon. 6010). *Scottish Fantasy, Op. 46.* Heifetz, Sargent, New Sym. London. (RCA LSC-2603).

BRUCKNER, ANTON (1824–1896): *Symphony No. 4 in E Flat, "Romantic."* Klemperer. Philharmonia Orch. (Ang. S-36245). *Symphony No. 9 in d.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. M-30828).

CAGE, JOHN (1912– ): *Concerto for Prepared Piano.* Takahashi, Foss, Buffalo Phil. (None. 71202).

CANTELOUBE, JOSEPH (1879-1957). *Songs of the Auvergne.* Davrath. (Van. 2090).

CARTER, ELLIOTT (1908–): *Concerto for Piano.* Lateiner, Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-3001). *Quartet No. 1 (1951).* Walden Quartet. (CSP CML-5104).

CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO, MARIO (1895–1968): *Platero and I.* Segovia. (Dec. 710054).

CHABRIER, EMANUEL (1841–1894): *Bourree fantasque; Espana; etc.* Dervaux, Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris. (Sera. S-60108).

CHAUSSON, ERNEST (1855–1899): *Poeme.* Heifetz, Solomon, RCA Victor Sym. (RCA LM-2069).

CHAVEZ, CARLOS (1899–): *Sinfonia India; Sinfonia Antigona; Sinfonia Romantica.* Chavez, New York Stadium Sym. (Ev. 3029).

CHOPIN, FREDERIC (1810–1849): *Ballades (4).* Rubinstein (RCA LSC-2370). *Concerto No. 1 in e, Op. 11.* Gilels, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6712). *Concerto No. 2 in f for Piano, Op. 21.* Watts, Schippers, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6955). *Etudes, Op. 10, 25.* Browning. (RCA LSC-3072). *Nocturnes.* Rubinstein. (2-RCA LSC-7050). *Nocturnes, etc.* Horowitz. (RCA LM-1707). *Polonaises.* Malcuzynski. (Ang. S-35728). *Preludes.* Rubinstein. (RCA LM-1163). *Sonatas No. 2 in B Flat, Op. 35, and No. 3 in b, Op. 58.* Cliburn. (RCA LSC 3053). *Waltzes (14).* Lipatti. (Odys. 32160058).

COLGRASS, MICHAEL (1932–): *"As Quiet As."* Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-3001).

CONUS, JULIUS (1869–1942). *Concerto in c.* Heifetz, Solomon, RCA Victor Sym. (RCA LM-2069).

COPLAND, AARON (1900–): *Appalachian Spring: Suite.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6355). *El Salon Mexico.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6355). *Fanfare for the Common Man; Lincoln Portrait.* Adlai Stevenson (narrator), both with Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6684). *Piano variations (1930); Piano Fantasy (1957).* Masselo. (Odys. 32160040). *Symphony No. 3.* Copland, London Sym. (Ev. 3018).

CORELLI, ARCHANGELO (1653–1713): *Concerto grosso in g, Op. 6, No. 8 "Christmas."* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 2530070).

COWELL, HENRY (1897–1965): *Hymn and Fuguing Tune, Nos. 1–8; Ballad, etc.* Mester, Louisville Orch. (Lou. S-682). *Symphony No. 5.* Dixon, Vienna Sym. (Desto S-6406). *Toccanta for Soprano, Flute, Cello & Piano.* Boatwright, Ensemble. (CSP CML-4986).

DALLAPICCOLLA, LUIGI (1804–): *Variazioni per Orchestra.* Rudolf, Cincinnati Sym. (Dec. 710168).

DEBUSSY, CLAUDE (1862–1918): *Children's Corner Suite.* Gieseking. (Ang. 35067). *Iberia; La Mer.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VIC-1246). *Nocturnes (Nuages, Fetes, Sirenes).* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6023). *Prelude a l'apres-midi d'un faune.* Munch, BSO. (RCA VICS-1323). *Quartet.* Juilliard Quartet. (RCA LSC-2413). *Suite bergamasque.* Gieseking. (Ang. 35067).

DELIBES, LEO (1836–1891): *Coppelia: Suite.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6128).

DELIUS, FREDERICK (1862–1934). *Brigg Fair; On Hearing in the First Cuckoo in Spring; Summer Night on the River; etc.* Beecham, Royal Phil. (Sera. 60-185).

DELLO JOIO, NORMAN (1913–): *Triumph of St. Joan Symphony.* Whitney, Louisville Orch. (CSP CML-4615).

DOHNANYI, ERNST VON (1877–1960): *Concerto No. 2 in b, Op. 42; Variations on a Nursery Song, Op. 25.* Dohnanyi, Boult, Royal Phil. (Ang. S-35538).

DONIZETTI, GAETANO (1797–1848): *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Callas, Di Stefano, Gobbi, Serafin. (2-Sera. 6032).

DUKAS, PAUL (1865–1935): *Sorcerer's Apprentice.* Munch, BSO. (RCA VICS-1060).

DVORAK, ANTONIN (1841–1904): *Concerto in a for Violin, Op. 53.* Milstein, Fruehbeck de Burgos, New Philharmonia. (Ang. S-36011). *Concerto in b for Cello, Op. 104.* Rostropovich, Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139044). *Legends (orch. version).* Leppard, London Phil. (Phil. 6500188). *Quartet No. 6 in F, Op. 96, "American."* Juilliard Quartet. (Col. MS-7144). *Slavonic Dances.* Reiner, Vienna Phil. (Lon. STS-15009). *Symphony No. 8 in G, Op. 88.* Karajan, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 6443). *Symphony No. 9 in e, Op. 95, "From the New World."* Kubelik, Vienna Phil. (Lon. STS-15007).

ELGAR, SIR EDWARD (1857–1934): *Cockaigne Overture, Op. 40.* (Ang. S-36120). *Concerto in b for Violin, Op. 61.* Heifetz, Sargent, London Sym. (RCA LM-2919). *Enigma Variations; Pomp and Circumstance Marches, Op. 39.* Barbirolli, Philharmonia Orch. (Ang. S-36403).

FALLA, MANUEL DE (1876–1946): *Nights in the Gardens of Spain.* Entremont, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6629). Rubinstein, Jorda, San Francisco Sym. (RCA LSC-2430). *Three Cornered Hat (and La Vida breve excerpts).* Berganza, Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6224). *La Vida breve.* Fruehbeck de Burgos conducting with De los Angeles, etc. (2-Ang. S-3672).

FAURE, GABRIEL (1845–1924): *Pelleas et Melisande, Op. 80.* Munch, Philadelphia Orch. (Odys. Y-31017).

FOSS, LUKAS (1922–): *Baroque Variations.* Foss, Buffalo Phil. (None. 71-202). *Time Cycle.* Bernstein conducting. (CSP CMS-6280).

FOSTER, STEPHEN (1826–1864): *Songs.* Shaw Chorale. (RCA LSC-2295).

FRANCK, CESAR (1822–1890): *Sonata in A.* Oistrakh, Richter. (Mel./Ang. S-40121). *Symphonic Variations.* Rubinstein, Wallenstein. *Symphony of the Air.* (RCA LSC-2234). *Symphony in d.* Monteux, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2514).

GERSHWIN, GEORGE (1898–1937): *American in Paris.* Rodzinski, NY Phil. *Concerto in F for Piano.* Levant, Kostelanetz, NY Phil. *Rhapsody in Blue.* Levant, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. CS-8641). *Porgy and Bess.* Engel conducting. (3-Odys. 32360018).

GINASTERA, ALBERTO (1916–): *Concerto for Piano.* Martins, Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-3029). *Estancia; Panambi (ballet suites).* Goosens, London Sym. (Ev. 3041).

GLAZUNOV, ALEXANDERS (1865–1936). *Concerto in a for Violin, Op. 82.* Milstein, Fruehbeck de Burgos, New Philharmonia. (Ang. S-36011).

GLINKA, MIKHAIL (1804–1857): *Kamarinskaya; Jota Aragonesa; Russian & Ludmila (selections).* Svetlanov, USSR Sym. (Mel./Ang. S-40081).

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD (1714–1787): *Orfeo ed Euridice.* Fasano, Virtuosi di Roma, soloists. (3-RCA LSC-6169).

GOEB, ROGER (1914–): *Symphony No. 3.* Stokowski, Orch. (CRI 120).

GOLDMARK, KARL (1830–1915): *Symphony, Op. 26, "Rustic Wedding."* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7261).

GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU (1829–1869): *Piano Music.* Eugene List. (Van. 485).

GOULD, MORTON (1913–): *Fall River Legend; Latin American Symphonette; Interplay.* Morton Gould Orch. (RCA LSC-2532).

GOUNOD, CHARLES (1818–1893): *Faust (excerpts).* De los Angeles, Christoff, Gedda, etc. (Ang. S-35827). *Romeo et Juliette (excerpts).* Lombard, Paris Opera Orch. (Ang. S-36287).

GRAINGER, PERCY (1882–1961): Music of Grainger. Britten conducting. (Lon. 6632).

GRANADOS, ENRIQUE (1867–1916): *Coleccion de Tonadillas; Coleccion de Canciones amatorias.* Caballe, Ferrer, Orch. (RCA LSC-2910). *Coleccion de Tonadillas.* De los Angeles. (2-Ang. S-3672): *Goyescas.* Ciccolini. (Sera. S-60178).

GRIEG, EDVARD (1843–1907): *Concerto in a.* Lipatti, Galliera, Philharmonia Orch. (Odys. 32160141). *Peer Gynt Suite No. 1.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6877). *Songs.* Nilsson, Bokstedt, Vienna Opera Orch. (Lon. 25942).

GRIFFES, CHARLES (1884–1920): *Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan; White Peacock; etc.* Hanson, Eastman Rochester Orch. (Mer. 90422).

GROFE, FERDE (1892–1972): *Grand Canyon Suite.* Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA VICS-1423).

HANDEL, GEORGE FRIDERIC (1685–1759): *Alcina (excerpts).* Sutherland, Berganza, Sinclair, Bonynge, London Sym. & Chorus. (Lon. 25874). *Concerti for Organ.* Biggs, Boult, London Phil. (Col. MS-6439). *Faithful Shepherd Suite.* Beecham, Royal Phil. (CSP CML-4374). *Julius Caesar (excerpts).* Sills, Forrester, Treigle, Rudel, NYC Opera Co. (RCA LSC-3116). *Love in Bath.* Beecham, Royal Phil. (Sera. S-60039). *Messiah.* Soloists. Davis, London Sym. & Chorus. (3-Phi. PHS-3-992). *Water Music (complete).* Boulez, Hague Phil. (None. 71127).

HANSON, HOWARD (1896–): *Merry Mount (excerpts).* Hanson conducting. (Mercury 90524).

HAYDN, (FRANZ) JOSEPH (1732–1809): *Concerto in C.* Du Pre, Barenboim, English Chamber Orch. (Ang. S-36439). *Concerto in E Flat for Trumpet & Orchestra.* Berinbaum, Somary, English Chamber Orch. (Van. C-10098). *Quartet Op. 76 No. 3, "Emperor."* Amadeus Quartet. (DG 138886). *Symphonies Nos. 82/87.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (3-Col. D3S-769). *Symphony No. 94 in G, ("Surprise") and Symphony No. 101 in D ("Clock").* Richter, Berlin Phil. (DG 138782). *Toy Symphony.* Karajan, Philharmonia. (Ang. S-35638).

HERBERT, VICTOR (1859–1924). *Music of Victor Herbert.* Shaw Chorale. (RCA LSC-2515).

HINDEMITH, PAUL (1859–1963): *Mathis der Maler; Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6652). *Requiem for Those We Love.* Parker, London, Hindemith, NY Phil., Schola Cantorum. (CSP CMS-6573).

HOLST, GUSTAV (1874–1934): *The Planets.* Boult, New Philharmonia Orch. (Ang. S-36420).

HOVHANESS, ALAN (1911–): *Mysterious Mountain.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2251).

HUMPERDINCK, ENGELBERT (1854–1921): *Hansel and Gretel (excerpts).* Kempe, Royal Phil. (Sera. S-60056).

IBERT, JACQUES (1890–1962): *Divertissement.* Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA VICS-1053). *Escales (Ports of Call).* Munch, Boston Sym. (RCA VICS-1323).

D'INDY, VINCENT (1851–1931): *Symphony on a French Mountain Air.* Henriot-Schweitzer, Munch, BSO. (RCA VICS-1060).

IPPOLITOV-IVANOV, MIKHAIL (1859–1935): *Caucasian Sketches.* Abravanel, Utah Sym. (Van. C-10060).

IVES, CHARLES (1874–1954): *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven; etc.* Gregg Smith Singers. (Col. MS-6921). *Symphony No. 4.* Stokowski, American Sym, Schola Cantorum. (Col. MS-6775). *Symphony: Holidays.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7147). *Three Places in New England.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6684).

JANACEK, LEOS (1854–1928): *Slavonic Mass.* Kubelik, soloists. Bavarian Radio Orch. (DG 138954).

KAY, HERSHY (1919–): *Cakewalk (ballet, after Gottschalk) (selections).* Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA VICS-1053).

KODALY, ZOLTAN (1882–1967): *Hary Janos Suite; Galanta Dances.* Kertesz, London Sym. (Lon. 6417).

KREISLER, FRITZ (1875–1962): *Violin Pieces.* Kreisler. (RCA VIC-1372).

LALO, EDOUARD (1823–1892): *Symphonie espagnole.* Perlman, Previn, London Sym. (RCA LSC-3073).

LECUONA, ERNESTO (1896–1963): *Music of Lecuona.* Lecuona. (RCA LPM-1055).

LEES, BENJAMIN (1924–): *Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra.* Buketoff, Royal Phil., String Quartet. (RCA LSC-3095).

LEONCAVALLO, RUGGERO (1858–1919): *Pagliacci (excerpts).* Molinari-Pradelli, soloists. (Lon. 25334).

LISZT, FRANZ (1811–1886): *Concerto No. 1 in E Flat.* Watts, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6955). *Hungarian Rhapsodies (orch. versions): Nos. 4, 5; Mazeppa.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 138692). *Piano Music.* Horowitz. (RCA LM-2584).



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LOCATELLI, PIETRO (1695–1764): *Concerto Grosso No. 8 in f (from Op. 1).* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 2530070).
LUTOSLAWSKI, WITOLD (1913–): *Variations on a Theme of Paganini.* Eden & Tamir. (Lon. 6434).
MacDOWELL, EDWARD (1861–1908): *Concerto No. 2 in d for Piano.* Cliburn, Hendl, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2507). *Suite No. 2, Op. 48 (Indian Suite).* Hanson, Eastman-Rochester Orch. (Mer. 90422).
MAHLER, GUSTAV (1860–1911): *Das Lied von der Erde.* Chookasian, Lewis, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. D34S-774). *Kindertotenlieder.* Anderson, Monteux, San Francisco Sym. (RCA LM-1146). Horne, Lewis, Royal Phil. Orch. (Lon. 26147). *Symphony No. 4 in G.* Raskin, Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6833).
MANFREDINI, FRANCESCO (c. 1680–1748): *Christmas Concerto in C, Op. 3, No. 12.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 2530070).
MARTINU, BOHUSLAV (1890–1959): *Duo for Violin and Cello.* Heifetz, Piatigorsky. (RCA LSC-2867).
MASCAGNI, PIETRO (1863–1945): *Cavalleria Rusticana (excerpts).* Serafin conducting, soloists. (Lon. 25334).
MASSENET, JULES (1842–1912): *Arias; Manon (excerpts).* Callas. (Ang. S-36147).
MENDELSSOHN, FELIX (1809–1847): *Concerti No. 1 in g, Op. 25, No. 2 in d, Op. 40.* Serkin, Ormandy, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6128). *Concerto in e, Op. 64.* Ricci, Gamba, London Sym. (Lon. 6010). *Elijah, Op. 70 (excerpts).* Sargent conducting. (Ang. S-36288). *Midsummer Night's Dream, Incidental Music, Op. 21 & 61.* Kempe, Royal Phil. (Sera. S-60056). *Octet in E Flat for Strings, Op. 20.* Heifetz, Baker, Belnick, Stepansky, Primrose, Majewski, Piatigorsky, Rejto. (RCA LSC-2738). Laredo, Schneider, Steinhardt, Dalley, Tree, Rhodes, Parnas, Soyer. (Col. MS-6848). *Songs Without Words (selection).* Gieseking. (Ang. 35428). *Symphony No. 4, "Italian."* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (VICS-1341e). *Same coupled with Symphony No. 5 in d, Op. 107, "Reformation."* Maazel, Berlin Phil. (DG 138684). *Trio No. 1 in d, Op. 49.* Rubinstein, Heifetz, Piatigorsky. (RCA LM-1119).
MENNIN, PETER (1923–): *Canto.* Rudolf, Cincinnati Sym. (Dec. 710168). *Concerto.* Ogdon, Buketoff, Royal Phil. (RCA LSC-3243).
MENOTTI, GIAN CARLO (1911–): *Amahl and the Night Visitors.* King, Yaghjian, McCollum, Patterson, Grossman, Orch., Chorus. (RCA LSC-2762). *The Medium; The Telephone.* Original cast. (2-Col. OSL-154).
MESSIAEN, OLIVIER (1908–): *Turangalila-Symphonie.* Ozawa, Toronto Symphony. (2-RCA LSC-7051).
MILHAUD, DARIUS (1892–): *Creation du monde; Le Boeuf sur le toit.* Milhaud, Orch. (None. 71122). *Scaramouche Suite.* Eden & Tamir. (Lon. 6434).
MOORE, DOUGLAS (1893–1969): *Ballad of Baby Doe.* (3-Hel. S-25035).
MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756–1791): *Concerto for Bassoon.* Brooke, Beecham, Royal Phil. *Concerto for Clarinet.* Brymer, Beecham, Royal Phil. (Sera. S-60193). *Concerto in C for Flute, Harp, Strings, K. 299.* Baker, Jellinek, Janigro, Solisti di Zagreb. (Bach 5048). *Concerti (4) for Horn.* Brain, Karajan, Philharmonia. (Ang. 35092). *Concerti No. 3 in G and No. 4 in D.* Francescatti, Walter, Col. Sym. (Col. MS-6063). *Concerti No. 15 in B Flat and No. 17 in G.* Casadesus. Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-7245). *Concerti No. 19 in F and No. 20 in d.* Serkin, Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6534). *Concerto No. 23 in A for Piano.* Rubinstein, Wallenstein, RCA Orch. (RCA LSC-2634). *Concerto No. 27 in B Flat.* Serkin, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6839). *Cosi fan tutte, K. 558 (excerpts).* Boehm conducting, soloists. (Ang. S-36167). *Divertimento in E Flat.* Grumiaux Trio. Phi. 802803). *Divertimento No. 10 in F; Divertimento No. 11 in D.* Davis, Orch. (Oiseau 60029). *Divertimento No. 15 in B Flat.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139004). *Don Giovanni, K 527 (excerpts).* Boehm conducting. (DG 136282). *Exsultate, Jubilate, K. 165.* Schwarzkopf, Suesskind. Philharmonia Orch. (Sera. 60013). *The Magic Flute, K: 620 (excerpts).* Klemperer, soloists. (Ang. S-36315). *Marriage of Figaro, K. 492 (selections).* Moffo, Schwarzkopf, Waechter, Taddei, Giulini, (Ang. S-35640). *Quartets. No. 17 in B Flat, "Hunting," K. 458.* Amadeus Quartet. (DG 138886). *No. 18 in A, K. 464; No. 19 in C, "Dissonant," K. 465.* Barchet Quartet. (Dover 5200). *Quartets (piano) in g, K. 478; E Flat, K. 493.* Szell, Budapest Quartet. (Odys. 32160139). *Quintet in A for Clarinet & Strings, K. 581.* De Peyer, Melos Ensemble. (Ang. S-36241). *Quintet in g, K. 516.* Piatigorsky, Heifetz, Baker, Primrose, Majewski. (RCA LSC-2738). *Requiem, K. 626.* Leinsdorf, BSO, complete text celebrated by Richard Cardinal Cushing (service for John F. Kennedy). (2-RCA LSC-7030). *Serenade No. 10 in B Flat for 13 Wind Instruments, K. 361.* London Wind Soloists. (Lon. 6346). *Serenade in G, K. 225, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik."* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139004). *Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat for Violin & Viola, K. 364.* Stern, Trampler, London Sym. (Col. MS-7251). *Sonata No. 8 in a for Piano, K. 310,* Lipatti. (Odys. 32160320). *Symphony No. 35 in D, K. 385, "Hafner."* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6869). *Symphony No. 36 in C, K. 425, "Linz."* Walter, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6493). *Symphony No. 38 in D, K. 504, "Prague."* Walter, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6494). *Symphony No. 39 in E Flat, K. 543.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VICS-1330). Walter, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6493). *Symphony No. 40 in g, K. 550.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VICS-1330). Walter, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6494). *Symphony No. 41 in C, K. 551, "Jupiter."* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6969). *Trio in E Flat for Clarinet, Viola, Piano, K. 498.* De Peyer, Melos Ensemble. (Ang. S-36241).

MUSSORGSKY, MODEST (1839–1881): *Boris Godunov (excerpts).* Christoff, Lear, Cluytens, Paris Conservatory Orch. (Ang. S-36169). *Night on Bald Mountain; Pictures at an Exhibition.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. M-30448).
NIELSEN, CARL (1865–1931): *Concerto for Clarinet.* Drucker, Bernstein, NY Philharmonic. (Col. MS-7028). *Concerto for Flute.* Baker, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7028). *Symphony No. 3, Op. 27, "Espansiva."* Bernstein, Royal Danish Orch. (Col. MS-6769).

OFFENBACH, JACQUES (1819–1880): *Gaite Parisienne* (arr. Rosenthal). Munch, New Philharmonia Orch. (Lon. 21011). *Tales of Hofmann (excerpts).* De los Angeles, Schwarzkopf, Gedda, D'Angelo, Cluytens. (Ang. S-36413). *La Perichole (selections).* Tourel, Abravanel, Columbia Sym. (Odys. 32160351). *La Vie Parisienne (excerpts).* Morel, Columbia Sym. (Odys. 32160351).
ORFF, CARL (1895–): *Carmina Burana.* Ormandy conducting. (Col. MS-6163).
PAGANINI, NICCOLO (1782–1840): *Concerti No. 1 in D and No. 2 in b.* Ashkenaze, Esser, Vienna Sym. (DG 139424).
PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI (1525–1594): *Missa Papae Marcelli; Motets.* Schrems, Regensburg Cathedral Choir. (DG ARC-198182).
PARTCH, HARRY (1901–): *Daphne of the Dunes.* Mitchell's Ensemble. (Col. MS-7207).
PENDERECKI, KRZYSZTOF (1933–): *Passion According to St. Luke.* Czyz, Krakow Phil. & Chorus. (2-Phi. 802771-2).
PERGOLESI, GIOVANNI (1710–1736): *La Serva Padrona.* Scotto, Bruscantini, Fasano, Virtuosi di Roma. (Ev. S-445/1).
PISTON, WALTER (1894–): *Symphony No. 4.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (CSP CML-4992).
PONCE, MANUEL (1882–1948): *Concierto del Sur for Guitar & Orch.* Segovia, Jorda, Sym. of the Air. (Dec. 710027).
PONCHIELLI, AMILCARE (1834–1886): *La Gioconda (excerpts).* Callas, Cossotto, Votto. (Ang. S-35940).
POULENC, FRANCIS (1899–1963): *Aubade, for Piano & 18 Instruments; Concerto (1950).* Tacchino, Pretre. (Ang. S-36426). *Concerto in g for Organ, Strings, Timpani.* Durufle, Pretre, French National Radio-TV Orch.; *Gloria in G (1961).* Pretre conducting. (Ang. S-35953). *Mouvements perpetuels; Improvisation; Suite Francaise; etc.* Tacchino. (Ang. S-36602). *Sonata for Piano, four hands.* Eden & Tamir. (Lon. 6434).
PROKOFIEV, SERGE (1891–1895): *Alexander Nevsky, Op. 78.* Elias, Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2395). *Concerti for Violin No. 1 in D, Op. 19; No. 2 in a, Op. 63.* Milstein, Giulini, Philharmonia. (Ang. S-36009). *Concerto No. 3 in C for Piano, Op. 26.* Cliburn, Hendl, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2507). *Lieutenant Kije Suite, Op. 60.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2150). *Peter and the Wolf.* Connery (narrator), Dorati, Royal Phil. (Lon. 21007). Ustinov (narrator), Karajan, Philharmonia. (Ang. S-35638). *Sonatas for Piano No. 7 in B Flat, Op. 83; No. 8 in B Flat, Op. 84.* Ashkenazy. (Lon. 6573). *Symphony No. 1 in D, Op. 25, "Classical."* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7159). *Symphony No. 5, Op. 100.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-7005).
PUCCINI, GIACOMO (1859–1924): *Gianni Schicchi (excerpts).* De los Angeles, Gobbi, Santini. (Ang. S-35473). *La Boheme.* Beecham conducting. (2-Sera. 6000). *La fanciulla del West (excerpts).* Tebaldi, Del Monaco, MacNeil, Capuana. (Lon. 25196). *Madama Butterfly (excerpts).* Scotto, Bergonzi, Barbirolli. (Ang. S-36567). *Tosca.* Callas, Bergonzi, Gobbi, Pretre. (2-Ang. S-3655). *Turandot (excerpts).* Nilsson, Bjoerling, Leinsdorf. (RCA LSC-2539).
PURCELL, HENRY (c. 1659–1695): *Dido and Aeneas.* Lewis conducting. (Oiseau 60047). *Sonata in D for Trumpet and Strings.* Janigro, Solisti di Zagreb. (Bach 5041).
RACHMANINOFF, SERGEI (1873–1943): *Concerto No. 2 in c.* Ashkenazy, Kondrashin. (Lon. 6390). *Concerto No. 3 in d for Piano, Op. 30.* Horowitz, Reiner, RCA Victor Sym. (RCA LM-1178). Cliburn, Kondrashin, Sym. of the Air. (RCA LSC-2355). *Piano Music.* Rachmaninoff. (RCA LM-2587). *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Op. 43.* Rubinstein, Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2430). *Symphony No. 2.* Sanderling, Leningrad Phil. (Hel. S-25029). *Suite for 2 Pianos.* Eden & Tamir. (Lon. 6434).
RANGSTROEM, TURE (1884–1947): *Songs.* Nilsson, Bokstedt, Vienna Opera Orch. (Lon. 25942).
RAVEL, MAURICE (1875–1937): *Alborada del gracioso.* Martinon, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-3093). *Bolero; La Valse.* Munch, BSO. (RCA VICS-1323). *Concerto in G for Piano.* Entremont, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6629). *Daphnis et Chloe.* Munch, BSO. (RCA LSC-2568). *Introduction and Allegro for Harp, Flute, Clarinet, and String Quartet.* Martinon, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-3093). *Ma Mere l'Oye.* Ansermet, Orch. Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6023). *Sheherazade.* Crespin, Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 25821). *Trio in A.* Rubinstein, Heifetz, Piatigorsky. (RCA LM-1119). *Tzigane.* Perlman, Previn, London Sym. (RCA LSC-3073). *Valses nobles et sentimentales.* Munch, Philadelphia Orch. (Odys. Y-31017).
RESPIGHI, OTTORINO (1879–1936): *Boutique fantasque.* Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA VICS-1053). *Fountains of Rome; Rines of Rome.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VIC-1244).
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, NIKOLAI (1844–1908): *Coq d'Or Suite; Russian Easter Overture.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6092). *Scheherezade, Op. 35.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6212).
RODGERS, RICHARD (1902–): *Victory at Sea; Slaughter on 10th Avenue* (RCA LSC-2335).
RODRIGO, JOAQUIN (1902–): *Concierto Andaluz for 4 Guitars; Concierto de Aranjuez.* Romero Family, Alessandro, San Antonio Sym. (Mer. 90488). *Fantasia para un gentilhombre.* Segovia, Jorda, Sym. of the Air. (Dec. 710027).
ROREM, NED (1823–): *War Scenes; 5 Whitman Songs; 4 Dialogues.* Darian; Stewart; Gramm; Rorem, Cumming. (Desto 7101).
ROSSINI, GIOACCHINO (1792–1868): *Arias.* Caballe. (RCA LSC-3015). *Barber of Seville (excerpts).* Berganza, Varviso. (Lon. 26007). *Overtures (William Tell, Scala di seta, Barber of Seville, Signor Bruschino, Gazza ladra, etc.)* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2318). *Semiramide (excerpts).* Sutherland,



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Horne, Bonynge, London Sym. (Lon 26086).

RUGGLES, CARL (1876–1971): *Evocations; Lilacs; Portals.* Kirkpatrick, Prausnitz, Juilliard String Orch. (CSP CML-4986).

SAINT-SAENS, CAMILLE (1835–1921): *Carnival of the Animals.* B. Lillie, Katchen, Graffman, Henderson. (Lon. 6187) *Concerto No. 2 in g.* Rubinstein, Wallenstein, Sym. of the Air. (RCA LSC-2234). *Danse Macabre.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA 1244). *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso.* Heifetz, Steinberg. (RCA LM-2069). *Samson et Dalila (excerpts).* Gorr, Vickers, Pretre. (Ang. S-36910). *Symphony No. 3 in c, Op. 78. "Organ."* Zamkochian, Munch. BSO. (RCA LSC-2341).

SARASATE, PABLO DE (1884–1908): *Zigeunerweisen, Op. 20, No. 1.* Heifetz, Steinberg. (RCA LM-2069).

SATIE, ERIK (1866–1925): *Gnossiennes; Piano Music.* Camarata, Contemporary Ensemble. (Deram 18036).

SCARLATTI, DOMENICO (1685–1757): *Sonatas (guitar).* Bream. (RCA LSC-2448).

SCHOENBERG, ARNOLD (1874–1951): *Chamber Symphony in E Flat, Op. 9; Variations for Orchestra, Op. 31.* Mehta, Los Angeles Phil. (Lon. 6612). *Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21.* Pilarczyk, Boulez, Domaine Musicale. (Ev. 3171). *Quartet No. 1 in d, Op. 7.* Juilliard Quartet. (CSP CML-4735). *Verklaerte Nacht.* Mehta, Los Angeles Phil. (Lon. 6552).

SCHUBERT, FRANZ (1797–1828): *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen.* Ameling, Deinzer, Demus. (RCA VICS-1405). *Impromptus Op. 90, 142.* Kraus. (Van. C-10031). *Laendler (12), Op. Posth. 171, D 790.* Demus. (RCA VICS-1405). *Octet in F for Strings & Winds, Op. 166.* Vienna Octet. (Lon. 6051). *Overtures (Alfonso and Estrella, In the Italian Style, in C and D).* Menuhin, Festival Orch. (Ang. S-36609). *Quartet No. 12 in c, "Quartetsatz"; Quartet No. 14 in d, "Death and the Maiden," D. 810.* Amadeus Quartet. (DG 138048). *Quintet in A (piano), Op. 114, "Trout."* Hephzibah Menuhin, Amadeus Quartet. (Ang. S-35777). *Quintet in C, Op. 163.* Heifetz, Baker, Primrose, Piatigorsky, Rejto. (RCA LSC-2737). *Rosamunde: Incidental Music, Op. 26.* Popp, Vaughan, Naples Orch. (RCA VICS-1638). *Schwanengesang.* Fischer-Dieskau, Moore. (Ang. S-36127). *Songs.* Ludwig. (Ang. S-36462). *Symphony No. 8 in b, "Unfinished."* Menuhin, Festival Orch. (Ang. S-36609). *Symphony No. 9 in C, "The Great."* Steinberg, BSO. (RCA LSC-3115). *Trio No. 1 in B Flat (piano), Op. 99.* Stern, Rose, Istomin. (Col. MS-6716). *Die Winterreise, Op. 89.* Pears, Britten. (2-Lon. 1261). *Zauberharfe (Stage Music).* Popp, Vaughan, Naples Orch. & Chorus. (RCA VICS-1638).

SCHULLER, GUNTHER (1925–): *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee.* Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-2879).

SCHUMAN, WILLIAM (1910–): *New England Triptych, Three Pieces for Orchestra.* Rudolf, Cincinnati Sym. (Dec. 710168). *A Song of Orpheus.* Rose, Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6638). *Symphony No. 3.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (CSP CMS-6245). *Symphony No. 6.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (CSP CML-4992).

SCHUMANN, ROBERT (1810–1856): *Carnaval, Op. 9.* Rubinstein. (RCA LSC-2669). *Concerto in a for Cello & Orchestra, Op. 129.* Rose, Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6253). *Concerto in a for Piano & Orchestra, Op. 54.* Lipatti, Karajan, Philharmonia Orch. (Odys. 32160141). *Dichterliebe, Op. 48.* Pears, Britten. (2-Lon. 1261). *Fantasiestuecke, Op. 12.* Rubinstein. (RCA LSC-2669). *Manfred Overture, Op. 115.* Klemperer, New Philharmonia. (Ang. S-36353). *Piano Music: Kinderscenen, Op. 15; Intermezzi, Op. 4, etc.* Eschenbach. (DG-139183). *Quintet in E Flat.* Serkin, Budapest Quartet. (Col. MS-7266). *Songs (22).* Fischer-Dieskau, Demus. (DG 139326). *Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13; Fantasia in C, Op. 17.* Ashkenazy. (Lon. 6471). *Symphony No. 1 in B Flat, Op. 38, "Spring."* Klemperer, New Philharmonia Orch. (Ang. S-36353). *Symphony No. 3 in E Flat, Op. 97, "Rhenish"; Symphony No. 4 in D, Op. 120.* Solti, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 6582).

SCRIABIN, ALEXANDER (1872–1915): *Preludes, Op. 11, etc.* Somer. (Mer. 90500). *Sonata No. 3 in f Sharp for Piano, Op. 23; Preludes (16), Op. 11.* Horowitz. (RCA LM-2005). *Symphony No. 4 (Poem of Ecstasy), Op. 54.* Mehta, Los Angeles Phil. (Lon. 6552).

SESSIONS, ROGER (1896–): *Concerto for Violin.* Zukofsky, Schuller, French Radio Orch. (CRI S-220). *Symphony No. 3.* Buketoff, Royal Phil. (RCA LSC-3095).

SHOSTAKOVICH, DMITRI (1906–): *Age of Gold (ballet suite), Op. 22; The Bolt (ballet suite), Op. 27.* M. Shostakovich, Bolshoi Theater Orch. (Mel./Ang. S-40062). *Concerto in E Flat for Cello, Op. 107.* Rostropovich, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. *Symphony No. 1 in F, Op. 10.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6124). *Symphony No. 5, Op. 47.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6115). *Symphony No. 7, Op. 60, "Leningrad."* Bernstein, NY Phil. (2-Col. M2S-722). *Symphony No. 15 in A, Op. 141.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (RCA ARDI-0014).

SIBELIUS, JEAN (1866–1957): *Concerto in d for Violin, Op. 47; Tapiola, Op. 112.* Spivakovsky, Hannikainen, London Sym. (Ev. 3045). *Finlandia, Op. 26; Valse Triste; Swan of Tuonela; etc.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139016). *Songs.* Nilsson, Bokstedt, Vienna Opera Orch. (Lon. 25942). *Symphony No. 1 in D, Op. 39.* Barbirolli, Halle Orch. (Ang. S-36489). *Symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 43.* Barbirolli, Halle Orch. (Ang. S-36425). *Symphony No. 4 in a, Op. 63; Symphony No. 5 in E Flat, Op. 82.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (CSP CML-5045).

SMETANA, BEDRICH (1824–1884): *Bartered Bride: Overture, Dances.* Kempe, Orch. (Sera. S-60098). *Ma Vlast.* Kubelik, BSO. (2-DG 2707054). *Quartet No. 1 in e, "From My Life."* Juilliard Quartet. (Col. MS-7144).

SPOHR, LUDWIG (1784–1859): *Concerto No. 8 for Violin, "Gesangscene."* Heifetz, Solomon, RCA Victor Orch. (RCA LM-2860).

STAINER, JOHN (1840–1901): *Crucifixion.* Crooks, Tibbett, Trinity Chorus. (RCA VIC-1403).

STOCKHAUSEN, KARLHEINZ (1928–): *Gruppen; Carre.* Gielen, Maderna, Stockhausen. (DG 137002).

STRAUSS, JOHANN (1825–1899): *Die Fledermaus (excerpts).* Krauss, Vienna Phil. (Rich. 23045). *Music of Johann Strauss.* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139014). *Waltzes.* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2500).

STRAUSS, RICHARD (1864–1949): *Death and Transfiguration, Op. 24; Don Juan, Op. 20; Till Eulenspiegel, Op. 28.* Furtwaengler, Vienna Phil. (Sera 60094). *Der Rosenkavalier (excerpts).* Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Edelman, Karajan. (Ang. S-35645). *Der Rosenkavalier (suite), Salome (Dance of the Veils),* etc. Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Col. MS-6678). *Four Last Songs.* Schwarzkopf, Szell, Berlin Radio Sym. (Ang. S-36347). *Salome: Final Scene.* Welitsch, Reiner, Metropolitan Opera Orch. (Odys. 32160078). *Sonata in E Flat, Op. 18.* Heifetz, Smith. (RCA LM-2860). *Songs (19).* Fischer-Dieskau, Moore. (Ang. S-36483).

STRAVINSKY, IGOR (1882–1971): *Agon (1957).* Leinsdorf, BSO. (RCA LSC-2879). *Le Baiser de la fee (divertimento) (1928).* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2251). *Ebony Concerto (1945).* Woody Herman Orch.; *Symphony in Three Movements (1945).* Goossens, LSO. (Ev. 3009). *Firebird: Suite (1910).* Stravinsky, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6328). *Les noces* (1917–23). Barber, Copland, Fest, Sessions, Allen, Safarty, Driscoll, Oliver, Stravinsky, Cox. (MS-6728). *Petrouchka.* Monteux, BSO. (RCA LSC-2375). Renard, Boulez, Domaine Musicale Ens. (Ev. 3184). *Le Sacre du printemps (1913).* Stravinsky, Columbia Sym. (Col. MS-6319). *Song of the Nightingale (1919).* Reiner, Chicago Sym. (RCA LSC-2150). *Symphony in C (1940). Symphony of Psalms (1930).* Stravinsky CBC Sym. Chorus. (Col. MS-6548). *Three Pieces for String Quartet.* Boulez, Domaine Musical Ens. (Ev. 3184).

SUPPE, FRANZ VON (1819–1895): *Overtures (Poet and Peasant, Light Cavalry, etc.).* Solti, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 6146).

TAKEMITSU, TORU (1930–): *November Steps.* Ozawa, Toronto Sym. (2-RCA LSC-7051).

TARTINI, GIUSEPPE (1692–1770): *Sonata in g for Violin, "Devil's Trill."* Szeryng. (RCA VICS-1037).

TCHAIKOVSKY, PETER ILYITCH (1840–1893): *Capriccio Italien, Op. 45; Marche slav, Op. 31; Overture 1812, Op. 49.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6827). *Concerto in D, Op. 35.* Szeryng, Munch. BSO. (RCA VICS-1037). *Concerto No. 1 in b Flat for Piano & Orchestra, Op. 23.* Cliburn, Kondrashin, Orch. (RCA LSC-2252). *Eugen Onegin, Op. 24 (excerpts).* Melik-Pashayev, Bolshoi Theater. (Per. 502). *Nutcracker Suites 1 and 2, Op. 71a.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6097). *Quartet No. 1.* Drolc Quartet. (DG 139425). *Romeo and Juliet.* Kondrashin, Moscow Phil. (Mel./Ang. S-40090). *Serenade melancolique for Violin, Op. 26.* Heifetz, Wallenstein, Los Angeles Phil. (RCA LM-2860). *Sleeping Beauty, Op. 66 (excerpts). Swan Lake, Op. 20 (excerpts).* Stokowski, New Philharmonia. (Lon. 21008). *Symphony No. 4 in f, Op. 36. Symphony No. 5 in e, Op. 64. Symphony No. 6 in b, Op. 74, "Pathetique."* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (3-Col. D3S-727). *Variations on a Rococo Theme for Cello, Op. 33.* Rostropovich, Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 139044).

TELEMANN, GEORG PHILIPP (1681–1767): *Musique de table (No. 5); Trio Sonata in B Flat; Flute Concerto (No. 1); Sonata in f.* Rampal, Veyron-La-Croix. (None. 71038). *Suite in a for Flute and Strings.* Baker, Janigro, Solisti di Zagreb. (Bach 5048).

THOMSON, VIRGIL (1896–): *Mother of Us All (suite); Concerto for Cello.* Silva, Janssen, Los Angeles Sym. (CSP CML-4468). *Plow that Broke the Plains; The River.* Stokowski, Sym. of the Air. (Van. 2095).

TORELLI, GIUSEPPE (1658–1709): *Concerto grosso No. 6 in g (from Op. 8).* Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG 2530070).

TURINA, JOAQUIN (1882–1949): *Danzas Fantasticas.* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. 6194).

VARESE, EDGARD (1883–1965): *Octandre Poeme electronique; Ionisation; Hyperprism; Integrales; Density 21.5.* Craft, Ensemble. (Col. MS-6146).

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, RALPH (1872–1958): *English Folk Song Suite, Fantasia on "Greensleeves." Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis.* Gould Orch. (RCA LSC-2719). *Symphony No. 2, "London."* Barbirolli, Halle Orch. (Ang. S-36478). *Symphony No. 4 in f; Norfolk Rhapsody.* Boult, New Philharmonica Orch. (Ang. S-36557). *Symphony No. 6 in e; Lark Ascending.* Boult, New Philharmonia Orch. (Ang. S-36469).

VERDI, GIUSEPPE (1813–1901): *Aida (excerpts).* Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Simionato, MacNeil, Karajan. (Lon. 25206). *Arias.* Caruso. (RCA LM-2700). *Un Ballo in maschera (excerpts).* Price, Bergonzi, Merrill, Flagello, Leinsdorf. (RCA LSC-3034). *Duets.* Bjoerling, Merrill. (RCA LM-2736). *Ensembles.* Milanov, Peerce, Warren, Moscona. (RCA VICS-1336). *La Forza del destino (excerpts).* Price, Tucker, Merrill, Tozzi, Schippers. (RCA LSC-2838). *Otello (excerpts).* Jepson, Martinelli, Tibbett, Pelletier, Metropolitan Opera Orch. & Chorus. (RCA VIC-1365). *Requiem Mass.* Nelli, Barbieri, Di Stefano, Siepi, Toscanini, NBC Sym. (2-RCA LM-6018). *Rigoletto (excerpts); Overtures (I Lombardi, Luisa Miller).* Toscanini, NBC Sym., Soloists and Chorus. (RCA VICS-1314). *La Traviata (excerpts).* De los Angeles, Del Monte, Sereni, Serafin. (Ang. S-35822). *Il Trovatore (excerpts).* Price, Elias, Tucker, Warren, Basile. (RCA LSC-2617).

VIEUXTEMPS, HENRI (1820–1881): *Concerto No. 5 in a, Op. 37.* Heifetz, Sargent, New Sym. London (RCA LSC-2603).

VILLA-LOBOS, HEITOR (1887–1959): *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5.* Sayao, Villa-Lobos, Ensemble (Aria only). (Odys. 32160377). *Little Train of the Caipira (from Bachianas No. 2).* Goossens, London Sym. (Ev. 3041).

VIVALDI, ANTONIO (1678–1741): *Concerti for Diverse Instruments.* Bernstein, NY Phil. (Col. MS-6131). *Concerto for 2 Violins, P. 2.* Stern, Oistrakh, Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (CSP CML-5087). *Four Seasons, Op. 8.* I Musici. (Phi. WS-9104).

WAGNER, RICHARD (1813–1883): *Faust Overture; Lohengrin: Prelude; etc.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6884). *Goetterdaemmerung: Dawn Duet, Rhine Journey, Immolation Scene.* Traubel, Melchior, Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VIC-1369). *Goetterdaemmerung: Rhine Journey, Funeral Music.* Furtwaengler, Vienna Phil. (Sera. 60003). *Lohengrin (selections).* Gruemmer, Ludwig, Thomas, Fischer-Dieskau, Kempe, Vienna Phil. (Ang. S-36313). *Lohengrin: Bridal Chamber Scene.* Flagstad, Melchior, McArthur. (RCA LM-2618). *Die Meistersinger (excerpts).* Watson, Thomas, Winer, Hotter, Keilberth Munich Nat'l Th. (RCA LSC-2839). *Parsifal: Prelude, Good Friday Music.* Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VIC-1278). *Das Rheingold (excerpts); Die Walkuere (excerpts).* Flagstad, Svanholm, London, Neidlinger, Solti, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 25126). *Siegfried Idyll.* Monteux, San Francisco Sym. (RCA VICS-1457). *Tannhaeuser: Overture; Meistersinger: Prelude; Tristan: Prelude. Szell,* Cleveland Orch. (Col. MS-6971). *Tristan und Isolde (excerpts).* Nilsson, Windgassen, Boehm. (DG 136433). *Die Walkuere (excerpts).* Nilsson, Crespin, King, Hotter, Solti, Vienna Phil. (Lon. 26085). *Die Walkuere: Act 1, Scene 3.* Traubel, Melchior, Toscanini, NBC Sym. (RCA VICS-1316). Wesendonck Songs (1857–8). Horne, Lewis, Royal Phil. (Lon. 26147).

WALDTEUFEL, EMIL (1837–1915): *Waltzes.* Fiedler, Boston Pops. (RCA LSC-2548).

WALTON, WILLIAM (1902–): *Belshazzar's Feast.* Bell, Walton, Phil. Orch. & Chorus. (Ang. S-35681). *Facade.* Sitwell, Prausnitz. (CSP CML-5241).

WARD, ROBERT (1917–): *The Crucible.* (2-CRI S-168).

WEBER, BEN (1916–): *Symphony on Poems of William Blake, Op. 33.* Galjour, Stokowski, Orch. (CRI 120).

WEBER, CARL MARIA VON (1786–1826): *Concertino, Op. 26; Concerto No. 1 in f, Op. 73.* De Peyer, Fruehbeck de Burgos, New Philharmonia. (Ang. S-36589). *Der Freischuetz.* Seefried, Streich, Holm, Boehme, Jochum, Bavarian Radio Orch. (2-DG 2707009). *Overtures (Abu Hassan, Freischuetz, Oberon, etc.).* Ansermet, Orch. de la Suisse Romande. (Lon. STS-15036).

WEBERN, ANTON (1883–1945): *Passacaglia.* Rudolf, Cincinnati Sym. (Dec. 710168).

WEILL, KURT (1900–1950): *Seven Deadly Sins* (1933). Kegel, Leipzig Radio Sym. (DG 139308).

WOLF, HUGO (1860–1903): *Songs.* Lehmann, Balogh (14 songs). (RCA VICS-1320).

WUORINEN, CHARLES (1938–): *Time's Encomium, for Synthesizer.* Electronic Equipment. (None. 71225).

XENAKIS, YANNIS (1922–): *Eonta: Metastasis.* Takahashi; LeRoux. (Van. C-10030).

YARDUMIAN, RICHARD (1917–): *Passacaglia, etc.* Ogdon, Buketoff, Royal Phil. (RCA LSC-3243). □



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# THE NEXT STEP FORWARD

## Will new equipment inspire new music? From this mini-symposium, a yes and a no.

What's in store for your ears? *SR of The Arts* asked two pioneers on opposite shores of the continent to talk about changes in the technology of recording, and in music itself.

**Dr. Peter Goldmark** invented the microgroove-stylus system that made long-playing records possible. He is now president of a communications consulting company in Stamford, Connecticut. Irving Kolodin asked him:

**What do you see in the future of four-channel developments for audio? Will they be disc, tape, cassettes?**

I see each of them serving a function of its own . . . coexistence. Four-channel has the possibilities for producing a new art form. But I wouldn't restrict it to that. For classical music, I think it offers a real prospect of putting the listener where the composer wanted him to be. Now that doesn't mean next to the conductor, or in the middle of the orchestra, but in the same relationship to the music that he is in at a concert hall.

**Do you think this is best done by recording in the hall?**

Both ways are possible. To record some things in a particular hall, for its special sound. To use reverberation and delay in processing the tapes to give a desired effect.

**How about the competing systems? Will one "win out" over the other?**

Actually, they are 90 per cent compatible. Everybody uses arms, turntables, amplifiers, speakers. Playing time needs more work, of course. But the progress in the discrete technique has moved everything ahead, added to the state of the art with better cutters, a better stylus like the Shibata, from which everybody will profit.

**How about progress with *video* tape, cartridges, cassettes, and discs?**

The situation there is almost exactly opposite to four-channel audio. Everything is 90 per cent *different* from everything else. But the question here isn't really a technological one. What do you do with these video materials when you've got them? Education? Of course. In the home, where it should be. Entertainment, yes . . . but there is already so much free material available. Do you sell the tapes? Lease them? No one has an answer yet.

**Is disc on its way out?**

It's still very hard to beat. Economical. Convenient. Relatively indestructible. You might say we have hardly scratched the surface. Why, there are high-speed discs that revolve at up to 1,800 rpm on which you could record music, video, everything, all together.

**But that's not the product of a groove and point anymore, is it?**

Groove, still, sort of—but instead of a stylus, a sensor or beam or whatever. You could have a whole library of music on a single disc.

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**Lou Adler** produced the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967 and founded Dunhill Records. Now president of Ode Records in Hollywood, he is a careful, inventive producer. Paul Sargent Clark, a Los Angeles–based contributor to *SR*, asked him:

**Is four-channel sound a new instrument for new forms of music?**

New music isn't going to be written especially for quad—not on a commercial basis, anyway. It's not a musician's medium; quad is something that happens in the mixing, not in performance.

When we record a session in quad, the artist is never aware that we're doing anything differently. The only people who are aware of that are the producer and the engineer. We generally record on 16 tracks for stereo or quad—we can use as few as four tracks or as many as 72—but in the end it all comes down to two tracks or four tracks. The mixing is actually less complicated for quad.

We were one of the first companies to get into quad, and Carole King was probably the first major artist to come out with a quad album: *Music*. We started by mixing a stereo version, then we went back and did it again in quad, all in the control room. I wanted two different versions because I still wasn't sure how the quad album would sound on stereo sets. Anyway, the *Music* album has sold more than two million copies in stereo and less than ten thousand in quad—that should give you some idea of where quad is right now.

Quad isn't the major advance that stereo was—the jump from mono to stereo created many more unique musical experiences than the jump from stereo to quad. Stereo is really pretty close to perfect. One advantage of quad is that it's an all-encompassing sound. You can't walk away from the sound the way you can with stereo, which requires a fixed listening position. Quad is especially good for big orchestral sounds; it really does give you the illusion of sitting right in the middle of the orchestra. But the composer will still write the same way.

Stereo didn't change that either. Oh, Enoch Light did some experiemental things with stereo sound in the early days, but he was selling stereo first and music second. Eventually the industry began to sell *music* in stereo.

Although the mixing of any record—be it mono, stereo, or quad—is a highly creative part of the job, the process of going from 16 to one, two, or four channels is purely a technical thing, and it should stay that way. Quad should always be something that happens *after* the fact of performance. It should never be allowed to interfere with the primary creative work of the artist, musicians, or arrangers. It should never become so technical to the consumer-listener that it gets in the way of the music.

You take somebody like Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys. You know how he made his early stereo albums? He just put the mono track on both sides. His fans never deserted him for the sound of Ping-Pong balls or trains. □



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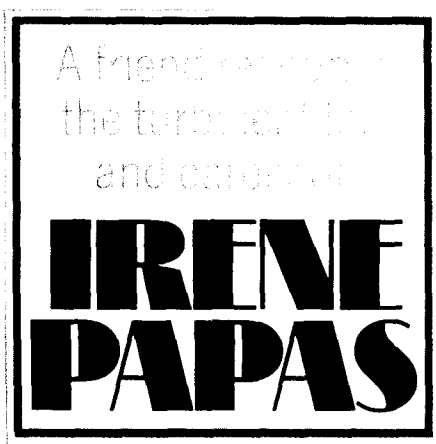
BY NANDA ROOT

During the recent production of Euripides' *Medea* at New York's Circle in the Square Theater, Irene Papas was first seen when she emerged from a dark pit. For a split second she stood in a shaft of light, then began to move restlessly about the stage, addressing the chorus in such a simple, direct manner that we felt we were listening to a modern woman and not an antiheroine out of the distant past:

"I bring my life out in the street so that you, the women of this land, will not think I am arrogant. . . . People's




eyes are prejudiced. Before they get to know a stranger's heart, he's hated on sight, just for looking different. An alien must conform, I know, but I've nothing to say for those citizens who treat him harshly, because they don't care enough to know him."

Although her interpretation of these lines was strikingly sincere, Irene was not in any sense playing herself. She had created her role in her usual method, one so painful and exhausting that she now refuses to accept a part in any play that is not a limited engagement (*Medea* closed at the end of March). Whether she is preparing to play the violent Medea or the impetuous Natasha in Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, she invariably immerses herself in every descriptive and analytical work she can find about the period and the personality. Then she pushes all this information out of her conscious mind and slowly begins to feel her way into the depths of an alien psychology. Finally, after bouts with moodiness and agonies of insecurity, she *becomes* another woman—her character. So closely does she identify with her role that before the opening of *Medea* she asked me angrily, "Why am I an actress? Why am I letting all those critics come to judge my soul?"

Such flashes of anger and frustration are rare, however. Making films doesn't bother her at all (she is best known for her roles in *Zorba the Greek*, *Z*, and film versions of such Greek classics as *Electra* and *Antigone*). Once she has finished an assignment, she relaxes in her home in Rome or in the little house she built in the hills outside Rome to resemble a Greek country house.

Like many of her countrymen, Irene exiled herself from Greece when the current regime came to power; perhaps the house she built reminds her of the Corinthian valley where she was born 43 years ago. There, rolling hills covered with vines stretch all the way to the shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and dark cypress trees, bending to the wind, sketch thousands of question marks into the blue skyline. In no other part of Greece, or Europe for that matter, are 4,000 years of history so perfectly preserved. This was the land of Iphigenia, Clytemnestra, and Electra. In their plays, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides sang the glory of its great kings. But when Irene was born, this peaceful countryside was threatened by war. The name Irene was given her because it is the Greek word for peace.

Despite the Nazi invasion, her imagination was awakened early by her mother, Eleni, a beautiful woman, a teacher, and a writer of fairytales. Fairytale times, those enchanting moments, were spent during cold evenings under the light of a kerosene lamp. And if fairytales awakened her imagination, it was the classics that nurtured it. Her father, a schoolmaster, was her first teacher of classical drama. For hours she would study and recite for him from the plays of the Greek tragedists. So intense was her attachment to her father that the feeling took on the dignity and passion of an ancient Greek drama. When he died suddenly years later, she wrote in English:

Eyes are locked
and the sound crawls on the ground
I keep vigil on my love—while he sleeps—
to imprison the second
in memory, past
water runs and erases
wind blows and erases
and Time erases forever
every cell that escapes [. . .]
I keep vigil on my love while he sleeps
on his frail spaceship, alone in his skin
his pores the links of chain that separate us
and space . . . and space . . .
between . . . so vast . . . so dark
as the distance between infinitesimals [. . . .]

Her family moved to the foot of the Lycabettus Hill in Athens when Irene was little more than a baby. She attended the school where both of her parents were teachers and, as part of the regular curriculum, studied and performed classical drama. During this time she exercised like a demon, hoping that exercise would make her taller, stronger, and older-looking so she could be accepted by Greece's National School of Dramatic Arts. Passersby were astonished to see this thin girl running all the way to the top of the hill, her hair flying; once at the top she would do breathing exercises, perched on a rock overlooking the panorama of Athens, reciting from Euripides.

Tired out by her many applications, the National School of Dramatic Arts finally accepted her as a student. There she was taught by Greece's leading experts in acting technique. By the time she was 18 she was a full-fledged actress and on stage. During the next few years she became leading lady of the Popular Theater of Greece—and a very controversial leading lady at that. Although she had mastered in school the prevailing mode of acting the classics, full of rhetorical flourishes and unnatural intoning, she abandoned this style and invented her own—a realistic, contemporary way of performing the great works of the past. Her young contemporaries understood her intentions and adored her; older members of the Establishment were aghast.

As a result, Irene was declared a noncommercial actress. Realizing that she would have to work abroad, she began to study foreign languages. With very few contacts but a great deal of courage, she left Greece and wrote:

[. . .] On black sheets
I will sail
oars of tears
Lessons and punishments
suspended time
and kisses . . . oh kisses so many
Like javelin poking the earth with earth
spiral, around, horizontal, vertical
up and down, I will move
Lonely galaxy within, in me,
with me forever

In subsequent years Irene experienced success and triumphs and loneliness. Fame, awards, applause, homesickness. The rich mix of emotion is beautifully expressed in her poems and her paintings as well as in her acting.

Irene burns with the same quiet intensity that informed the plays of ancient Greece. She lives for the theater but regards it with both love and contempt; it is her profession, but she condemns it for having done so little to improve society. A witty and earthy woman, she is to others a figure of glamour, but her personal life is in fact austere; she doesn't drink or smoke, she eats lightly, dresses simply, and wears no makeup. Perhaps her rarest gift—and the deepest contradiction in her personality—is that she is both an interpretive and a creative artist. Not only can she put on the colors of the characters she portrays, but she can also explore her own character in her own memorable verse. □

*Nanda Root, a lifelong friend of Miss Papas, is a playwright, lyricist, and translator currently living in London.*



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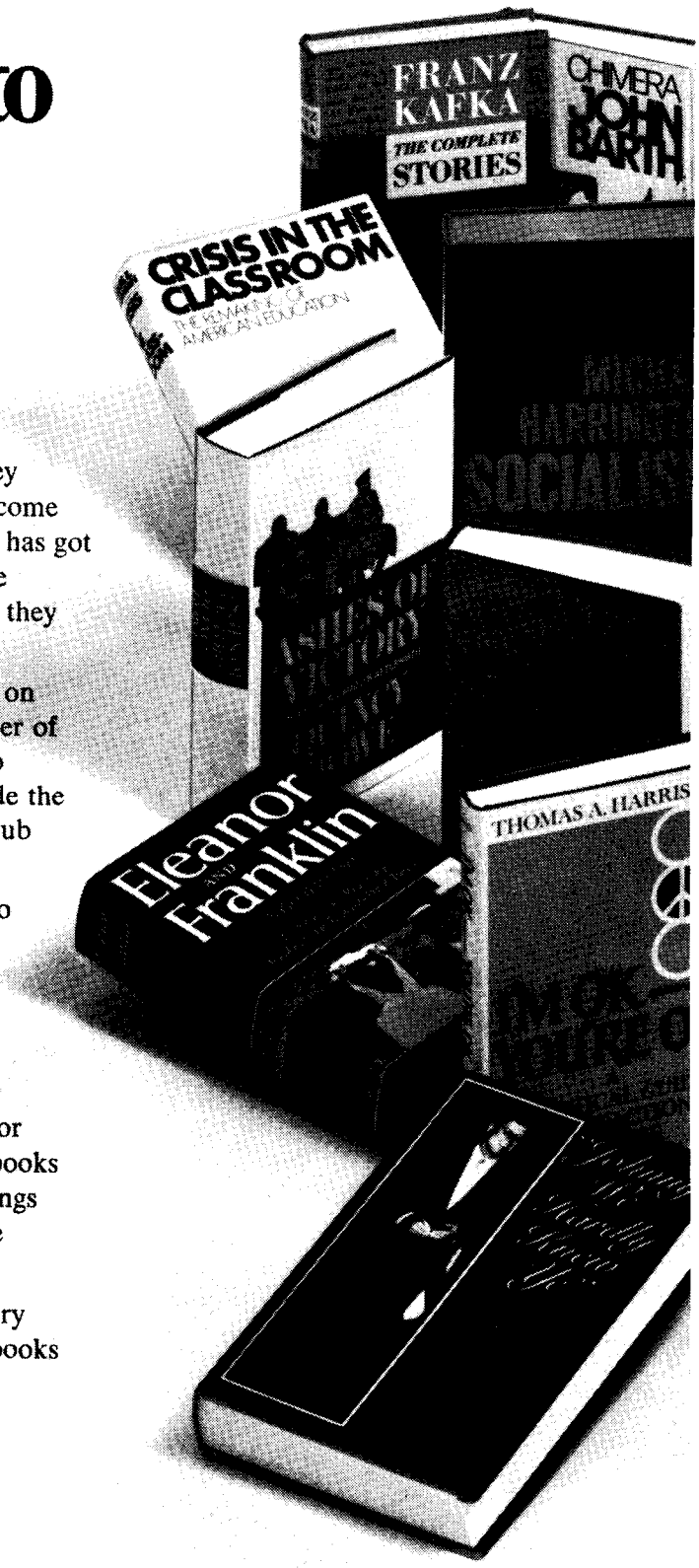


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# FILM & TELEVISION

## Last Tango: No Masterpiece

I suspect that by now you'd rather jump out of a 50-story window than read another word about Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. Still, I think that there is a good deal left to be said about the film, even if I agree with Pauline Kael and others that *Last Tango in Paris* is a work of extraordinary cinematic beauty and that Marlon Brando's performance is probably his best since *On the Waterfront*.

For example, I feel that someone should point out that, in the manner of such films as *Last Year at Marienbad* and *L'Avventura*, the picture unfolds at an excruciatingly slow pace. And that, in other words, long stretches of it are boring. Moreover, while a number of critics have said that *Last Tango in Paris* is highly erotic, the film is in fact a sexual turnoff. In the scenes, for instance, in which Brando is supposedly making love to his youthful co-star, Maria Schneider, he ludicrously keeps all his clothes on. In short, the sex in *Last Tango in Paris* is simulated, and I can think of practically nothing that is more of a drag to watch on a movie screen than scenes of heavily breathing couples pretending to have sexual intercourse. Of course, if you find yourself attracted to Miss Schneider, who spends much of the picture cavorting about in the nude, you may feel otherwise about the erotic impact of *Last Tango in Paris*. For my own part, I must ungallantly say that I found her unappealing—plump, dumpy, and not at all pretty. Or maybe *Last Tango in Paris* is erotic only for women—Brando, in any event, who has aged magnificently, has never looked better.

As you perhaps already know, *Last Tango in Paris* has to do with Paul (Brando), a middle-aged American drifter who has been living for several years in Paris, and his sadistic sexual encounters with Jeanne, a frizzy-haired, hippy-type Parisienne of 20 or so. Critics have discovered all sorts of profundities in the film. It has variously been suggested that the liaison between Paul and Jeanne symbolizes American decadence and its destructive effect on traditional European values, the contrast between materialistic capitalism and altruistic communism, and, less politically, the inability nowadays of those of different generations to communicate with one another. But I think the critics have been finding deep meanings in a film in which there aren't any. Essentially, *Last Tango in Paris* is nothing more or less than a love story—boy meets girl, boy has girl (in a variety of positions), and boy loses girl in a final scene that is straight out of a Joan Crawford-Zachary Scott movie.

*A question that haunts* Last Tango: *would the film have been a masterpiece if Jeanne had been played by Dominique Sanda (left) instead of Maria Schneider (right)?*

At the age of 31, Bertolucci is without doubt one of the three or four most gifted young film directors in the world, even if his work is derivative not only of Josef von Sternberg, Max Ophuls, and Vittorio De Sica, as others have pointed out, but also of such American directors as Howard Hawks and Nicholas Ray. But Bertolucci's talent is for a sensual and evocative use of the camera rather than for ideas, as the unabashed romanticism of such previous films as *Before the Revolution* and *The Conformist* has proven. Backed to the wall, Bertolucci is at a loss to explain what *Last Tango in Paris* is about, other than to tell interviewers that the film "is saying that relationships no longer exist among people in our society," a statement I find to be pretty meaningless. Bertolucci is either putting his interviewers on when he spouts such nonsense or isn't aware himself that his film is simply a modern romance with a mock-tragic ending.

A final and crucial point about *Last Tango in Paris* is that Bertolucci made a disastrous error in assigning the role of Jeanne to Maria Schneider, who comes close to wrecking the film. The problem is not only that Miss Schneider is an inexperienced actress of limited talent but also that she is physically and temperamentally wrong for the part. When Paul rapes Jeanne in the apartment, for example, we're not particularly shocked because Miss Schneider plays her as a casually promiscuous type who would be perfectly willing to make it with anyone who chanced to jump her. Later, too, when Paul forces Jeanne to commit acts of sexual perversion while taunting her with the vilest kind of gutter language, we're again not as shocked as we're supposed to be because Jeanne is almost as vulgar and tough as he is. There's not enough contrast between the two char-



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acters, nothing in Miss Schneider for Brando to play against, and so scenes that were obviously intended to be emotionally shattering simply aren't.

Bertolucci has admitted that he'd originally intended the role of Jeanne to be played by Dominique Sanda, the exquisitely beautiful blonde who starred for him in *The Conformist* and who has also been seen here in De Sica's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. But Miss Sanda became pregnant shortly before *Last Tango in Paris* was to be filmed and was forced to give up the role. Bertolucci next offered the part to Catherine Deneuve, who also agreed to play Jeanne, only to find herself pregnant. And so Bertolucci settled for Miss Schneider. Of course, it's futile to speculate on what might have been. But I can't help thinking how erotically powerful such scenes as the one in which Paul bathes the naked body of Jeanne would have been if the body had been that of Miss Sanda or Miss Deneuve. *Last Tango in Paris* may well go down in history as a film that missed being a masterpiece by the narrowest of margins—that is, a pair of birth control pills.

THOMAS MEEHAN

## Films by Subscription: A Progress Report

The precise shape and full import of Ely Landau's proposed American Film Theatre will probably not be known until tickets go on sale sometime in May. The preliminary announcements have billed it variously as "a national theater on film" or as "a sustained program of major motion pictures based on great contemporary works of the theater." Tickets will be available only by subscription to a series of eight films (you'll be able to use your American Express credit card).

Tickets for the series are priced at $30 for all eight shows, or $24.50 for matinee screenings, with the curtains beginning to rise sometime next fall. Landau reports that some 400 theaters across the country have already agreed to book the programs and that he wants about 100 more. Despite lingering ambiguities, the plans that have been announced—not to mention the work that has already been accomplished—would seem to be opening new vistas for the troubled movie industry.

It is no secret that movie attendance in this country has dwindled from 80 or 90 million each week back in the late Forties to 20 million today. Landau, who freely admits that he is "not one of the world's great commercial producers," nevertheless feels strongly that at least some part of that lost audience can be won back if filmgoing is transformed into a special event. This fact was impressed on him, he explained recently, by his experience with the seven-hour-long Martin Luther King documentary that he produced and distributed three years ago. For that occasion he organized a thousand theaters across the country into what had to be the greatest theater party of all time—667,000 seats sold at five dollars apiece on a single day, March 14, 1970. "It was, of course, a special event and an emotional one, coming very soon after King's death," Landau

recalled. "But it gave me the idea of trying to make special pictures that would also be special events."

As co-owner of New York's Channel 13 some years earlier (before it became a public channel), Landau introduced the popular *Play of the Week*, which is still remembered as a cultural oasis in television's wasteland. The same format, he reasoned, could be made to work for films, since so few of the great plays ever take to the road anymore—and when they do, they usually go with inferior casts. "To do it properly, I knew I had to get not only great plays, but great casts and great directors—and all at a price," he stated.

Landau's distribution scheme is novel, but his production setup is not really new to films. Artists work at a low, fixed fee against a percentage of the box-office gross. Their inducement is less the anticipation of enormous profits than the opportunity to test themselves in plays like *The Iceman Cometh*, *A Delicate Balance*, *Luther*, *Rhinoceros*, *The Homecoming*, *Butley*, and *Lost in the Stars*. So far, Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Stacy Keach, Zero Mostel, and Alan Bates, among others, have signed up, all of them working for a fraction of their normal salaries. The directors, who, Landau feels, are crucial to his project, include such normally high-priced talents as John Frankenheimer, Tony Richardson, Tom O'Horgan, Peter Hall, and Daniel Mann.

Quoting the famous H. L. Mencken aphorism that no one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public, Landau says, "I want to prove that Mencken was wrong. I want to awaken the creative passions of the artist, and also to produce a series of films that don't play down to the lowest common denominator of the human mind."

ARTHUR KNIGHT

## SR RECOMMENDS

*A selection of ten current films that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of* SR of The Arts. *( ) indicates the number of months a film has been on the list.*

**PAYDAY**—From its opening scene at a country-music gig in Alabama, this knowing look at 36 hours in a careening singer's life is fascinating, partly because it is mercifully free of message. Rip Torn does a fiendish, often funny job as Maury Dann, the singer. Daryl Duke, directing his first feature from a script by novelist Don Carpenter (who co-produced with Ralph J. Gleason, the music writer), gets unexpected resonances from an excellent supporting cast.

**TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS**—An anthology of ten sketches from *Your Show of Shows*, which was probably the funniest TV program ever on the air. The visual quality of the film, which is a 35mm enlargement of 16mm kinescopes from the early 1950s, is terrible, but Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris, and the sketches they appear in, which were written by the likes of Mel Brooks and Mel Tolkin, turn out to be every bit as hilarious as many of us have for years remembered them to be.

**LIMELIGHT**—After nearly twenty years on the shelf, Charlie Chaplin's poignant film about the romance between an aging vaudevillian (Chaplin) and a young ballerina (Claire Bloom) has once again been released. If you've never seen it, now is definitely the time. (2)

**CRIES AND WHISPERS**—Ingmar Bergman's brooding and beautifully photographed film about a young woman dying of cancer in a lonely country house belongs in a class with *Wild Strawberries* and *The Seventh Seal*. With Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan. (3)

**SLEUTH**—Gimmicky goings-on that may include murder in an isolated English manor house. You'll probably see through the main trick of the plot, but the picture is nonetheless worth watching for the performance of a small cast led by Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. (3)

**THE EMIGRANTS**—This epic film (the first of two parts) deals with the plight of mid-nineteenth-century Swedish farmers and their flight to America. The experience of emigration, and the reasons why Europeans came to the New World, have never been so well portrayed on the screen. Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow head an excellent cast, directed by Jan Troell. (3)

**SOUNDER**—Martin Ritt directed this eloquent account of a black sharecropping family in the Louisiana of 1933 and their fight for dignity in difficult times. With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks (son of Robert). (3)

**LAST TANGO IN PARIS**—Bernardo Bertolucci's much-discussed new film is about how Paul (Marlon Brando as an emigre Midwesterner) and Jeanne (Maria Schneider) get together in an empty apartment for X-rated sex. Brando gives one of his finest performances to date in this devastating film. It's one you shouldn't miss. (3)

**THE HEARTBREAK KID**—Written for the screen by Neil Simon (from a Bruce Jay Friedman story) and directed by Elaine May, this film tells what happens when a young New York sporting-goods salesman (Charles Grodin) drifts in and out of marriage to a middle-class Jewish girl (Jeannie Berlin) and takes up with a WASP goddess (Cybill Shepherd). (3)

**LADY SINGS THE BLUES**—Diana Ross is supreme as Sidney J. Furie's idea of Billie Holiday. (4)



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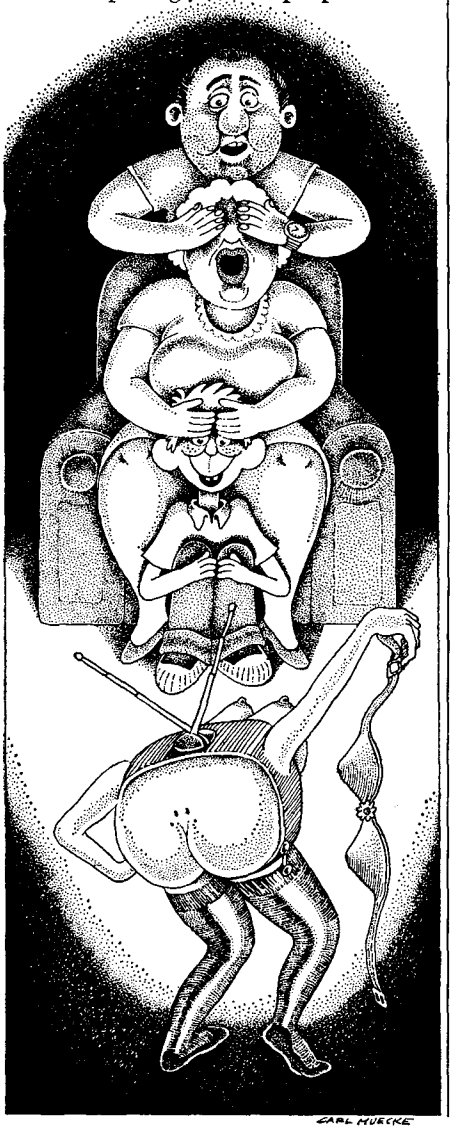
## FILM & TELEVISION

# Sex on the Airways: Congress Is Aroused

A germ has invaded the antiseptic airwaves. Some think it was smuggled in by the movies. Anyway, it has probably been in the air ever since broadcasters realized that in order to satisfy their advertisers they had to attract young consumers.

The germ is sex. Ironically, the spread of sex as a subject for TV shows was actually hastened by the advice Congress gave the television industry a few years ago to purge programs of unnecessary violence. Denied that easy entree to audiences' hearts, producers shifted to other dependably infectious themes—such as marital infidelity, coupling without marriage, sexual deviation, impotency, abortion, vasectomy, prostitution, and free love. In the process, the vapid innocence of *Father Knows Best* gave way to the raucous worldliness of *Maude*.

Not surprisingly, some people in the vast TV audience have a tolerance for such subjects while others do not. Responding to outcries of the offended, and fearing an epidemic, a number of congressmen have become aroused. Among them is the very senator who led the campaign against television violence, John O. Pastore (Rhode Island Democrat), head of the Senate Subcommittee on Communications. During the Senate's annual review of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) last month, Pastore, along with several other legislators, directed the FCC to impose the extreme penalty —revoking a station's license—for flagrant exploitation of sex on the airwaves. Killing off one violator, they reasoned, would trigger thorough reform.




This is a delicate matter for the FCC, however. As the government's regulatory agency for broadcast stations, it is not supposed to interfere with program content or involve itself in censorship. Rather than make such a judgment, any government agency would prefer that the courts rule first —if there were a case to rule on. The senators seemed to be urging the FCC to snatch a license and create a case.

Radio is at least as great a source of congressional anxiety as television. In almost every major city there thrives at least one daytime call-in show devoted entirely to a candid discussion of sexual problems and attitudes. Material is never wanting because there are always women (and occasionally men) willing to make public, by phone, their personal means to sexual gratification. Some shows have boldly billed themselves as "topless radio."

When ABC-TV made an attempt to convert one such show—Bill Ballance's *Feminine Forum* on KGBS in Los Angeles—into a daytime network show, Washington's watchdogs were upset no end (the network itself later abandoned the project). These same officials were no less anxious about the first signs that homes wired for cable television might be offered X-rated movies on the pay channel.

The latest movies accepted for airing on commercial television have only complicated the issue. CBS could not edit the phrase "hump the hostess," used several times in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, without damaging one of the film's vital scenes. Nor could ABC police the scripts of *Patton* and *Love Story* without mutilating them. Each of these films has now set some sort of precedent for acceptable movie dialogue on TV, and television series producers may demand the right to compete on equal terms.

Of course, moral standards vary drastically from household to household, and no broadcaster can please everyone or fail to offend someone. There may be, however, a kind of homogeneity among young people in the country —those whom advertisers most want to reach. At least they seem to tolerate discussions of sex and liberated language better than their elders in Congress. In any case, now that sex is out on the airwaves, it won't be easy for Congress or the FCC to push it back into the closet.

J. B. ROY

# TV's Greener Pastures

*Bette Davis and Susan Hayward: heavyweight contenders in the lightweight ring.*

Five or six years ago actors who had "made it" in the movies would have nothing—or very little—to do with television. There was money in TV, but it was considered a debasement of the art, and TV actors were low caste in the profession.

Now, films have taken a different turn, and some established stars who simply aren't box-office with the new audiences are pretty much out of the movies. To the television audience, however, the big film stars of the past are still names of glamour. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, to find Bette Davis, Julie Harris, Susan Hayward, Barbara Stanwyck, and Jane Wyman all in the market for television series next fall. Each is the star of a pilot show that the networks will accept or reject this month.

Bette Davis and Julie Harris have made their bids this year in situation comedies. The other three hope to do 60-minute dramatic shows. Susan Hayward has two title roles, one in *Maggie Cole* as a lady doctor working in a Chicago slum clinic, the other as Fitzgerald of the law firm of *Fitzgerald & Pride*. Barbara Stanwyck would be a crusading newspaper publisher, Jane Wyman a doctor in *Amanda Fallon*.

But the movie stars of yesterday are up against some tough competition, for a number of younger film actresses are also in the running for new television series—among them Jane Alexander, Brenda Vaccaro, Valerie Perrine, and Diana Rigg. To the generation just old enough to vote, Valerie Perrine may just be a bigger name than Susan Hayward.

J. B. R.



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# MUSIC

## East or West, Bach and Orff Are Best

*Richard Westenburg directing* Carmina Burana *at Central Presbyterian Church. "The fact that it is not sacred doesn't mean that it is profane."*

Richard Westenburg is a fortyish native of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who pursued the formative phase of his musical education at Lawrence College (now University) in Appleton, Wisconsin. As a result of later conditioning in Minneapolis (University of Minnesota), Missoula (University of Montana), and Paris (studies with Nadia Boulanger and Pierre Cochereau), Westenburg began professional life with a broad range of general musical interests and a particular inclination to the Baroque and the contemporary.

There is nothing exceptional about that condition or about such a result as his sponsorship of the first American performance of Benjamin Britten's fanciful *Children's Crusade* at a recent concert in New York. What is rather more exceptional about Westenburg are the surroundings in which he pursues his enthusiasm for Ives and Hovhannes, Poulenc, Messiaen, Stravinsky, Ginastera, and Schoenberg, along with Byrd and Bach, Tallis and Mozart. Westenburg is organist and choirmaster of the Central Presbyterian Church, which occupies the southwest corner of Sixty-fourth Street and Park Avenue on Manhattan Island.

Westenburg is also the founder and conductor of Musica Sacra, which has been performing such music for paying attendants at Monday evening concerts in the church since 1970. When one of the dozen and a half scheduled for this winter offered, in addition to the Britten premiere, so non-churchly a work as Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana,* it was clear to me that the time had come to seek out Westenburg and discover the rationale of an enterprise that might well be emulated nationwide.

"When I came into this room to take up my duties in 1964," he said, gesturing around the cluttered space that serves as his office, "I found in that desk over there a picture that belonged to my predecessor, the late Hugh Giles. It showed him conducting a choir concert with his group, formally, properly attired. All was in order save one thing—the audience was conspicuously small, occupying perhaps a third of the seats in the church."

It took Westenburg half a dozen years to bring about a response proportionate to the effort expended. A sympathetic music committee and the confirmed belief of his pastors that Central Presbyterian should be a sanctuary on more than a once-a-week basis were mighty adjuncts. What has evolved is, in Westenburg's belief, the "first paid professional series of concerts to be undertaken by a church."

Three questions begged for answers. How did so robust a work as *Carmina Burana* find its way into the churchly surroundings in which it had been heard lately? And why strive for results of such high professional polish in a church, with deficits covered by contributors and underwriters? Why not present the same series in a concert hall?

"I viewed the program in which we did the Orff as a celebration of life," answered Westenburg. "Not unlike many religious experiences, *Carmina Burana* is earthy, perhaps even vulgar. But it celebrates love, and love of life, and the joy of life, which religion promotes. The fact that it is not sacred doesn't mean that it is profane. After all, it doesn't preach the destruction of life, as wars do. It extols all manner of love. If the church empathizes, as it does in these times, with the victims of racism and poverty, it can also embrace a view of life that is constructive, not destructive."

As for the church versus the concert hall, Westenburg's reasoning is equally precise: "Almost all the music we perform is in some way or other related to the symbols that surround us in this beautiful Gothic environment. It is of the proper size acoustically [700 can be crowded into its pews and peripheral areas], and the purely aural experience is reinforced by visual associations that result in what I like to think of as a spiritual whole." Certainly those who have been allowed to share, as ticket buyers, the space of the church with its congregation come away with a sense of Central Presbyterian's community commitment they would not have had otherwise.

A fortunate coincidence of scheduling permitted my participation in a similar, if more traditional, event on the West Coast a week later. This was the opening of the thirty-seventh Los Angeles Bach Festival in the spacious First Congregational Church on South Commonwealth Avenue. This is an institution that rejoices in having not merely one but two fine organs, having recently added a Schlicker to its Skinner of long service.

On the evening of my visit, Los Angeles–born Anthony Newman was discoursing on "Interpretative Problems in Baroque Music" from a Neupert harpsichord and a Blüthner grand. A sizable audience that had paid the admission fee of $2 (students were accommodated for $1) had been invited to move into the choir benches for greater proximity to the discourse and the discourser. Some of the more youthful in the overflow sat on the floor, literally at Newman's feet. Bach, who was the father of 20, would, I think, have relished such interest in his art among the young.

Every American community, even the most modest in size, contains one or more potential segments in this new continental network of concert halls. The standards of excellence that Westenburg has pioneered (perhaps because among his predecessors, from 1899 to 1901, was one Charles Ives) or that Loris L. Jones, present Bach Festival director, has perpetuated need not intimidate those with more modest resources. Music is a faith that transcends dogma, creed, or sect, unites the Occident and the Orient, and affiliates people who may disagree on everything else. The church, whether cathedral, temple, mosque, or synagogue, has a role to play, which is all to seldom fully discharged.

IRVING KOLODIN



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# MUSIC

**PETER MAXWELL DAVIES: Missa super l'homme arme; From Stone to Thorn; Hymnos; and Antechrist. The composer conducting; with Vanessa Redgrave, speaker. L'Oiseau-Lyre, DSLO-2.**

*The eloquent Redgrave voice adds to the other resonant values.*

The first title listed above is the last item on Side Two but it shows the English exponent of Schoenberg firmly set on a path of his own. The Redgrave voice adds eloquent declamation to the other resonant values on this well-recorded disc.

**DELIUS: Florida Suite; Dance Rhapsody No. 2; Over the Hills and Far Away. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Seraphim, S-60212.**

As supplement to last month's issue of *A Village Romeo and Juliet*, this reissue of a sheaf of orchestral works gives the Delius enthusiast an encore as extraordinary as it is unexpected. The content ranges from a student work (*Florida*), which won Delius the enthusiastic support of Grieg, to the later, masterly *Dance Rhapsody No. 2*. It could hardly be better expounded than it is by Beecham.

**GLAZUNOV: Concerto in A minor. PROKOFIEV: Concerto No. 1 in D. Josef Sivo, violin; with Horst Stein conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London, CS-6736.**

Sivó's name is a new one in the firmament of violinists but he shows both the power and the luminosity to claim a place among the stars. His warm, vibrant tone makes for compelling results in the Prokofiev as well as in the less exacting Glazunov. Horst Stein is a practiced hand with the orchestra.

**MOZART: Divertimento in D (K.334); Notturno (Serenade) in D (K.286). Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo, ZRG 705.**

Marriner and his Academicians impart to two choice Mozart ensemble works the discriminating sense of style and quality of sound for which they are becoming internationally esteemed.

**PAGANINI: Quattro Sonatine; Quartetto Primo. Quartetto di Torino. Spark Blue Label (Peer-Southern), SPA-04.**

The current prominence of the guitar and guitarists should add to the reception of these little-known works, the product of Paganini's predilection for a string instrument other than the violin. The embodiment of the composer's fondness for the guitar is Piero Gosio, who does his work with style and spirit.

**SCRIABIN: Preludes (Op. 11); Poem (Op. 32, No. 1); Preludes (Op. 74). Ruth Laredo, piano. Desto, DC-7145.**

The Laredo reputation as a knowing and impassioned interpreter of Scriabin is not only sustained but strengthened by her newest venture into his literature. This pertains not merely to the relatively familiar Opus 11 preludes (which tours the cycle of all the keys as did Chopin in his Opus 24, though in a way distinctly Scriabin's own), but also to the preludes of Opus 74 with their harmonic innovations.

**STRAUSS: Metamorphosen. MOZART: Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546). BEETHOVEN: Grosse Fuge (Op. 133). Herbert von Karajan conducting members of the Berlin Philharmonic. DG, 2530 066.**

Useful as it is to have Karajan-quality performances of the Mozart Adagio and Fugue and the ensemble form of the finale of Beethoven's B-flat Quartet (Op. 133), it is his clarifying insights into Strauss's last major work that give this record its special appeal. Karajan was the first to broach the subject phonographically (on 78-rpm discs in the late 1940s), but it is only with the Berlin Philharmonic's sterling string section to work with that he has achieved the clearest statement to date of Strauss's intricate valedictory.

**VERDI: Rigoletto. Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Martti Talvela; with Richard Bonynge conducting the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and the London Symphony Orchestra. London, OSA-13105.**

A *Rigoletto* with any three of the performers listed above would be a command to attention; one with all five automatically takes rank among the best ever. For a rarity, every one of these fine artists is in the first flush of vocal prime, able to compete on even terms with all the others. Gilda-lovers will dote on Miss Sutherland's "Caro nome" and "Tutte le feste," but Pavarotti makes the venerable walls of London's Kingsway Hall ring with his "Questa o quella" and "La donna è mobile," as Milnes does with his "Vendetta." To cap it all, this is perhaps Bonynge's most cogent, productive conducting effort to date. I.K.

# SR RECOMMENDS

*A selection of ten current classical recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of* SR of The Arts. ( ) *indicates the number of months a record has been on the list.*

**BACH: Greatest Fugues.** Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA Quadradisc, ARD-1-0026. Arthur Harris has rescored seven of Bach's best-known fugues (including the "Little" and "Great" G-minor, the "St. Anne," and the C-major, S.564) to accentuate entrances and answers from four speakers. Good quadraphonic fun.

**BEETHOVEN: Missa Solemnis.** Eugene Jochum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Netherlands Radio Chorus, and Agnes Giebel, soprano; Marga Hoffgen, mezzo; Ernest Haeflieger, tenor; and Karl Riddersbusch, bass. Philips, 6799-001. This latest addition to the list of recordings of Beethoven's choral masterpiece is marked by Jochum's imposing sobriety, great orchestral performance, and the "ring" of the space in which it is recorded (possibly the Amsterdam Concertgebouw?).

**CHAUSSON: Poeme de l'amour et de la mer. CANTELOUBE: Chants d'Auvergne.** Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Jean-Pierre Jacquilat. Angel, S-36897. On land or at sea, in love or just longing for it, Victoria de los Angeles makes aural joy out of inner torment. (2)

**CHOPIN: Piano music.** Stephen Bishop, piano. Philips, 6500-393. In Chopin, as in Beethoven and Bartok, Schumann and Grieg, Bishop rarely makes a thoughtless sound or plays a careless note. Broad, manly, non-languishing Polonism.

**DOWLAND: The Woods So Wild.** Julian Bream, lutenist. RCA, LSC-3331. A fresh breath of aural air for those depressed by tonal smog. (2)

**LISZT: Organ Music.** Daniel Chorzempa, organ. Philips, 6500-376. Among contemporary organs, those bearing the name of D. A. Flentrop rank close to the top. This one in the Rotterdam concert hall, "De Doelen" (1968), is beautifully adapted to the interesting Liszt repertory.

**POUND: Le Testament de Villon.** Western Opera Theater conducted by Robert Hughes. Fantasy, 12001. An unqualified curio, this combines Pound's chant-like tunes (for his translation of Villon's text) with instrumentation by George Antheil. A "novel" novelty, at least and well performed by members of the San Francisco Opera's affiliate.

**TCHAIKOVSKY and RIMSKY-KORSAKOV. Arias.** Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; with Boris Khaikin and Alexander Melik-Pashayev conducting. Melodiya/Angel, SR-40220. Why revivals of Tchaikovsky operas all too often fail in the West is made vividly clear by this paragon of Russian artists.

**VERDI: Attila.** Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, Christina Deutekom, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ricardo Cassinelli, conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. Philips, 6700-056. A further investigation of this pioneering project tilts the beam of favor to the male voices, especially to those of Milnes and Raimondi. (2)

**WAGNER: Overture to Die Meistersinger.** Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony. London, SPC 21090-1. This documentation of the London concert celebrating the 90-year-old Stokowski's debut in 1912 as conductor of that orchestra may memorialize his final effiort in such a context, but bets on that possibility should be carefuily hedged. (2)



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# Pop Recordings:

## Roy Buchanan: Up From Obscurity

*Roy Buchanan may be the best rock and roll guitarist in the world.*

**ROY BUCHANAN: Second Album. Polydor, PD5046.**

Roy Buchanan's second album on Polydor confirms what the first one indicated—that he is an imposing guitarist with a peerless ability to diminish the barriers between himself and his audience.

Buchanan, at 33, has been playing for more than 20 years. We spoke last month in this space of Eric Clapton's aversion to the spotlight. In comparison to Buchanan, Clapton is Jerry Lewis. For more than a decade Buchanan has languished in largely self-imposed obscurity, living in small towns and performing as a sideman with small groups. Two years ago, while playing with Danny Denver and the Soundmasters, Denver would holler, "Do B. B. King!" and Buchanan would dutifully do B. B. King.

Then, one fine day in 1971, *Rolling Stone* suggested that Buchanan, in addition to doing B. B. King, might also be "the best rock and roll guitarist in the world." Only with that article and a subsequent PBS special devoted to his talents (emceed by Bill Graham) did his existence become known to any but seasoned travelers on rock's underground railroad.

The legend began spreading. Buchanan had yet to record a single album under his own name when he placed first in the New Star category of the 1972 *Guitar Player* magazine reader poll. Further, he placed sixth among all rock guitarists. That is approximately equivalent to a touch-football player from Reed College going first in the pro draft.

Ahmet Ertegun, the influential head of Atlantic Records, heard Buchanan play at Carnegie Hall last June, came backstage after the concert, and said "You can write your own ticket on my label." Bob Dylan and John Lennon dropped in to catch him at the Village Gate in Manhattan. As diverse a group of guitarists as Charlie Byrd, Larry Coryell and Eric Clapton have placed him among the elite of the instrument.

"The musicians made me," Buchanan says matter-of-factly. "They said, 'Buchanan will *do* it, man.' As far as I'm concerned, I made it years ago, when the musicians said it."

But it might have gone no further had it not been for a 15-year drug habit (since overcome) and some bad luck. "I'd lost my mind, man, I'd lost my soul. I quit music. I went to work as a barber. I was afraid to make it. But then, I got in a situation where I needed money real bad. I had no choice, so I got back to playing. I had to have money to stay out of jail. I didn't think it mattered. I didn't think I would ever be anybody."

It didn't quite work out that way.

When that first album finally appeared late last year Polydor grandly pronounced it "long-awaited." For once, the appellation fit. *Roy Buchanan* contained some of the most extraordinary, expressive guitar playing in the short history of that electrified instrument. It sold more than 125,000 copies; many to musicians. After a Chicago gig some weeks ago, Buchanan was handing out checks to his sidemen. One was paid less than the others. Buchanan apologized. "No problem," the man said earnestly. "I just consider it an honor playing for you . . ."

*Second Album*, like the first, is basically blues but there is a breadth to the style, a union of influences that is both fascinating and musical. On "Filthy Teddy" the sound is Chicago blues—tight, constricted, the whine of a siren. "After Hours" sneaks in some T-Bone Walker, notes bending and arching, some hung out to dry on an endless clothesline. On the long "Five-String Blues" he unleashes his signature—long, shattering, unearthly beams of pain broken abruptly by quick, virtuoso, single-note runs.

Other numbers evoke sounds of the steel guitar, bottleneck playing, and pure country. The key is economy—the most effective method of production and distribution of wealth. That wealth is substantial. Buchanan is a very clean picker; he avoids clichés; he has mastered electronics without becoming cute.

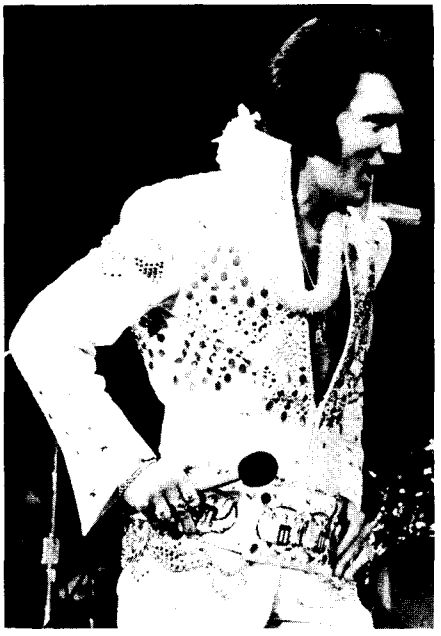
Do yourself a favor.

## Elvis at His Best—and Worst

**ELVIS PRESLEY: Elvis—Aloha From Hawaii Via Satellite. RCA, VPSX-6089.**

Another catchy title from the King. Elvis now has more than 50 LPs in release and is by far the most-recorded figure in the history of rock and roll. He is also the greatest purveyor of garbage in the history of rock and roll. With the exception of a couple of "classic" early albums and various "Greatest Hits" collections, the only decent things he's ever recorded have been from live performances. His vocal abilities, while lamentable under any circumstances, shine most brightly in front of a howling herd of worshipers.

Now we have what may be the best of all Elvis albums and probably the most representative of his artistic faculties. *Aloha From Hawaii* was recorded in concert in Honolulu on January 14 and simultaneously telecast to a number of foreign countries (it will be shown in this country on NBC, April 4). Among the 23 songs (eight of which



*Elvis shines in front of a crowd of howling worshipers.*

he hasn't previously recorded) are to be found both his strength and his weakness. His strength is Fifties rock and roll: "Long Tall Sally," "Johnny B. Goode," "Blue Suede Shoes," "Hound Dog," and others. His weakness shows up in ballads (he sings "Something" with all the authority of a drunk on a teeterboard) and contemporary rock like James Taylor's "Steamroller Blues." God help anybody who has heard Merry Clayton sing this song and then stumbles onto the Elvis version. It would be more accurately titled "Steamroller Ooze."



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# MUSIC

## Elton John's Lucky Seventh

*Lyricist Bernie Taupin (left) and composer Elton John doing each other justice.*

**ELTON JOHN: Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Piano Player. MCA-2100.**

Of the seven albums released by Elton John in his two and a half years of ascendancy, none has come closer to the perfection of the second (*Elton John,* UNI, 73090) than this one. The original creative team is intact (singer-pianist-composer John, lyricist Bernie Taupin, arranger Paul Buckmaster, producer Gus Dudgeon). The recording is brilliant. The attractive album package indicates some effort, and the entire business has the vibrancy, bounce, and theatricality for which John is justly acclaimed.

"Crocodile Rock," his most recent hit, is included, but "Midnight Creeper" and "Have Mercy on the Criminal" are infinitely better songs. Taupin is as consistently affecting and effective as any contemporary lyricist and superior to the likes of Kristofferson, Newman, Newbury, Prine, Mitchell, and Nyro. Elton does him considerable justice.

Bassist Dee Murry, guitarist Davey Johnstone and the lovely Nigel Olsson, percussionist extraordinaire and master of the tom-toms, provide their usual crisp and exact accompaniment. The only things missing are Elton's high-heeled shoes, fluorescent costumes and piano-dancing. Picture, if you will . . .

JOHN L. WASSERMAN

# Shorter Reviews

**Wattstax—The Living Word. Stax, STS-2-3010.**

Subtitled "Live Concert Music from the Original Movie Soundtrack," this is an aural account of the mammoth black-is-beautiful concert held last August at the Los Angeles Coliseum. Nearly 100,000 people gathered in tribute to the cream of Stax Records: Isaac Hayes, Albert King, the Staple Singers, Carla Thomas, the Bar-Kays, Rufus Thomas, Eddie Floyd, and the Soul Children. Hayes, the Staples, and the Bar-Kays (who backed Otis Redding at the Monterey Pop Festival nearly six years ago) are the strongest.

**RAMSEY LEWIS: Funky Serenity. Columbia, KC32030.**

Whoever titled this album deserves a promotion; the description is perfect. Ramsey, accompanied by bassist Cleveland Eaton and drummer Morris Jennings, switches effortlessly between electric and acoustic piano, utilizing the strengths of each. "Nights in White Satin," a fairly long cut featuring electric violinist Ed Green, is the best thing on the album.

**MANDRILL: Composite Truth. Polydor, PD5043.**

New York City has yet to produce a Latin-jazz-rock band to match San Francisco's Santana, Malo, or Azteca, but this septet will do for the time being. Their range is wide—Tower of Power's street grease, Cal Tjader-with-horns, bossa nova, calypso, rock—but lacks fire in any single spot. A third album. They're improving each time.

**CHARLIE BYRD: The World of Charlie Byrd. Columbia, KG 31967.**

Few guitarists in pop music enjoy the stature of this man, but I fear this particular "World" is flat. The choice of tunes is impeccable (heavy on the Beatles, Paul Simon, Jimmy Webb, and bossa nova) but the string-laden arrangements are much too busy and Byrd plucks as if he's angry at someone. A disappointing and overblown production which unmercifully assaults the simplicity that is ordinarily Byrd's great charm.

J. L. W.

### Cross-Eyed Puzzle

*Warner Brothers Records has just released an LP entitled* Rod McKuen's Greatest Hits, Volume Four. *Since Rod McKuen has not had a hit single in at least ten years, this title must mean that Warner Bros. believes in (pick one): a) Rod's baseball playing ability, b) Relativity, c) Self-fulfilling prophecy, or d) the philosophy of H. L. Mencken. Answer: any of the above.*

# SR RECOMMENDS

*A selection of ten current pop recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of* SR of The Arts. *( ) indicates the number of months a record has been on the list.*

**EUMIR DEODATO: Prelude.** CTI, 6021. *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is a hit; whoever would have thought . . .? Arranger-conductor-electric pianist Deodato has put together one of the most pleasantly commercial yet gritty albums of recent months. The full version of the *2001: A Space Odyssey* theme is here, running some six minutes longer than the air-play skeleton. Everything works, with no little thanks to bassist Ron Carter, percussionist Airto Moreira, and conga drummer Ray Barretto, who provide irresistible buoyancy. (2)

**THE SWINGLE SINGERS: The Joy of Singing.** Philips, PHS 700-004. The French-based vocal group, which has appeared in this country only on rare occasions, scats Mozart, Bach, Vivaldi, and Pachelbel with astonishing agility, beauty, and dash. Leader Ward Swingle, an American expatriate, has devised the most successful technique to date for combining classical and pop music. Michel Legrand's sister, Christiane, is a soprano soloist. (2)

**ROY BUCHANAN: Second Album.** Polydor, PD 5046. See accompanying review.

**ELVIS PRESLEY: Elvis—Aloha From Hawaii Via Satellite.** RCA, VPSX-6089. See accompanying review.

**JOE PASS: Intercontinental.** MPS, MB-2-738. Guitarist Pass is our Kenny Burrell for this month: another of the handful of great jazz guitarists who venture out of the Los Angeles recording studios. The album, recorded in Germany, contains chestnuts like "Cloe," "I Cover the Waterfront," and "Stompin' at the Savoy," as well as the contemporary "Watch What Happens," "Ode to Billie Joe," and "Meditation." Pass has a beautiful touch, an unfailing ear for melody, and a crisp, brisk style that suggests there is never much doubt in his mind where he's going next.

**ELTON JOHN: Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Piano Player.** MCA-2100. See accompanying review.

**Wattstax—The Living Word.** Stax STS-2-3010. See accompanying review.

**CARMEN McRAE: I Want You.** Mainstream, 387. This album is distinguished by two dominant impressions: the unusual mellowness of Carmen's singing, which can be rock-hard with only the slightest provocation, and the paucity of material. The entire LP contains less music than one side of the *Wattstax* album—28 minutes and 18 seconds, to be exact, barely more than 14 minutes a side. Tsk, tsk. Such carping aside, this is a lovely piece of music. Carmen is in excellent voice and her measured, subtle improvisations on the melodies are in exquisite taste. The songs are undistinguished but the mood is relaxed, the backing tasty.

**JUNIOR MANCE:** Milestone MSP, 9041. This album was originally recorded several years ago (as *The Good Life*, on Tuba) but has since been re-mastered and re-mixed under the supervision of producer Orrin Keepnews with new rhythmic backing dubbed in on six of the eight tracks. The result is jazz piano that is both listenable and creative. The songs include "Cubano Chant," "Blowin' in the Wind," and "When Sunny Gets Blue." The style is lyrical, gently thrusting, and blues-rooted. A beautiful album.

**RAMSEY LEWIS: Funky Serenity.** Columbia, KC32030. See accompanying review.



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# VISUAL ARTS

## Sculptures in Glass

Like weavers and ceramists before them, American glassmakers are going through a transition from craft to art. No longer industrious caterpillars, they aspire to be resplendent butterflies. At the moment, though, glassmakers are still in an ugly larval stage. That's the impression, at least, with which the viewer leaves American Glass Now, an exhibition at New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts that will be touring the country throughout the coming year.

The sheer difficulty of blowing or manipulating molten glass is so great that perhaps few of these artist-craftsmen have had much time to think about the "art part" of their endeavor. Many of the works are no more than feeble little nods toward Pop Art. There is a chocolate sundae, a waffle iron, a ghastly breakfast tray laden with fried eggs and sausage, and two renditions of a folded wienie. San Francisco ceramist Robert Arneson seems to have attracted his imitators as well. Paula Barton and Robert Naess (both of whom have studied in the Bay Area) merely elaborate in glass Arneson's distorted, humorous cups and human figures.

What makes the show worth visiting is the work of two major innovators. One of them is Dominick Labino, who, in a work titled *Emergence, XII*, has suspended veils of pale pink and a bubble within a clear glass form. The work's delicate veils that resemble the inner anatomy of a flower are almost transparent. If the piece is viewed from the side, however, the veils take on substance and density and look solid.

*Emergence, XII* has other peculiar properties. Although the veils appear pink in one kind of light, they turn gold in another. These suspended tissues of color are in fact made of gold. Labino won't tell how he inserts the gold and achieves his other effects, but he does hint that the process depends on several factors: the composition of the glass itself (Labino mixes his own), the exact temperature of the glass when it is shaped, and the amount of time the glass and gold are exposed to heat.

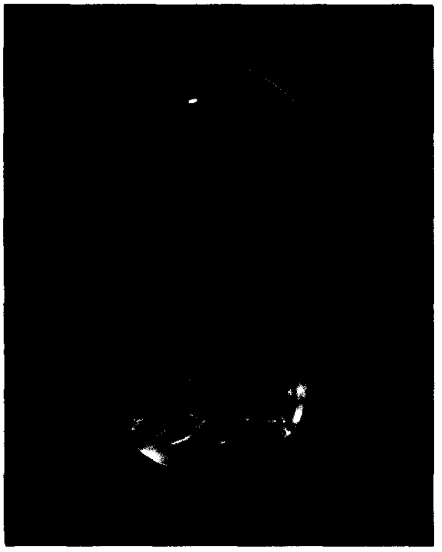
For many years Labino was the research vice-president of Johns-Manville Fiber Glass Inc. Since his retirement in 1965 to a farm in Grand Rapids, Ohio, Labino, now 63, has been continuing his research and making art in his private laboratory. Color is his chief concern, and his experiments rely on a sophisticated colorimetric analysis. He is also attempting to discover how ancient Egyptian and Roman artists fashioned their beautiful glass.

Curtis C. Hoard has achieved a very different sort of success through sinister works that combine glass with such unexpected media as rubber, wire, chrome, and Plexiglas. Hoard's *Interlocking* is an aggressive, imposing work. One dark brown glass shape resembling a cow's tongue is joined to a curved piece of green glass by a metal pipe fitting. A strong contrast asserts itself between the fluid glass and the rigid metal. Moreover, the pipe is in itself ambiguous, since its hardness is wryly disguised by a coat of soft, velvety flocking.

Many of the mediocrities in this exhibition revealed no respect at all for their medium: the pieces would have seemed much the same if rendered in plastic or clay. Labino and Hoard, however, have achieved effects that could have been obtained only in glass. Labino has exploited its technical resources; Hoard has explored its formal, sculptural possibilities.

EDMUND WHITE

Emergence, XII: *a tribute to its medium*



*American Glass Now will tour the following cities (all dates are subject to change):*
*Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, April 15–May 20, 1973*
*Corning Museum of Glass, Corning, New York, June 17–September 4, 1973*
*Renwick Gallery, National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., October 13–December 1, 1973*
*San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Ca., January 17–March 3, 1974*
*Santa Barbara Museum of Art, Santa Barbara, Ca., March 24–May 5, 1974*

## The Hermitage Loan– A Cultural Coup

For years the only way Americans have been able to see the vast and rich collection of French Impressionists that hangs in Leningrad's Hermitage and Pushkin Museums has been to go to Russia. Now, in what constitutes a remarkable cultural *coup* on the part of industrialist Armand Hammer, an exhibition of 41 of these masterpieces—

*Out of Russia for the first time since before World War I,* Nasturtiums With the Dance *by Henri Matisse*

by Matisse, Van Gogh, Cezanne, Gauguin, Renoir, among others—opens April 1 at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. (it will be there through April 29), and moves in May to the Knoedler Gallery in New York (May 3–26).

The paintings, bought before World War I primarily by two Russian collectors, Sergei Shchukin and Ivan Morosov, were confiscated during the Revolution. They were packed away for almost 40 years and were not shown in Russia until the 1950s.

Dr. Hammer, who is chairman of the board of the Los Angeles–based Occidental Petroleum Corporation, has been engaged extensively in art and business in the Soviet Union since the 1920s.



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# VISUAL ARTS

In clearing the way for a selection of these paintings to come to the United States, he achieved a feat that none of our national museums has been able to accomplish. J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery in Washington, in turn succeeded in persuading Dr. Hammer, who is also chairman of the board of the Knoedler Gallery, not only to let the Washington museum show the paintings but to show them first. And with a dollop of federal good will, the National Endowment for the Arts donated $100,000 to help cover the costs both of educational materials (an hour-length film for schools and television) and of security.

Crowds are expected both in Washington and in New York and security will be heavy. Armed guards will keep a round-the-clock watch, and each painting will be placed in its own shadow box covered with a new plastic material which is both shatterproof and bulletproof.

## New Stone Age in Greece

Outrage is running high in Greece in a controversy over a new statue of Pericles that has been unveiled in downtown Athens. Mayor Demetrios Ritsos is furious with the experts who claim that the statue's proportions are all wrong: the head is too big, the helmet is inappropriate, the skirt is too long, and the feet are enormous. Besides Athenians are angry that the sculptor is a German.

But, the mayor protests, the German, Heinrich Faltermeier, was chosen only after a nationwide search failed to produce a single Greek sculptor interested in chiseling the statue. What's more, nobody knows what Pericles looked like. Maybe he actually had a large head and big feet.

Of course, the donor, shipowner Ioannis Theodorakopoulos, is livid. He's sorry he ever gave a $50,000 gift for Athenians to sneer at.

The victim, however, is not the mayor, or the donor, or even the statue. It's the artist. Now 63, Faltermeier has devoted the last ten years to the Pericles. It was to have been the culmination of his career. Despite Mayor Ritsos's having given him the Medal of Athens "for demonstrating [his] love for this city by deeds," Faltermeier is embittered by the criticism. He can't be taking any comfort either in the recent announcement of yet another search for a statue of Pericles by a Greek artist. Mayor Ritsos, in the tradition of politicians since the days of Pericles, has proven to be the very soul of compromise. "If the Greek Pericles is better than the German one," he declared, "I shall replace him."

## Go West, Winslow Homer

Winslow Homer has probably had more written about him than any other American painter. Hardly a year goes by without a handsome, new Homer monograph, suitable for coffee table display. So who would have guessed that there has never been a major Homer exhibition in the United States held away from the Eastern seaboard.

This lack is soon to be corrected by Lloyd Goodrich, former director of New York's Whitney Museum and Homer scholar without peer. Goodrich has culled 200 works from museums and private collections all over the world for a Winslow Homer exhibition that opened at the Whitney on April 3 and will subsequently travel to Los Angeles and Chicago.

Autumn *by Winslow Homer. His growth as a painter paralleled that of American painting in general, from provincial limitations to the mainstream of world art.*

*The exhibition, at the Whitney Museum in New York until June 3, will tour the following cities:*

*Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, California, July 1–August 15, 1973*

*Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois, September 8–October 21, 1973*

## Inarticulate Artists

*Painters Painting*, a new film produced and directed by Emile de Antonio, is a documentary in which an impressive

*Willem de Kooning came to America because he liked American movies.*

number of New York critics and artists stammer and stutter their way through a discussion of aesthetics, usually with a drink in hand. Art students who idolize the masters should be kept from seeing this film, lest they throw down their brushes and flee. The film's poor editing, poor sound, and poor photography provide an appropriate medium for impoverished ideas.

The movie, composed entirely of interviews, covers a lot of ground, from the inception of abstract expressionism in the late 1940s to the varied movements of the present. Once in a great while someone says something interesting or at least human. Willem de Kooning remarks that he came to America because of American movies: "They were so light and cheerful. I didn't realize the movies were all made in California." Jasper Johns confesses that he got the inspiration for his beer-can sculpture when de Kooning said of art dealer Leo Castelli, "You could give that man a beer can, and he could sell it." Robert Motherwell stresses that titles mean a great deal to him. He found the name for one painting by opening James Joyce's *Ulysses* at random and reading the words, "the homely protestant." "I then saw that was me, that *I* am the homely protestant."

Andy Warhol solves the problem of the interview by smiling and urging one of his coterie to answer for him. ("Why not?" he asks. "She's done all my paintings for the last three years anyway.") The only articulate painter in the film turns out to be Frank Stella, who compares the repetitious shapes in his early work to the repetitious sentences in Beckett's novels. He also demonstrates, without mystery or rhetoric, his method of working. Like a dryad trapped within a shaggy oak, somewhere an instructive, half-hour film is lurking inside this wooden, two-hour bore.

E. W.



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# PERFORMING ARTS

*North Country Englishmen dressing for the rugby game in* The Changing Room

## Storey Theater

David Storey, who won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award two seasons ago with his comparatively placid play, *Home*, has now jolted Broadway with his explosive drama, *The Changing Room*. Because it is written in North Country dialect and involves British class distinctions, the play had seemed an improbable export. However, under the direction of Michael Rudman, an American who returned from England for the job, *The Changing Room* has turned out to be a triumphant success —first at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven and now, restaged, in New York.

In a work that depends more on authenticity than on plot, 22 American actors manage not only to execute the dialect well but also to portray their characters so that at the end of the play we know them as individuals. The action takes place in the locker room of a semiprofessional rugby team. The men drift in, banter with each other and the sour old janitor, and go about the business of getting taped and putting on their uniforms. As they gradually come together to listen to the coach and the club owner, the gulf between those who put their bodies on the line and those who order them into action becomes apparent.

When the game is in progress, we see the owner and his business manager coming in to keep warm, and then the mud-covered, blood-splattered players return for their half-time rest. In the second half, after one man is injured, the teammates balance their sympathy with cruel truth as they joke about his slowness and his notoriously unfaithful wife, who now will have some free time to play around. The play ends with a raucous post-game communal bath in which the naked "lads" sing dirty songs and cavort in mock sexuality. Then the changing room quiets down as the players straggle out to rejoin the world of jobs and pubs.

David Jenkins's setting can seem shabby when empty and bright when filled with the colorfully uniformed men. With very few exceptions the performances are splendid and the production is an example of dedicated ensemble acting. *The Changing Room*, I suspect, will remain in our memories longer than any of this season's more constrained and conventional efforts.

HENRY HEWES

## Lots of Night Music

The lovely new musical *A Little Night Music*, adapted by Hugh Wheeler from Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*, is set at a northern Swedish chateau on that night of the year when the sun never quite sets. The overture seems to promise an old-fashioned *opéra bouffe*. However, when the show's major characters appear, waltzing absurdly through a Swedish wood, it is evident that this tale of sex and marriage gone berserk will be told in stylized, civilized terms. The promise of worldly sophistication is not disappointed: in two delicious acts, touching truths are expressed in deceptively frivolous, formal arias, duets, and trios.

The first act flashes back to the incidents leading up to the arrival at the chateau of a strange collection of husbands, wives, and lovers. There is a 49-year-old lawyer, Fredrik Egerman, trying to renew his unrenewable youth, an enterprise that has led him into a frustrated marriage with a sexually retarded, innocent 18-year-old. Fredrik's bride is loved by his idealistic 19-year-old son, and Fredrik is loved by his former mistress, Desirée, who is herself loved, or at least desired, by a handsome, brainless count, who is in turn loved by his masochistic wife. The sloppiness of all these relationships horrifies Desirée's mother, whose well-organized and well-remunerated career as a *grande cocotte* has allowed her to live out her years in the most comfortable elegance.

Composer and lyricist Stephen Sondheim seems deliberately to have fashioned the music in the style of many composers so that the show has a rich variety. And his lyrics are utterly relaxed and urbane, never settling for less than his vision of the truth. The words are not always easy to assimilate, so it might be advisable to listen to the album *before* seeing the show.

Under Harold Prince's direction, *A Little Night Music* is performed with great style. Len Cariou as Fredrik is masterfully droll in moments of embarrassment. Furthermore, his duets with the sharp-tongued Glynis Johns, who plays Desirée with charming candor, achieve a thrilling intensity of conflicting but controlled emotional involvement. And Hermione Gingold is completely successful at seeming a visitor from another era, a fairy queen who stays around just long enough to see things put happily in order.

Designer Boris Aronson has ingeniously evolved a series of sliding birch-tree panels that keep us aware that the story is really happening in the country during the long first-act flashbacks to city scenes. Florence Kotz's costumes are pure whipped cream and contribute subtly to the civilized elegance. Indeed, "civilized" is the word for *A Little Night Music*, whose airy composite of little pleasures establishes it as the season's best musical to date.

H.H.



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# PERFORMING ARTS

## Twyla Tharp

Twyla Tharp's *Deuce Coupe* is the best thing to have happened to the Joffrey Ballet in a long time. It is also one of the best things to have happened to dance in America. Up to now Tharp has worked outside the confines of the regular ballet company. She has choreographed for her own group of dancers and they have performed in theaters, field houses, parade grounds. She has used music by Jelly Roll Morton, Bix

*Twyla Tharp's new ballet,* Deuce Coupe

Beiderbecke, Scott Joplin, Mozart, and Giuseppe Torelli. From the start Tharp's creative sensibility has expressed itself in antic and original ways. Now that she has allied herself and her group—however temporarily—with a theater-based repertory ballet company, there is at least the chance that her work will be more widely seen.

*Deuce Coupe*, like all of Twyla Tharp's dances, does not so much defeat your expectations as bypass them. The Beach Boys' music makes you anticipate the pelvic-thrusting energy which certain popular-minded choreographers bring to this kind of sound (Gerald Arpino in *Trinity*, for example, wearisomely simulates the energy of today's youth culture). But Tharp is not interested simply in galvanized momentum. Instead, she sets her dancers moving in relaxed ways that are, as her program note has it, "loosely based on the social dances of the past ten years." Even when the dancers move fast, their manner is casual and insouciant, preoccupied, private, yet full of self-humor. They raise their elbows and let their hands dangle loose; they traverse the stage in shuffles, glides, and knee-jerks; they roll over on the floor and are helped to their feet by other dancers.

Most of the numbers in *Deuce Coupe* are very brief, a series of provisional encounters on the way to repose. Even "Cuddle Up," the song which brings the ballet to a stop, is conditional. There is no sense of finality as the curtain comes down. The frantic, comic worry of Tharp herself as she tries to keep pace with Gary Chryst in "Honda II" only emphasizes the general air of nonchalance—especially since they both resign themselves to exhaustion at the end of their efforts.

Erika Goodman, dressed in a white tunic, weaves in and out of these encounters demonstrating in alphabetical order the basic vocabulary of classical ballet: *ailes de pigeon, arabesque, attitude, balancé,* and so on. Again, Tharp fails to give you what you've learned to expect from this sort of juxtaposition. There is no confrontation between traditional and innovative but, rather, a demonstration of diversity. The distinctions are not always clear-cut: sometimes Goodman appropriates a bit of rock movement, sometimes the other dancers use the language of ballet. The result is both funny and touching, and the interactions suggested by Tharp are limitless.

While all this is going on, United Graffiti Artists are busy downstage decorating three white panels with the kind of design familiar to all big-city dwellers these days. What they make out of their initials with the aid of spray paint is beautiful and astonishing. Their presence in *Deuce Coupe* helps to create a social atmosphere, rather than a sociological comment.

The Joffrey company dances right alongside Tharp and her own marvelous dancers—Sara Rudner, Rose Marie Wright, Isabel Garcia-Lorca, Nina Wiener, and Kenneth Rinker—and looks completely at home. *Deuce Coupe* is a mysterious, wonderfully satisfying dance occasion that is also a great hit with the audience. It suggests the possibility of a whole new course for the Joffrey.

DALE HARRIS

## Merce Cunningham

Nothing more profoundly beautiful than the Merce Cunningham Company is to be seen in dance today. There are ten dancers at present, all superbly trained, all exemplifying bodily command and chasteness of style. They pass through space with a kinetic clarity. Each performance extends our capacity for astonishment, for Cunningham's choreography continually reveals new bodily rhythms, challenging our preconceptions about the way our bodies function. The dancers' air of concentration gives them great authority; they make you feel proud to own a body. Even when they are impish or funny—and they are often both—they are at the same time serious. Whatever the tone of the piece, it reveals essences.

Cunningham's "events," as he calls them, are usually an anthology of excerpts from Cunningham dances (though a full-length work *can* be an "event") presented without intermission, dispensing with conventional climax or drama. The air on these occasions is always pure, always bracing. Cunningham makes superb use of aesthetic coexistence (music by John Cage, or David Tudor, or Gordon Mumma; decor and costumes by Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Morris, Andy Warhol, Frank Stella, or Jasper Johns); yet his subject is never less than dance. He tells no stories and points no morals.

In his new work, *Changing Steps*, two people (Douglas Dunn and Julie Sukenick) engaged in a formal social dance are interrupted by a third (Valda Setterfield), who attempts to cut in on them. The juxtaposition of her comic persistence and the couple's equally comic unconcern (part incomprehension, part preoccupation) expresses a complex human situation. At one point the interloper throws herself upon the dancers, who simply yield to her weight, sink to the floor, and nonchalantly disengage themselves from her before carrying on with the dance. Full of unstated tensions, the piece is funny, wry, provocative; and it is all dance.

On the other hand, the only situation discernible in Chris Komar's solo from *Changing Steps* (a slow, sustained piece that begins with a deep plié and features long-held balances) is the situation of dance itself, of the body contemplating its own expressive powers. A series of solos, duos, trios, quartets, and quintets, both magisterial and waggish, *Changing Steps* is among Cunningham's most varied achievements. It is the latest demonstration of his astonishingly fecund creative genius.

D.H.

*The Merce Cunningham Company will tour the following schools:*

*State University of New York, Brockport, New York, April 5–7*

*Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, April 8–11*

*Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, April 12–14*

*Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, April 15–17*

*North Country Community College, Saranac Lake, New York, April 18–22*

*State University of New York, Plattsburgh, New York, April 23–25*

*Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, April 26–28* □



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# ARTS FOR LIVING

## Old Things Made New

When St. John's Episcopal Church in New York City burned down two years ago, many people who were not even members of the congregation were saddened. The 125-year-old structure on the corner of Waverly Place and West Eleventh Street in Greenwich Village had been an outstanding example of Greek Revival architecture. Restoration of the old church was impossible—there simply wasn't enough money available—but the parishioners were determined to have a new church that was at least reminiscent of the old.

Providentially, several blocks away on Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street stands the First Presbyterian Church, a neo-Gothic building of the same age as St. John's. Some years ago the Presbyterians had added to their building a wing that is a model of harmonious blending of new into old. The architect, Edgar Tafel, a long-time Villager himself, was the ideal choice to build a new St. John's.

Tafel had made a name for himself easing the growing pains of old institutions. He had designed additions to century-old churches in White Plains and Hudson, New York, and a four-story extension of the 1902 Renaissance-style building housing the Walden School on New York's upper West Side. Tafel relies on the original materials and forms, simplifying details in order to cut costs and to be able to use today's construction techniques.

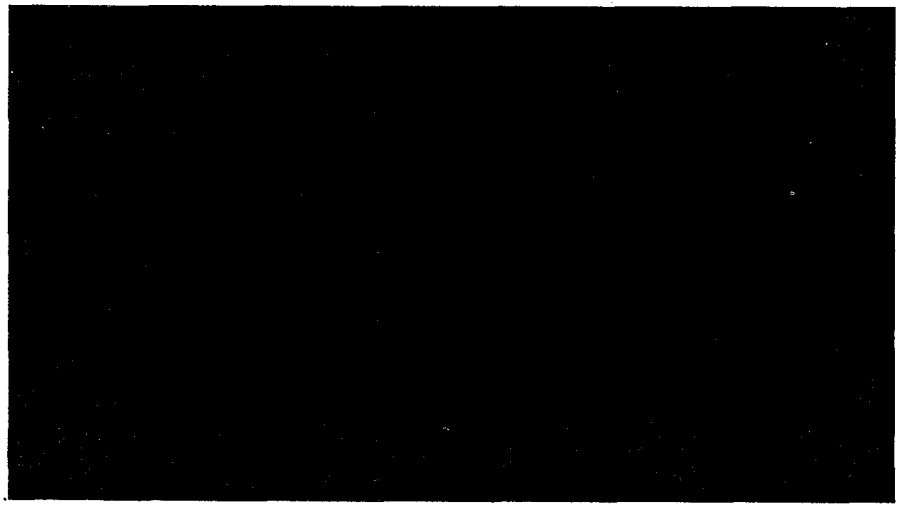
Tafel's approach, which he calls "keeping in keeping," requires a sense of historic continuity: "It allows for many or no styles, yet, wherever appropriate, honors the skill and vision of the architect or architects who designed the original structure."

The new St. John's was required not only to resemble its predecessor but also to be in keeping with the surviving Greek Revival Parish House and the surrounding 100-year-old brownstones. The specifications of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission also had to be met.

All this has been accomplished in a red brick facade that suggests columns or pilasters (the original church had magnificent Greek columns) and a simplified limestone version of the classical frieze and cornice.

Since fire insurance will contribute only $450,000, the new building must stay within a tight budget. Tafel's design will cost an estimated $650,000, the difference to be made up by a fund-raising drive in the neighborhood. The new church will be not only a house of worship, but also a community center and clearing house "with a vital spiritual base," according to the rector, Father Charles Howard Graf. The area's many block associations, two local chapters of Alcoholics Anonymous, and a number of theater and arts workshops will all be holding their meetings in the new St. John's. Suggestions for setting up childrens' day care and senior citizens' centers as well as emergency medical facilities are being considered.

"Behold, I make all things new," says the Bible. Not a bad line for the architect and parishioners of St. John's.



*Architect Edgar Tafel's plans for St. John's (below) shows, at right, the new structure that will replace the Greek Revival church destroyed by fire, and, at left, the surviving parish house. Tafel's addition to the Walden School (right) is in keeping with the Renaissance style of the parent building, constructed in 1902 near Central Park.*

## Films for Building Buffs

The announcement of yet another film festival can very easily go unnoticed these days, but here's one with a twist: the Columbia University School of Architecture and Planning in New York has scheduled an architectural film festival—the first in this country—for April 16–20.

Despite its seemingly specialized nature, the event is not geared exclusively to architects and other professionals. Neither is it a showcase for beautiful buildings. Rather, the festival will attempt to demonstrate that architecture is an art inextricably linked to social problems and political issues.

A film from France about urban renewal will show the misery inflicted on people who are relocated from the center of the city to its outskirts. There will be films on welfare hotels and the problems of subways in New York. An entry from a Texas television station begins by showing a handsome modern building, then shifts to show the unsavory political machinations that were necessary to get the structure built.

Films were solicited from architecture schools, film festival organizations, and foreign embassies. Screenings are scheduled each evening from 7:30 to 11:00 at the School of International Affairs Auditorium at 118th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and are open to the public for a nominal admission charge. During the afternoons there will be seminars, workshops on video techniques, and discussions of how film can serve architects and planners.

More information is available from François Confino at Avery Hall, Columbia University, New York, New York (Tel.: 212-280-3504).



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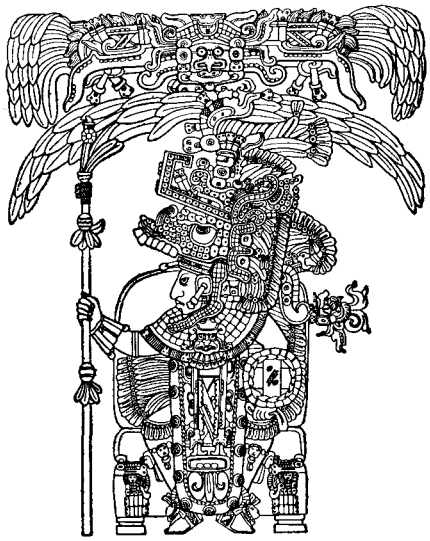
## ARTS FOR LIVING

# The Fine Art of Crayoning



*A great Mayan ruler of Tikal on his throne graces a page of* A Coloring Book of Incas, Aztecs, and Mayas, *in English and Spanish versions. Books are available on 20 other similarly recondite subjects.*

Once upon a time coloring books were strictly the domain of the preschool set. No longer. Not since 1969, when Lawrence and Ellen Knill founded Bellerophon Books, and dedicated it to the finest coloring books ever produced. Lawrence, who had pursued a doctorate in medieval history at Cambridge University in England, and Ellen, who had studied classical archaeology, drew upon their education for their first efforts: *A Coloring Book of the Middle Ages* and *A Coloring Book of Ancient Greece* with "illustrations from the artists of those times." Twenty other subjects soon followed, including Shakespeare, Japanese art, the Old and New testaments, American Indians, the Renaissance, and Henry VIII and his wives.

Before long, coloring books left the nursery for the groves of academe, for teachers soon recognized that the Knills' products were excellent teaching aids. Now they are used in grammar schools, high schools, and universities and are offered for sale by art and natural history museums. Mexico City's National Museum of Anthropology has requested a Spanish version of *A Coloring Book of Incas, Aztecs, and Mayas* that the Knills will produce and also make available to American schools with Spanish-speaking pupils.

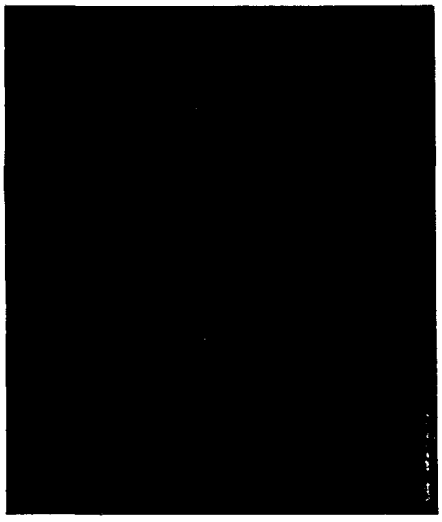
The Knills are expanding distribution (until recently the books were obtainable only in the largest cities). They employ a full-time staff of designers to reproduce the art of the past, and famous freelance artists (e.g., Edward Koren, the cartoonist; R. Crumb of *Fritz the Cat*) to draw illustrations for such new titles as Chaucer's *The Wyf of Bathe, One Old Oxford Ox and Other Great Counting Rhymes,* and two "underground" coloring cookbooks: *Eat It* and *The Food Stamp Gourmet.*

"The coloring books aren't meant to be simply educational; they're meant to be fun," says Knill. They're both, and you can find out for yourself at your bookstore or if you'll write to Bellerophon Books, 153 Steuart Street, San Francisco, California 94105.

# Biting Wit on Culinary Art

Taking the Gallic view that great cuisine constitutes a minor art, numerous guides, in one form or another, have sprung up over the past few years to point the way to the reliable kitchens of the U.S.A. One of the most interesting of these is *The Restaurant Reporter,* a bimonthly newsletter covering in each issue five or six restaurants in New York City and its environs.

What lifts *The Restaurant Reporter* above the ordinary guide is the witty gusto with which Seymour Britchky, the publisher and author, sets forth his point of view. His style, always urbane and irreverent, can be recklessly funny. Too knowledgeable himself to be impressed with show, he is quick as a mongoose to put down pretension: "The purchase of wine in this restaurant [Le Mistral] is really a big deal. The captain brings the bottle you ordered, carrying it like a nurse showing a newborn baby—the left hand under the cork, as if the neck will not support it; the right hand under the torso at the bottom. He slowly slides a well-manicured finger under a few salient words on the label, and, simultaneously, the words are intoned, as if the customer is being taught to read. 'From the House of Joseph Drouhin,' he declaims (all kneel), and the customer bows his head in assent."



Mr. Britchky is, above all, an impassioned gourmet. His enthusiasm, when he comes upon a truly great kitchen, can give an appetite to a subscriber who has just finished a heavy meal. Few issues fail to teach even the most sophisticated cooks something new about food or wine. "The *pot-au-feu* is not actually *pot-au-feu,* but boiled beef, not really the same thing. The genuine article is made with a what-have-you variety of sausages and other meats, as well as the beef, vegetables, and herbs. But at La Petite Ferme the beef is cooked in a worldly stock, which has benefited from the meat and chicken the kitchen is always turning out, and the beef, poached in it for many hours, is very tender, a little loud, perfect with the horseradish and mustard that accompany it."

Britchky is intolerant of short cuts, and nothing seems to escape his attention: the freshness of the flowers, the whiteness of the linen, the demeanor of the host, etc. The language of a menu is a rich field for his satirical talents. An idiosyncrasy is noted with relish: "The waiters take the orders [at Mama Leone's] because the captains are busy snapping family group photos with the customers' own Instamatics. (As the man said at the Last Supper, everyone who wants to be in the picture better come around to this side of the table.) It has been suggested that the menu list f-stop and shutter-speed settings for standard films in various parts of the restaurant."

Of course, most of *The Restaurant Reporter* is devoted to the subject of food, and its purpose is eminently practical. When one dines out in New York, one pays heavily, and disappointment is taken bitterly. Carefree experimentation is about as sensible as Russian Roulette. *The Restaurant Reporter* seeks out restaurants in a wide range of price categories, taking on the greats, lampooning the once-great now coasting on reputation, finding the out-of-the-way bargain.

Better, think most subscribers, to lay out $25, the price of a year's subscription (two years costs $40), in order to dine out knowledgeably. Whatever the economics, the pleasure of reading this newsletter justifies the cost. A subscriber gets what he pays for—good advice and good entertainment from a man in search of a perfect meal. Those in search of the same can write *The Restaurant Reporter,* 320 West 87th Street, New York, New York 10024.

MARY MCLAUGHLIN



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# BOOKS

## Hot Blues, Cool Jazz

BY GROVER SALES

**BESSIE. By Chris Albertson. Illustrated. 253 pages. Stein & Day. $7.95.**
**BIRD LIVES! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker. By Ross Russell. Illustrated. 404 pages. Charterhouse. $8.95.**

Chris Albertson, the author of *Bessie*, was a teen-age native of postwar Copenhagen when he first heard the massive sound of Bessie Smith, Empress of the Blues, straining the confines of his tiny radio speaker. He understood not a word and "didn't even know what kind of music I was listening to," but the downhome misery and raucous glee of that astonishing voice "filled my head with sounds and ultimately led me to America."

Bessie Smith cut through barriers of race, language, and time, moaning and shouting with a power that changed lives. Billie Holiday wore out her records. The great gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, like most churchgoing blacks, wasn't supposed to pay Bessie's sinful sound and dirty words any mind, but "she was my favorite. Her music haunted you even when she stopped singing." James Baldwin never listened to Bessie in America, "in the same way that, for years, I would not touch a watermelon, but in Europe she helped to reconcile me to being a 'nigger.'" Twenty-five years after her death, Bessie's records grabbed a lonely, displaced Texas girl named Janis Joplin: "Bessie showed me the air and taught me to fill it."

Albertson found the published accounts of Bessie Smith's life skimpy, repetitive, and riddled with persistent myths. Edward Albee based his 1960 play *The Death of Bessie Smith* on a false and widely circulated news story that she bled to death because a white hospital refused to admit her after a grisly auto crash in 1937 on a country road outside Clarksdale, Mississippi. Albertson tracked down Dr. Hugh Smith, who attended Bessie at the scene of the accident. "Down in Deep South cotton country," said the doctor, "no ambulance driver, colored or white, would have thought of putting a colored person off in a hospital for white folks. There were two hospitals—one white, one colored—not half a mile apart. I suspect the driver drove just as straight as he could to the colored hospital." The black ambulance driver confirmed this; Bessie died before he could get her to the hospital.

*Bessie Smith, 1936*

She was born in Chattanooga, probably in 1894—an unverified date since "southern bureaucracy made little distinction between its black population and its dogs." The only alternative for an impoverished black woman to a life of domestic labor was to join a traveling minstrel show. Young Bessie was taken under the wing of the star of the Rabbit Foot Minstrels, Gertrude "Ma" Rainey, perhaps the earliest female link with itinerant male country blues singers. A theater manager recalls that as early as 1913 "Bessie was such a natural she could wreck anybody's show."

In 1923 Bessie cut the first of her 160 sides, "Down Hearted Blues." It sold 780,000 copies in six months, an unheard-of figure for that time, and made her an overnight superstar among blacks and even southern whites. Police had to quell the crowds lined up outside ghetto theaters to see this commanding woman whip people to an evangelical frenzy as she prowled the stage with head bowed, using no mike and needing none, filling the largest houses with the timeless moan of "Young Woman's Blues": "Some people call me a hobo/Some call me a bum./Nobody knows my

*(Continued on page 84)*



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# COLUMN

## Praising Pauline

What counts most in criticism? What really matters? What distinguishes good criticism from the mediocre, the desultory, the poor? Many people, I suspect, would put *being right* at the top of the list. They would be wrong.

Pauline Kael is notorious at the moment for having proclaimed *The Last Tango in Paris* a major "breakthrough" film, full of sexual honesty and comparable in cultural impact to the historic 1913 premiere performance of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*. Well, of course, I was not there in 1913, but I have seen *Last Tango*. It is a good little film, in parts quite beautiful (those golds and browns) and affecting, with middling performances, more *machismo* than full sexual honesty might call for (stand-up copulation, in overcoats yet, and not a single fumble), and a fakey, cop-out ending. Nice, worth seeing, perhaps—but hardly, in my book, anyway, what Kael called it.

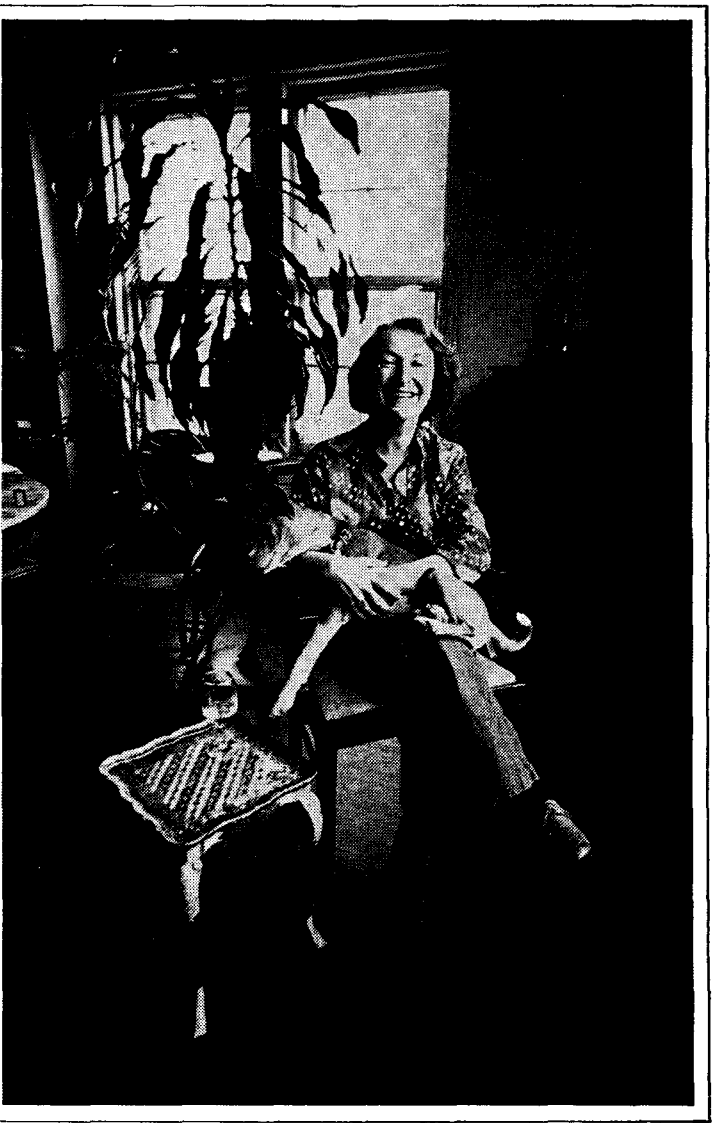
And yet, though importantly wrongheaded, in my opinion, on this and a number of other films, Pauline Kael has long been, is, and remains for me by far the best movie critic going today. Not only that. At the risk of pulling one's own Stravinsky, I would say that she is the best, most exciting and illuminating and worthwhile journalist critic writing today on virtually any subject. She has in fact been compared (in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, no less) to George Bernard Shaw—high praise indeed, and not out of line. That was in regard to an earlier collection of her reviews; the new collection simply reinforces the judgment.

**Deeper Into Movies** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.95) brings together Kael's *New Yorker* reviews of some 150 movies released during the three-year period, 1969–72. (She writes about movies for *The New Yorker* six months out of the year; the other six months are covered by Penelope Gilliatt.) In an introduction, Kael views her collection as "also a record of the interaction of movies and our national life during a frantic time when three decades seem to have been compressed into three years and I wrote happily—like a maniac—to keep up with what I thought was going on in movies—which is to say, in our national theatre." And she goes on: "I try to use my initial responses (which I think are probably my deepest and most honest ones) to explore not only what a movie means to me, but what it may mean to others: to get at the many ways in which movies, by affecting us on sensual and primitive levels, are a supremely pleasurable—and dangerous—art form."

Like too many reviewers' collections, *Deeper Into Movies* does not contain updates nor annotations nor any second thoughts; the reviews are simply reprinted as originally written—hardly, on the face of it, the most interesting way to go about making a real book. Yet *Deeper Into Movies* is a "real" book; that is, the reviews together have a cumulative power and substance, they reflect each other and glance off each other in provocative and often surprising ways; and in the end the individual responses they record add up to a remarkably comprehensive and enriching and, yes, deep social and cultural aesthetic.

One can rattle off all too easily the qualities Pauline Kael has going for her (and us). She is intelligent and perceptive and rigorously honest about her own feelings. She is generous; she likes movies and is an enthusiast for movies and likes to be enthusiastic about movies (her faults, almost always, are faults of overpraise). She hates pomposity and exhibits none (she uses the word "movies" deliberately, not "film"). She cares, very deeply, about what movies exemplify and what they do for us, or to us: how they reflect or relate to our lives and attitudes on everything else that matters—from politics to education to violence. She *explains*: so many critics get by without explaining (or don't want to be caught saying the obvious), but Kael clearly takes it as her first duty to explain what she means precisely and as fully as possible; she wants her readers to have no doubts, to *understand*. She is even old-fashioned in this sense; she thinks things can be improved and that what she writes can count, and she does not think that she is writing for a select coterie, but rather for a very wide audi-

*"I wrote happily—like a maniac—to keep up with what I thought was going on in the movies—which is to say, in our national theatre."—Pauline Kael*





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ence—anyone who will read her column. (This has something to do with self-perception, too; unlike many of her colleagues, Kael does not come across in her writing as some kind of clever, aristocratic loner, a position she correctly regards as limiting, of minimum use, a form of dumbness, and therefore of perhaps minor but nonetheless harmful consequence.) And, finally and first, she is one hell of a writer.

There is a very strong tendency when talking (or writing) about Pauline Kael to emphasize her funny stuff, her gift for gags. One remembers gags, and wants to share them. But the gags are not really central to her writing; they are one form of the anti-stodgy informality that is her way of expression (she has an acute inner ear and likes to zing in on target) and of engaging us. What *is* central to her writing—to the fact that it does engage us so—is the zestful joy with which she seems to go about it, and which is conveyed and shared on every page. This is true even when she is most serious or angry. And it comes through even when she seems wrongheaded. She is an energizer with prose; put simply, most enjoyable to read. And that is rare, and to be gloried in.

### NBA: Making Book

On page 89 of this issue you will find an ad listing the nominated candidates—109 of them this year, in ten categories—for the twenty-fourth annual literary sweepstakes, the National Book Awards. And on page 33 you will find the confessions (very funny, and full of insider info) of a former NBA judge, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt. Here we shall place our bets.

The NBA is nothing if not a betting game. One ponders the judges in the ten categories and the nominated titles; one reads in personal choices and wishes (and, if smart, quickly reads them out); wherever possible, one discerns potential logrolling and conspiracy, not to mention "common sense" (a book by a previous winner, for example, is apt to finish back in the pack, or so they say)—and then one draws one's conclusions. The winners will be announced April 10, and there will be due comment in this space a month from now. Meantime, *SR*'s book review staff has gazed into the crystal ball and come up with the following odds-on favorites, second choices, and, since the crystal ball is sometimes cloudy, hedges.

*Arts and Letters:* In this category we are split three ways. My own bet is on Lionel Trilling's *Sincerity and Authenticity*, but there are equally fervent votes for Harold Rosenberg's *The De-Definition of Art* and Daniel Hoffman's *Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe*. Leo Steinberg's *Other Criteria* is a unanimous second choice, which may provide the clue that counts.

*Biography:* Again, a split: a majority rides with Margaret Mead's *Blackberry Winter*, but there's a first-choice vote each for Kenneth S. Davis's *FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny* and Thomas Flexner's *George Washington*.

*Children's Books:* A mysterious influence may be at work here; there is unanimity for *Trolls* by Ingri d'Aulaire and Edgar Parin.

*Contemporary Affairs:* Vietnam is still much in mind, and so are women; Frances FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake* is thus the favorite. But there is a maverick vote for Colin M. Turnbull's *The Mountain People*. David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* has the second-choice votes, with one hold-out for Seymour Hersh's *Cover-Up*.

*Fiction:* The Big Surprise this year—there's always a Big Surprise in the Fiction category; the NBA wouldn't be the NBA without it—is the non-nomination of John Gardner's block-buster novel, *The Sunlight Dialogues*. (On the other hand, it is good to see Thomas Rogers's *The Confessions of a Child of the Century* on the list—a wonderfully funny novel, if not a likely winner.) Which title will win? The betting here is evenly and strongly split between Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* (the grapevine shoo-in) and Vladimir Nabokov's *Transparent Things* (the grapevine may be wrong, and Nabokov is long overdue).

*History:* Robert M. Myers's *The Children of Pride* is favored, with Robert O. Paxton's *Vichy France* the hedge.

*Philosophy and Religion:* Again, unanimity—for Morton White's *Science and Sentiment in America*.

*Poetry:* Word has it that A. R. Ammons's *Collected Poems* has the award sewn up; our crystal ball agrees.

*The Sciences: The Serengeti Lion* by George B. Schaller is the heavy favorite here, with nary a hedge.

*Translation:* In this final category (a home for sleepers) the votes are split between Lily Feiler's translation of *Mayakovsky and His Circle* by Viktor Shklovsky and Michael Gallagher's translation of *Spring Snow* by Yukio Mishima.

Thus, our bets. Only one nagging thought: between now and the announcement of the actual NBA winners comes—April Fool's Day. Ah, well. □

## *SR* RECOMMENDS

*A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.*

**BIRD LIVES! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker.** By Ross Russell (Charterhouse, $8.95)—This full-scale biography of alto saxist Charlie Parker is not only a tribute to that musician but a portrait of black culture in the 1930s and 1940s and one of the best books ever written on jazz.

**CATHOLICS.** By Brian Moore (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95)—A brief, compelling story of a confrontation in the ecumenical world of the future between a representative of the new religion and some isolated Irish monks who have kept to their old faith.

**DEEPER INTO MOVIES.** By Pauline Kael (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

**DOROTHY THOMPSON: A Legend in Her Time.** By Marion K. Sanders (Houghton Mifflin, $10)—A full and highly readable account of the stormy lives—public and private—of one of the most influential journalists of the 1930s and 1940s.

**GRAVITY'S RAINBOW.** By Thomas Pynchon (Viking, $15; paperback, $4.95)—Hailed as a major literary event, this mammoth new novel—in size, complexity, and imaginative scope—is set toward the end of World War II and has to do in part with the firing off of a renegade V-2 rocket.

**HARRY BRIDGES: The Rise and Fall of Radical Labor in the United States.** By Charles P. Larrowe (Lawrence Hill, $8.95; paperback, $3.95)—A detailed and largely sympathetic study of the vigorous, controversial career of one of America's most important labor leaders and of the powerful union he helped to organize—the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

**HOUR OF GOLD, HOUR OF LEAD: Diaries and Letters 1929–1932.** By Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95)—Continuing from *Bring Me a Unicorn*, this second volume of memoirs covers the early years of marriage to Charles Lindbergh, the kidnapping (and murder) of their first son, the enormous publicity that intruded on their lives, and recounts it all with quiet emotion, courage, and grace.

**MY LIFE IN THE MAFIA.** By Vincent Teresa with Thomas C. Renner (Doubleday, $8.95)—A lively and compellingly readable account of the Mafia by a top-ranking insider who turned informer—his testimony helped indict more than 50 gangland figures—and whose story a gifted reporter has assembled (and checked) from taped interviews conducted in the limbo of Teresa's hideaways.

**NEWS FROM NOWHERE: Television and the News.** By Edward J. Epstein (Random House, $7.95)—A careful and incisive report on network news: how it is gathered, processed, and financed, and how the prosaic needs of commercial TV often determine what is "news" and what is not.

**OUR BODIES, OURSELVES.** By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon & Schuster, $8.95; paperback, $2.95)—A complete medical guide for, about, and by women, and a breakthrough book of feminine consciousness.



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Introduction by Lewis Mumford

"This memoir, written in the loneliness of old age, while inwardly battered to the point of almost suicidal despair, exhibits such an access of self-knowledge, such desperate candor about his human misjudgements . . . as few men dare to display even at the height of their powers"—Lewis Mumford. 296 pp., photos, cloth, $15.00

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# BOOKS

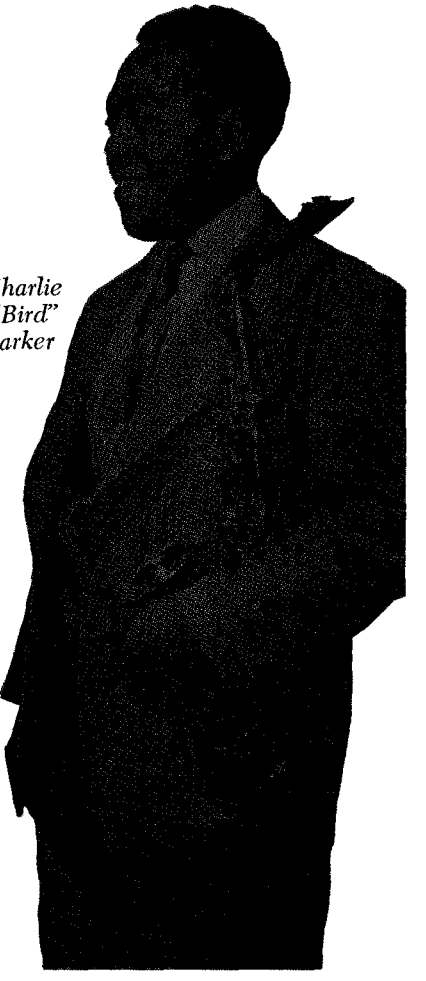
*(Continued from page 81)*
name/Nobody knows what I've done./ I'm as good as any woman in yo' town!"

With the fanatical thoroughness that is the hallmark of European scholars hooked on Afro-American music, Albertson has combed the files of record companies and newspapers, and bird-dogged anyone who knew Bessie—relatives, lovers, fellow performers—to give us this first full-dress biography of an artist "black and proud before that became the acceptable thing to be." More than a portrait of this boisterous, brooding woman, *Bessie* unfolds the black subculture of the Twenties: the speakeasies and "buffet flats" where Pullman porters and headliners reveled in a high life that rivaled the Krafft-Ebing cabarets of Berlin, the vaudeville circuits, record studios, and sheet music firms—a holocaust of rip-offs, plagiarism, nonpayment, swindling contracts, and appalling racism. Bessie reigned as queen in this world until the Depression and the rise of radio and talking pictures waylaid the record industry and killed vaudeville outright. As her career went down, her liquor intake went up, imparting a coarse, battered edge to her voice. But in her limited dealings with whites Bessie stayed proud, unbending, and contemptuous; her wildly profane carrying-on at "negrophile" Carl Van Vechten's fawning Manhattan salon (when the hostess tried to kiss her, Bessie knocked her on the floor) is the comic highpoint of the book.

This essential work is marred by an overconcern with Bessie's epic brawls and bisexual exploits and a neglect of her purely musical gifts—the flawless diction and phrasing that set her apart from all other blues singers. Albertson further weakens his book by airing what has all the earmarks of a private pique with John Hammond, the jazz catalyst who produced Bessie's last record date and Columbia's monumental reissue of her total output of discs. But, these complaints aside, *Bessie* will take an immediate and permanent place in the literature of jazz, and it coincides, happily, with a full-scale Bessie Smith revival, with her five double-album LPs selling in the hundreds of thousands and two films of her life said to be in the works.

Welcome as Albertson's *Bessie* may be, I hope its cannily timed appearance will not spell obscurity for Ross Russell's *Bird Lives!*, one of the very few jazz books that deserve to be called literature, a monument to match the gargantuan figure of alto saxist Charlie "Bird" Parker, who, like Wagner, was so heavy that a generation of artists drove themselves to despair trying *not* to sound like him.

Bird forged his early blues-and-jump style in Kansas City, whose "Depression-proof climate" of the Thirties Russell has so eloquently captured. Under the benign protection of boss Tom


*Charlie "Bird" Parker*

Pendergast, K.C. was Sin City, a honeycomb of honky-tonks jumping with live music round the clock. For young comers like Bird, it was the Juilliard of jazz. Grueling marathon "cutting sessions" left no room for the second-rate; even tenor sax giant Coleman Hawkins was bested by local talent (Lester Young and Ben Webster, unknowns at the time). Kansas City was also the narcotics headquarters for the Southwest, and Bird at 15 was already hooked on heroin, but the habit rarely cut into his awesome capacities for boozing, balling, and the execution of the adventuresome and radical ideas that burst from his horn with blinding speed.

In the early Forties Bird was ready to take on the champs in New York and gravitated toward others, like

*Grover Sales is film and drama editor of* San Francisco *magazine and instructor in jazz and American comedy at University of California Extension, Berkeley.*

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Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and drummer Kenny Clarke, who shared his boredom with routine jam sessions and big bands with non-playing leaders, overarranged scores, and Uncle Toming for tired businessmen. Spearheaded by Bird in the mid-Forties, this musical-social revolt that pushed jazz further away from "entertainment" and deeper into art was dubbed "bop," a frivolous title that belied its profound and lasting effects on American music and the quality of black life. Rightly seeing the new music as a threat, older jazzmen, swing fans, and most of the critics viciously attacked it as "anarchy, noise, a short-lived fad." Today Charlie Parker's once daring innovations are the commonplaces of bands heard on the Dick Cavett and Johnny Carson shows.

Like Bessie Smith, Bird held the power to change lives. Dean Benedetti, a professional sax player of more than average agility, heard Bird, dropped his reeds, and gave chase to become Bird's unpaid Boswell, driving from coast to coast to record his idol's solos, night after night, often illegally, mourning those lost notes that went untaped. In Russell's stunning, unforgettable first chapter, perhaps the finest writing on jazz to be found anywhere, Bird engages Benedetti in a Homeric test of manhood, trying to whoosh a column of air through an alto sax with enough power to flutter the roof shingle Bird used to make his Selmer blast like a trumpet. Benedetti can't coax a squawk out of Bird's dense, unyielding reed, no more than Penelope's suitors could draw Ulysses' bowstring. Russell makes us sense the awesome commitment that a seminal jazz creator makes to his art; Bird girds himself to enter the jazz arena with all the tense ritual of Manolete.

As Bird's one-time manager and producer of his Dial records that shaped the course of modern jazz, Russell has paid unusual dues, but he holds other cards as well that put him ahead of most jazz writers. He knows a lot about music, has a novelist's eye for detail and a phonographic ear for jazz speech, and he swings a clean sports reporter's style. Russell has poured these gifts into what must be the most exhaustively researched biography on a jazz musician ever published and does something no other writer does (although Otis Ferguson and Albert Goldman have come close): he miraculously catches the feel of a jazz performance, that impossible fusion of spontaneous freedom and total discipline. He tells you what it meant for Bird to belong to no fewer than three oppressed minorities—blacks, artists, and junkies—and to shoulder the burden of "a towering talent poorly rewarded by society." Bird told a musician who scolded him for lacking the will to kick heroin: "Wait til everybody gets rich off your style and you don't have any bread and *then* lecture me about drugs." When Bird died at 34, the coroner estimated his age at 55.

Those aware of Parker's genius cannot do without this book. For those who don't know much about jazz life and want to find out, this could be the one book to get. And interest in jazz aside, *Bird Lives!* is glorious to read.

## Recycling Art

**SURFACING. By Margaret Atwood. 224 pages. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.**
**NIGHT. By Edna O'Brien. 179 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.**

BY BENJAMIN DeMOTT

On its face Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* is merely another novelistic go, this time by a Canadian poet, at the oldest North American literary theme—that of "lighting out for the Territory," finding yourself by losing others, trading culture for nature. The unnamed heroine-narrator is a divorced freelance artist, city-bound, who learns that her father has disappeared from the family home, a primitive northern Ontario lakefront camp. In company with her lover and a married couple, the young woman goes to the wilderness to search for him. When the search fails, the couples stay on, fishing, gardening, making love, smoking grass, canoe-tripping, pursuing new skills or rediscovering old ones.

The single rediscoverer, actually, is the heroine; she alone is a competent woodswoman. The two men, an untalented academic and an untalented potter-sculptor, fiddle pointlessly with a rented movie camera, "working" on a *cinéma vérité–style film*. They also opine about politics, sulk and intimidate their women, and hideously misuse the tools and implements of pastoral culture. The heroine at first bends herself to survival problems almost unconsciously. But later, as she recovers more of the natural knowledge learned from her father and mother in childhood, she draws the inevitable contrasts between her city and wilderness selves, and between her own character and those of her fellow campers. A breach widens; she strikes out at the others, not without provocation, then strikes even at her past, her surroundings—at every mode of "unnatural" conditioning, including memory. At the end she is by herself in the woods,

*Benjamin DeMott is a novelist and social critic; his latest book, a collection of essays, is* Surviving the Seventies.


Pauline Kael

Gina James

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aware of an animal being quivering to life within her; voices call out, summoning her back to "reality," but she hangs fire, unable to commit herself to a return.

A familiar pattern, to repeat—but the execution is extraordinary. This is so partly because Atwood's performance as a natural woman is totally convincing. The feeling for real work—paddling stern, bringing back a garden, killing a landed pike, frogbaiting a hook, finding the ripest berries—is straight and true. The same holds for the natural observation ("deer flies with their iridescent rainbow eyes and stings like heated needles"). And the voice of repugnance at the plastic world mixes humor and pain in proportions demanding trust.

But what is most striking about *Surfacing* is the integrity of the writer's imagination, a quality somewhat more visible in her earlier books of poetry than in the imagery of *An Edible Woman* (1970), her first novel. Everywhere in the language of this story there are dependencies, associative prefigurings, linkages extending and refining meaning. Moments of dramatic crisis evolve from metaphor itself, as it seems, so that when, in a fury at false art, the heroine destroys the *cinéma vérité* film, the act reverberates in the reader's mind with a whole set of connected matters—the heroine's searchings through her own childhood drawings for something genuine, her response to her father's fascination in Indian rock paintings, and much more. The action of the book as a purification by violence of false identity is never erratic; the same standard that denies the heroine herself a name governs her judgment of other human beings: "I could see into him, he was an impostor, a pastiche, layers of political handbills, pages from magazines, *affiches*, verbs and nouns glued onto him and shredding away, the original surface littered with fragments and tatters . . . Secondhand American was spreading over him in patches, like mange or lichen. He was infested, garbled and I couldn't help him; it would take such time to heal, unearth him, scrape down to where he was true." The ways in which surfaces and surfacing are configured in these pages, moving through successive bands of meaning from veneers to deaths by drowning, are both shrewd and deep.

Atwood's overarching theme—the sin of trivialization, the unpardonable crime of strangling your own seriousness—is better managed than some of its subsidiaries: as, for example, America as locus of universal corruption. And her prose, to speak of that, is mannered: kinky about pronoun references, flashback signals, other bitty-bitchy details. But the writing does invariably have solid objects—a specified social context—in view. There is news in *Surfacing* of minor and major kinds—news about where the grass is packed in rucksacks and when it's broken out, news also about where exactly the rot comes in nowadays in so-called good marriages of youngsters turning 30, and news about the character of the tensions suffered by a woman once browbeaten into marriage and determined never to be thus intimidated again. Doubtless many sensitive and intelligent younger women will feel, as they read this tale, a special sense of possessiveness, the solace of solidarity (someone else has been here, someone besides me knows what's what). But like all moving and instructive novels, *Surfacing* shuts nobody out.

Edna O'Brien's *Night* is a monologue by an older woman named Mary, a paean to appetitive life that recalls travels, passions, defeats, delights, deaths. The voice that speaks is pagan-raunchy and Irish, at once less neurotic and less believably human than that of Atwood's heroine. The idiom is packed with archaisms and regionalisms, and characters of a mixed Dickensian-fairytale sort abound. Edna O'Brien's dependence on a literary heritage—the tradition of great blowsy life-lusters from Falstaff to Don Juan to Molly Bloom—is only a shade more noticeable than Margaret Atwood's. But in the present outing the author of *August Is a Wicked Month* is less successful in energizing the familiar. The brio and linguistic showboating feel bookish and secondhand, and the shadows of Mary's predecessors in the fictional past block her off from view.

No support here, however, for would-be trashers of that past. Inspired by Nabokov and Flann O'Brien and Borges, a whole school of writers now labor to reinvent the novel, to abolish "realism," "panorama," "character," etc., and escape into the wonderland of the problematic. But while the enterprise is sound—all art forms need recycling—there are ways and ways of recycling. Edna O'Brien once turned the form called "love story" inside out with bitter, brilliant clarity and edge ("The Love Object"); Margaret Atwood has just now done something comparable to the weary old myth of the frontier; and both brought off the deeds without for a moment treating love, marriage, or childbearing as technical literary problems, rather than as substantive stuff. The point is simple: the roof is up on a spanking new house of fiction, but the old place next door can still contrive to keep a body warm. □



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# All the Fun People

**ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH. By Jacqueline Susann. 467 pages. William Morrow. $7.95.**

BY JOSEPH KANON

Who can resist the impact of Jacqueline Susann? Howl if you like over those ten million sold copies of *Valley of the Dolls* or the $1.5 million reportedly paid for movie rights to *The Love Machine*, but it's all just caviling, really—this is the front runner. Jacqueline Susann is the Joan Crawford of popular novelists. With little talent, but with alarming determination and what amounts to a genius for promotion, she has polished her limited act to a species of stardom: her name is a household word. She may not be very good, but she is indefatigable, and, like a night-club performer eager to please, she *delivers*. She has created a genre, The Jacqueline Susann Novel, by taking a simple formula—putting thinly disguised celebrities into bed with each other—and adding a touch of breath-taking conviction.

Nowhere in Susann's work is there evidence of writing *down*; she approaches her tawdry fictional world with the same belief in its importance as Louella Parsons had covering Rita Hayworth's wedding. She writes like a truck, of course, but she does move things fast (her use of connective three dots in the breathless rush of the prose is a standard, and inimitable, technique), and her themes are few, simple, and reassuring: loose living, in the end, is bad; the rich and famous, for all their glamour—and often because of it—have troubles aplenty; sex is not love. She has, moreover, caught the essence of truly popular writing: her characters are glamorous because they are either lucky, in which case anybody can identify with their success, or because they are ruthless egotists, in which case anybody can feel superior to it. They wear Pucci dresses and carry Louis Vuitton bags with the aspirations and language of a Woolworth shopgirl. It's a neat and not altogether secret trick, but nobody does it as well as Susann. At times her feel for pulp emotion is positively visceral. When the heiress heroine of *Once Is Not Enough* wails, "I can't go to bed with ten million dollars. I can't put my arms around this apartment," you wonder how Susann had the nerve to put it down on paper. But she simply plunges on, oblivious, smiling all the way to the bank.

Still, with stuff like this, you have to be good as your last picture. It is no small thing, then, to report that *Once Is Not Enough*, the latest and almost

*Joseph Kanon is senior book review editor of* SR.


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## BOOKS

certain superseller Susann Novel, runs true, if too long, to form. She has shifted slightly from her Hollywood-starlet base to a New York milieu that combines Forties café society with Sixties gossip-column pop (one of the characters, planning a party, says, "Invite Mayor Lindsay, Lenny, Rex . . . all the fun people").

The heroine, January Wayne, adoring daughter of theatrical producer Mike Wayne, flies off from graduation at stuffy Miss Haddon's school to join her father in Rome and make all her dreams come true. Instead, she has to fend off the advances of a young Italian actor; when she refuses to give up her virginity, he goes into such a snit that he ploughs the car into a wall and January spends the next three years (1967–1970) in a Swiss clinic overcoming paralysis. All this, it should be noted, takes place in the prologue. When she returns to New York, she not only finds her father married to Dee, the sixth-richest woman in the world (January throws up when she hears the news), but the Big Apple running riot in amorality (Susann's timing is off by a decade here, but never mind). Virginity is such a lost cause that "it was almost like no one had asked you to dance," so January screws up her courage: "Dom Perignon was for special occasions. . . . She took a long swallow. Well, this was a damn big occasion, wasn't it? She was going to get laid!" The plot thickens like a pudd on the boil. Stepmother Dee wants January to marry creep-about-town David, who's having an affair with the reclusive aging movie star Karla (read Garbo), who in turn is carrying on a clandestine lesbian affair with Dee. Anybody want a chart?

Poor January, however, is a lost soul in this brave new soulless world, and nothing quite works out. She gets a job with *Gloss* magazine, edited by former school chum Linda (the Helen Gurley Brown role, with a little Steinem thrown in to keep things contemporary), a sexual barracuda who gives the book its most remarkable, not to say startling, moment when she advises January to use sperm as a cosmetic: "It's great for a facial mask. It's like egg white . . . only better. You leave it on ten minutes until it stiffens, then wash it off with cold water. Why do you think I let that jerk from the advertising agency stay . . . I got half a glass from him." (Wait till the folks at Avon hear about that.) Then things really hot up and January falls in love with an aging macho novelist—"Actually this book isn't half as good as some of the others that bombed. But it's commercial . . . and today that's the name of the game"—whose virile prose and celebrated fistfights turn out to be compensation for other, uh, inadequacies. His name—honestly—is Tom Colt, and who you read into this part is your business. The rest of the storyline concerns the working out of this affair and January's relationship with her father. There are the usual quota of predictable surprises, celebrity guest spots (including—I think—Dietrich for a bit), a *deus ex machina* airplane crash, and a hilarious acid trip finale that should not be missed on any account, although it is, as you might have guessed, a real bummer.

*Once Is Not Enough*, in short, is a standard Susann Novel and yet, beyond all the absurdity, somehow more disturbing. It is not merely the excessive length—since it's swill to start with, one might as well adopt an in-for-a-penny-in-for-a-pound attitude or just stay away—and certainly not all the

## Wishing on a Star

**MEMOIRS OF THE 40's. By Cecil Beaton. Illustrated. 310 pages. McGraw-Hill. $10.**

*Garbo photographed by Cecil Beaton*

Cecil Beaton, the English photographer and set designer, has known a lot of famous people in his time and has already tattled on some of them in his series of *Diaries* (1961 and 1964). But this time out he's hit the jackpot: *Memoirs of the 40's* is the story of his romance—one could hardly call it an affair—with Greta Garbo. That's the kind of item guaranteed to make a Rona Barrett salivate on the spot, so it's not surprising that Beaton makes the most of it, serving up in embarrassing, if not exactly "revealing," detail an account as irresistible and tasteless as a fan magazine. The omissions run from glaring to ludicrous (well-known sexual preferences are never mentioned), and the effect, finally, is that of a fantasy, an MGM confection with the greatest star of them all.

It was not, however, Garbo's greatest role. Beaton saw her at a New York party—"At the sight of Garbo I felt knocked back, as if suddenly someone had opened a furnace door onto me"—and proposed at their next meeting. She turned him down, but not without a note of wistfulness. "It's a funny thing," she said, "but I don't let anyone except you touch my vertebrae—they so easily get out of place." That was enough for Beaton. They went for walks, shopped on Third Avenue, even visited the same dermatologist, lying side by side with mud packs on their faces. He pursued, she eluded. Then suddenly, Beaton says, "I realized that I was emitting some sort of electric power." He followed her to California to press the matter: "With what relish I dismantled my expensive hotel rooms, and packed just one bag for my *embarquement* to Cythera!" But Garbo remained as elusive as ever, and finally Beaton withdrew in defeat.

*Memoirs of the 40's* is the sort of book from which everyone emerges looking bad (though not, of course, in the photographs, of which there are some fifty). Beaton's attitude toward Garbo is worshipful—he talks about her face the way a hairdresser talks about hair—and he seems oblivious to the fact that she says nothing of interest throughout the whole affair. But after a while it is difficult to tell whether this relentless detailing (did Beaton run right home to jot it all down fresh?) is prompted by worship or malice. He finds Garbo "spiritual," then reports her saying, "I felt if we die we become part of the earth again: our ashes are thrown to the seas and they all come back—you can't waste anything in nature." This sounds more like ecology than spiritualism and, in any case, like the kind of script Garbo would have turned down. One wonders what she thought of all this odd business, and one wonders even more what happened after that California leave-taking to make Beaton write such a book. All she wants is to be left alone, and now here comes Cecil spilling these nonsensical beans. Hell hath no fury like a fantasist scorned, apparently. J. K.

SOLUTION OF THIS ISSUE'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2033)

DAVID ROWE:
*CAMPUS COMEDY*

A booming business in the groves of academe around San Francisco is writing other people's term papers. One firm is called Planned Paperhood. Another, Quality Bull, claims it has a franchise from a firm in Boston. The manager of Quality calls himself Multi Fasset.



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# 109 leading contenders for the 1973 NBA.

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prattling about sex. Given what's going down at the neighborhood locals these days, parts of this story are positively pristine. The trouble is, rather, that it's impossible to have a good time with this book; in fact, it marks a dark variation on the whole tradition of popular pulp fiction. A certain amount of cynicism has always been an ingredient in this kind of fantasy, of course—the characters, like the writing itself, are usually no better than they should be—and bitchiness we've come to accept as a lackluster substitute for wit. But the feeling of this book is something closer to disgust. The world here is not merely terrible, but tired and corrupt in a mindless way. When January becomes a speed freak (courtesy of "vitamin" injections) it seems to speak for the book as a whole: a burned-out moron life kept going by injections of fraudulent energy. Reading this novel is like having a publicist pop flashbulbs in your face. If this is what trash fiction is coming to, one might as well do crossword puzzles on the train. □

## ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY

"'No, Charlotte, I'm the jury now, and the judge, and I have a promise to keep. Beautiful as you are, as much as I almost loved you, I sentence you to death' . . . the roar of the .45 shook the room. Charlotte staggered back a step. Her eyes were a symphony of incredulity, an unbelieving witness to truth. 'How could you?' she gasped. I only had a moment before talking to a corpse, but I got it in. 'It was easy,' I said."

The year was 1947. The book was **I, the Jury.** It was the debut of Frank Morrison Spillane, the guy who made gore respectable with his shoot-first-ask-questions-later private eye, Mike Hammer. A quarter of a century later Mickey Spillane is as popular as ever. This may appear paradoxical in an age when the newspapers are overflowing with violence, but reading larger-than-life fiction (albeit painfully believable) apparently has more impact. Spillane appeals to the human desire for power. He mixes sex, sentiment, and sadism with ease. A born storyteller, he writes the stuff that screams are made of.

Spillane's latest, **The Last Cop Out** (Dutton, $6.95), features Gillian Burke, an ex-cop who was presumably framed and booted off the force because " . . . he was too much cop for the politicians to live with." Now the department wants him back—unofficially, of course—because he's got information in his head that he never filed and they desperately need to crack a particularly ugly (everything is relative) Mafia scheme. Much to the surprise of his ex-buddies on the force, Gill accepts, packs his pistol, and starts to call his shots, but not before carefully placing the ax he has to grind in a particularly damaging spot. The action is as rat-a-tat as the prose; the criminals are colossal crazies with fetishes in torture that the Gestapo would have admired; the blondes can't keep their bleach jobs a secret; and the good/bad girl gets the guy in an ending that is something else!

At the other end of the spectrum from Spillane is P. D. James with **An Unsuitable Job for a Woman** (Scribner's, $5.95). Cordelia Gray, at 22, inherits a London detective agency. She is, as they used to say, bright as a whip, good to look at, nosy, and fearless. It's just the right mix for a detective whose first assignment is to find out whether the son of a world-famous scientist actually committed suicide. Cambridge in the summer is beautifully evoked—lazy punting on the Cam and not-so-innocent river picnics—and the puzzle is unusual and intriguing. Good show!

Showmanship is when you let it be known that the idea for what is bound to be one of the year's number-one thrillers, **The Bearer Plot** by Owen Sela (Pantheon, $5.95), came about in mid-air on a jet flight to Australia. "I got through a whole packet of Qantas notepaper," Sela declares. Know what? I believe him. What's more, he's created in Nicholas Maasten the kind of hero that will be compared to James Bond and successors but is nonetheless an original. Maasten's cover is a London antique shop, but he is in reality full-time slave of the department for all the usual unpleasant reasons, answerable only to Carruthers (the "M" in the piece), "who manged to be both paranoid and psychopathic at the same time." Maasten smokes Sobranies, is a car buff and art buff, adores beautiful women in the buff—and stamps. This latter hobby projects him into a stamp-carrying act that is the basis for this very classy suspense novel. **The Bearer Plot**'s singular mixture of the bad and the beautiful will whet your appetite for the next Maasten adventure (in the works for fall 1973).

Next fall may also see the last of Inspector Maigret, according to Georges Simenon, his enduring creator. Recently Simenon announced Maigret's retirement from the world of letters (but hopefully not the world of crime). Try not to brood over it; you will thoroughly enjoy **Maigret and the Informer** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95).

A very different master of the genre is Victor Canning, whose **The Rainbird Pattern** (Morrow, $6.95) is one of his best in a long time. Canning here pursues two separate and apparently unrelated plots. One involves a clairvoyant and closets full of family skeletons. In the other, a master kidnapper who calls himself Trader is engaged in carrying off Establishment figures at an alarming rate. London's high and mighty turn cartwheels in his wake, but Trader isn't as non compos mentis as you might think. Canning's juggling is admirable as he subtly brings the two plots together with virtuoso style and grace. □

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**CATHOLICS. By Brian Moore. 107 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.**

Brian Moore's brilliant novella takes place in the future, after Vatican IV has met and the Christian faith is about to merge with the Buddhist. But on a small island off the coast of Ireland a community of 26 monks has continued to say the Latin mass, hear private confessions, and perform other practices now forbidden by the Ecumenical Center Information Office of the secularized, militarized church. James Kinsella, a young American priest, is sent to the island to forbid the archaic practices, particularly because they have become a huge tourist attraction and are embarrassing the church. (When one of his superiors is sending Kinsella off, he remarks, in one of the book's better throwaway lines, "In an affair of this kind everything should be strictly kosher.") The substance of the book is the confrontation between the ancient, simple faith of the monks and the sleek, rigidified "ecumenical" new religion.

Answer to **Wit Twister,** page 15: swot, tows, twos, wots, stow.

Answer to **Literary Crypt,** page 15: *He who has lived obscurely and quietly has lived well.* Ovid



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Although *Catholics* is at least partly satirical in its view of the future of the ecumenical movement, the book is deeply concerned about the relation between revolution and tradition and the possibilities for individual faith in an ecumenized world. Moore's book is brief and stirring, and the writing is a marvel of compactness.

**FOREWORDS AND AFTERWORDS. By W. H. Auden. 529 pages. Random House. $12.50.**

The chief business of a poet is to write poetry, and W. H. Auden has been not only one of the best but also one of the most productive poets of this century. Fortunately, he has also found time between poems to write a succession of inimitable literary essays, many of which have first appeared as reviews, and these are now gathered together in *Forewords and Afterwords*. Admittedly, it is not the usual thing with a work of literary criticism to speak first of the pleasure it offers. But Auden is not your usual critic, for in addition to being intelligent, wise, humane, and a master of prose, he is also blessed with a highly individual, not to say eccentric, way of responding to what he reads. Pleasures abound, whether the subject is Shakespeare or Goethe, A. E. Housman or Virginia Woolf. And much that is instructive and much that is provocative and, sometimes, an occasional silliness (as on the subject of biography) to remind us that even the wisest men have their blind spots. The publishers, rising to the occasion, have produced a handsome volume, such as one doesn't see often nowadays, and the whole is recommended without reservation.

**BACK TO FIRE MOUNTAIN. By Richard Scowcroft. 323 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $7.50.**

Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None* hovers prominently in the foreground of this novel. Richard Scowcroft is intrigued by the calm assurance with which Miss Christie proposes her characters and then neatly disposes of them, and, although *Back to Fire Mountain* isn't a mystery story, he is up to more or less the same thing. "Why not let life be like life and art be like art?" asks the most sympathetic of the book's characters, and this novel eschews some of the conventional fictional notions of "realism" and the relation of life and art, without being in any sense experimental. Some 35 years after they attended a wedding at Fire Mountain Lodge, the surviving members of the Trowbridge family are assembled there again, called together by whom and for what purpose none of them knows. They are an ill-assorted lot—some successful, some not, some embittered, some resigned to their lives—and they discover that now, in middle age, they are prisoners of their pasts. A huge storm strikes, the phone and the lights go out, and they are trapped in the lodge to face a series of seriocomic self-revelations and discoveries. *Back to Fire Mountain* strives for an elusive and treacherous quality—charm—and manages to sustain it most of the time. The pace is fast and the book is frequently funny.

**GIRLS AT WAR AND OTHER STORIES. By Chinua Achebe. 129 pages. Doubleday. $5.95.**

Two of the 12 stories in this collection—"Marriage Is a Private Affair" and "Dead Men's Paths"—date from the early Fifties when Chinua Achebe was a student in Ibadan, and in his preface to this book he refers to them as "pieces," modestly declining to call them stories. Don't be deceived. Achebe was clearly a gifted writer early in his career, and the "pieces" are deserving of a place alongside the later, admittedly more skillful stories. The underlying theme of all of the stories is similar to those of Achebe's novels (*Things Fall Apart, No Longer at Ease*): the various collisions between the life of modern, postagricultural Africa and vestigial tribal beliefs and customs, a theme on which Achebe rings many changes. The first of the student pieces mentioned above, for example, deals with a father's refusal to accept the idea that his son, stationed in the army in Lagos, would dare to do something so modern as marry a woman outside of his tribe. Included also are three stories about the Biafran war, among them the title story, which are the most effective in the book. Achebe's prose is masterfully simple and concise without ever being mannered. It sometimes does not sound "written" at all, but rather like some perfectly normal utterance that is simply unfolding before you. □

**Note:** *Forgetting Elena*, a novel by Edmund White, a contributing editor to *SR of The Arts*, has recently been published by Random House. *Gentleman of Leisure: A Year in the Life of a Pimp*, with text by Susan Hall and photographs by Bob Adelman, and designed by Neil Shakery, art director of *SR of The Arts*, has recently been published by New American Library.

**Correction:** In the biographical note attending Richard Poirier's review of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* (*SR of The Arts*, March) the publisher of Pynchon's earlier novels was incorrectly given. Both *V.* and *The Crying of Lot 49* were originally published by J. B. Lippincott.


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**WFUNA First Day Cover.** The World Federation of United Nations Associations has a striking, colorful first day cover to accompany the United Nations "Stop Drug Abuse" stamp issue of April 13th. Design by Joan Luby, fast-rising American artist and sculptress, is also available in print size 8½" x 11", limited edition 1,000, numbered and autographed, sold on first-come, first-served basis. For order forms giving prices and full information, please send stamped, self-addressed envelope to WFUNA, Room C-104, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017. Sales also to be made at WFUNA Sales Counter, Lower Concourse, General Assembly Building, United Nations, First Avenue and Forty-Second Street, New York, N.Y. commencing March 28th through April 13th.

**Portraits** from your photograph. Oil, water color, pencil. Write P.O. Box 1842, Albany, N.Y. 12201.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

**Research Librarian,** formerly with leading national magazine, seeks research, library or indexing position. Expertise in these areas plus knowledge of reference materials and information sources. Training in fields of international affairs/politics. New York-New Jersey, Washington, D.C. areas. Box I-263.

**Need A Change?** Master vegetarian chef/Yogi available immediately. Personal, restaurant or lodge. Box K-725.

**Graduate, 21,** seeks travel as governess or other challenging job. Box 353, Greensboro, N.C. 27412.

**PR—Currently PR Director** of large N.Y. area agency. 25, lawyer, extensive journalism and writing, professional musician. Seeks related position. Box K-717.

***Versatile Mathematician*** seeks teaching position. Excellent recommendations, experience in all levels of higher education. 202-362-2840 evenings.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**Summer-Europe**—Leaders, assistants for student groups. Box K-729, 212-595-0631.

**F/T Consultant-Project Designer.** Implement pilot programs, develop master plan for media use. Jewishly knowledgeable and committed; multimedia background. National Jewish organization. Send resume, salary requirements. Box K-485.

**Counselors—20+.** Top Maine Boys' Camp. Group Leaders (2), Head Boating, Swimming (W.S.I.), Sailing, Water Skiing, Tripping (Canoeing-Mountain), Judo, Dramatics, Nature, Crafts, General (8-9-year-olds), Baseball, Archery. Beautiful surroundings, exciting experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC, 10025. 212-865-0925.

**Exciting Overseas Jobs.** Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

**Teaching Positions.** In Foreign Countries. New 100-page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. *Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries,* Box 514-K-49, Ames, Iowa 50010.

**Overseas Opportunities**—Now Available! Free Transportation! Complete information . . . plus Directory of 200 companies hiring thousands world-wide . . . all occupations. Send $2.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MT, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

**Interesting European Jobs.** Details $1.00. Alexander, Box 357-SR, South Pasadena, California 91030.

**Teach/Live** in Western America. Elementary and secondary teachers seeking placement information send $2.00 to Western Teacher Placement, P.O. Box 15237, Wedgwood Station. Seattle, Washington 98115.

***Australian Opportunities—Paid Transportation!*** 50,000 Jobs! Latest reports on employment, business, farming, education . . . plus map, forms. $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MS, Washington, D.C. 20036.

**Overseas Jobs**—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

**Teachers, Administrators**—Leading school, college placement sources. $3.00. E.I.S., Box 105, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

**Jobs Europe And England** guaranteed and salaried. Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring. Young people 18-29. Hotels, restaurants, hospitals, etc. For details and application send $1.00 with a stamped, self-addressed business size envelope to Princeton Research, Dept. R., Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

**Headperson, Putney, Vermont,** for independent day school, K-8, 70 children. Informal, loving atmosphere. Emphasis on creative arts correlated with sound academic preparation. Prerequisites: successful teaching elementary level, administrative ability. Send resume Box 192, Putney, Vermont 05346.

**"Jobs In Alaska"** now available—THE authoritative handbook. $3.15. JIA, Box 1565, Anchorage, 99510.

## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### FOR SALE

**Moving To Metropolitan St. Louis?** University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE SERVICE.

**Vermont.** All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

**Angeles National Forest**—Picture-book vacation retreat, all facilities. Commute to L.A. $16,000. Tel. 516-421-5231.

**Western Massachusetts**—Charming, restored 8-room home. 4 fireplaces. Modern kitchen with appliances. Wideboard floors. Red barn. 4 acres on river. $40,000. *Available immediately.* 415-387-4148 *or Box* I-729.

**Luxurious Southern California Condominiums**—20 minutes from San Diego. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, split level, on La Costa's golf course. Full recreation facilities, Country Club membership available. James McKellar Company, 1250 Prospect, Dept. S, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-3631.

### FOR RENT—FURNISHED

**Vermont Mountain Hideaway**—Privacy, views, decks, fieldstone fireplaces. Walk to swimming, fishing. HAWK, Box SR, *Pittsfield, Vermont 05762.* 802-746-5171.

**Cuernavaca**—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, pool, vista. $330. SR Box K-119.

**St. John, V.I.**—Mountaintop, peninsular vacation houses. Views, beaches, adventurous simplicity. Spring, summer vacancies. SR Box J-932.

**Venice, Florida, Beach Side!** Beautiful. Summer rates half: $500 month. 2 bedrooms. 703-777-1574.

**Extremely Charming Cape Cod** sea Captain's house —6-bedroom, separate guest wing. Walk to beach. Mid-September-May. Best offer. Sheridan, 1085 Park, NYC, 10026.

**San Miguel Allende**—Beautiful home. Three paid servants. $225 month. October-May. SR Box K-488.

### FOR SUMMER RENTAL

**Seaside House,** Port Clyde, Maine. Seasonal or monthly rental. Adults only. SR Box K-459.

**Cape Cod, Wellfleet**—Charming 2-bedroom cottage, fireplace, well equipped. May-October weekly, monthly, seasonal. $125-$175 per week. 617-395-6357.

**Summer Rental Colorado**—Completely furnished deluxe cabin, silverware, linens, etc. 8,750 feet high, 22 miles north of Durango in heart of San Juan National Forest. Fishing, riding close by. Sleeps 5, 2 full sized baths, fireplace, all utilities. Wrie for details. Specify time wanted. By week or month. Write Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 West Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky 40202. Phone 502-583-3816.

**Dorset, Vermont**—3-bedroom cottage. Secluded, pond, fantastic views. $2,000 season. Walker Realty, Manchester, Vermont 05256.

**On Swans Island, Maine**—House, weekly. May through November. Loel Staples, Atlantic, Maine 04608. Tel. 207-526-2446.

**Putney, Vermont**—Farmhouse, 100 acres, pool, brooks. June 15th-September 15th. SR Box K-481.

**Executive's Northern Minnesota Lake Lodge.** 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fireplaces. Pontoon boat, outboard. June through September, $650 month; $2,500 season. Box K-470.

**Ogunquit, Maine.** Beautiful house. Oceanfront. Saltwater swimming pool. Garage. Month, season. 201-731-6925.

**L.A.'s Best Area.** Sleeps 7. June 28th-August 11th. SR Box K-724.

**Truro**—2 bedroom, monthly. Secluded, view. Near beach. SR Box K-708.

**Montana Wilderness Cabin** by Glacier Park. Box 1089, Menlo Park, California 94025.



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## HOUSES AVAILABLE

### FOR SUMMER RENTAL

**East Hampton**—For summer rental. 4-bedroom, year-round house in Springs-Fireplace area. Near private beach and marina. Edward Pinney, M.D., 148 East 78th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-879-8870.

**Truro, Massachusetts**—Charming, secluded, oceanfront cottage with fireplace. SR Box K-500.

**Kennebunkport, Maine**—Very private oceanfront home with exceptional view. All conveniences, private beach. $1,100 monthly July, August, $200 weekly June, September. SR Box K-482.

**New Hampshire.** Waterfront cottage. Lake Sunapee area. $1,000 for season. SR Box K-478.

**Lake Champlain Cottage**—4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. Willsboro Point, N.Y. May-September, $200 week. P.O. Box 25222, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

**Cape Cod Area:** New England beachfront home. Weekly rental. Alfred Morin, 121 Third, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

## HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

**Members Exchange Homes** for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

**Rent-Free Vacations.** Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

## APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

### FOR RENT

### FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

**Ithaca, N.Y.** Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

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**"Beautiful' Nantucket Island**—Secluded area, central to shops and beaches. 1- and 2-bedroom apartments. Exquisitely decorated. Monthly-Yearly. R. Epple, 86 Centre Street, 02554.

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**Sublet July-August.** Furnished 2-bedroom apartment East side mid-Manhattan. $400 month. 212-755-2650.

**Kennebunkport, Maine**—3 large rooms, sundeck overlooking river. For combination business and living quarters. June-October. SR Box K-727.

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**5th Avenue And 61st Street, NYC.** At $295,000 (price just reduced) it's a bargain. On the 40th floor of the Pierre Hotel, with sweeping views of the Park and the City.

**Magnificently Furnished.** Exquisite details throughout; marble floors and baths. Custom stereo system and variable custom lighting throughout.

**Large Living Room,** dining room or library, corner master bedroom, 2 fully equipped kitchens, powder room, bath. A sauna. Maintenance $1,350 monthly. Brokers protected. SEEING IT IS UNFORGETTABLE.

Samuel Finnerman, The Lansco Corporation, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. Tel: 212-TN 7-5555.

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**Exchange My 6-Room Apartment** Manhattan for one in San Francisco. June 15th-September 1st. Box K-733.

## OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

**Execuspace®** will rent furnished and staffed offices at 645 Madison Avenue, NYC. 212-753-7050.

## LAND FOR SALE

**Martha's Vineyard—Water View.** 1 plus acres, hilltop, protected privacy, $35,000. Box S128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9712.

**Upper Plymouth Valley,** naturalists' paradise, controlled against crowded future: 3 $40,000 shares Forest Reserve, giving each owner 12-acre nondivisible tract. Spectacular views mountain lake, 10,000-acre Coolidge State Forest. Warranty deed with undivided interest in Reserve. Beach, canoeing, sailing. Motorboats restricted. Other conservationist restrictions. Not a commercial venture. Flier. Phone 802-422-3444. Kenneth Webb, Plymouth, Vermont 05056.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE

**One Of The Most Unusual And Spectacular** homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining doom with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

**The Pool** is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

**A Recessed Lighted Tennis Court** with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

**There Is Also A Small House** consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

**There Are 17 Acres** which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

**Westhampton Beach, Long Island**—Prime location. Exquisite oceanfront property—220' on ocean. Thickly landscaped for complete privacy. High dune with beautiful view. $150,000. Box 657, Westhampton, New York 11978.

**Northern Vermont Real Estate.** Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

**Maine**—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

**Vermont Real Estate.** All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

**Mexico City**—Beautiful villa! Absolutely new. 3 large bedrooms, great lounge, every convenience. In city's best location. Private sale at bargain price. SR Box K-469.

**Vermont's Northeast Kingdom**—Homes, land, investment properties near skiing, lakes, mountains. Free Brochure. Peter D. Watson Agency, Greensboro, Vermont 05841. 802-533-2909/2651 until 10 p.m.

**California's Gold Coast**—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**Interested In Owning A Franchise?**—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1182, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

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## SAILING

**Sailboat Rentals,** instruction. Brochure from Stokes, RR 3, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.

## CAMPS

**Experiences That Build**—7½ weeks. Towering Pines for boys. Woodland for girls. Eagle River, Wisconsin. J. M. Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

**Survival—Yellowstone.** Self-confidence, not conformity. Coed 14 up. 4 weeks. Rolf Olson, 520 South Black (S), Bozeman, Montana 59715.

**Kiniya**—a camp for girls 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

**Holiday In French.** Small, coed, teenage, bilingual. Canoe Island Camps, Box 185, Eastsound, Washington 98245.

**Drama, Musical Comedy,** Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, Sports. Nation's foremost summer training center, featured article in N.Y. Times—on Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational. 10-18. 8 weeks, $1,195. Beginners Showcase Arts Center, Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-249-9288.

**Unique Colorado Camping Experience**—Coed, ages 13-19: Leadership training, Dinosaur Monument, float trips, backpacking and horsepack trips. Personal care and supervision for each guest. Highly limited number, yet very reasonable. Family pack trips in August. Brochure. Dr. Henry S. Croes, Box 836, Clark, Colorado 80428.

**High/Scope**—Arts, science. Unusual opportunity for thinking teenagers to express abilities in responsive group. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

**Science/Wilderness Exploring For Boys** ages 10-17 at Spruce Mountain Camp. Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

**Theatre Summer.** Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College. Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

**Brown Ledge**—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

**The Hague Summer Music Center** offers music, sightseeing, sports, international atmosphere. Total beginners and advanced players. Coed 9-16. Haagsestraat-38, 's-Gravenhage, Holland.

**Les Chalets Francais,** Deer Isle, Maine. Where French is fun! Girls 5-18; outstanding staff and facilities. Specialize in FRENCH, riding, creative arts and music, tennis, swimming and sailing on Penobscot Bay. Miss Charlotte Casgrain, Cedar Cliff Road, Riverside, Connecticut 06878.

**Not Just Camp,** but Transnational Summer In Northern Denmark. 13-18 years. Write: Dr. Manheimer, Mollevej 5, Nors, 7700 Thisted, Denmark.

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**Invitation To Adventure Inc.** Wilderness Trip Camp. Program for boys 10 to 16. 3 or 5 weeks. Canoe trips Maine to Canada. Mountain hiking, rock climbing. Canadian bicycle trip. A.C.A. accredited. Kenneth Walker, Box 296-S, Wilton, Connecticut 06897. 203-762-7911.

**Cape Cod Sea Camps.** Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 52nd season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

**Teenagers Rate Human Relations** and our community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318. Phone 609-358-2472.



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## CAMPS

**Has Your Teenager Outgrown "Camp?"** Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides superb western experience. 27th summer. Boys, girls 11-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

**Judgment Ridge**—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont Mountains, Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($200 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, gardening, construction. Individualized programs. A.C.A. approved. 100 camper limit: main camp. Small, affiliated specialized camps in wilderness and riding nearby. No poison ivy. RN resident. $750, $400 half season. Ingham, Vershire, Vermont 05079.

**Find Out About** Woolman Hill Educational Work Camp, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

**Arizona Ranch Camp.** Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 44th year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

**I Cycle:** Biking, hiking tours. Peter Otten, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. 802-496-2237.

**Amherst Music Center.** Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard. Opera Workshop. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

**D-Arrow Wilderness Trip Camp**—55 Boys (11-17), 5 groups, 46 days. 22 Girls (13-17), 2 groups, 39 days. Lake, White Water river canoe trips, wilderness areas Maine and Quebec. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. A.C.A. accredited. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

**Hackmatack**—Farm and natural history program, excellent western riding, free choice activities, a life with beauty and discipline. Boys and girls, 7-12. George F. Dillman, Otis, Massachusetts 01253.

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**Live In Vermont**—Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, auctions, antiques. You are invited to a very pleasant experience in relaxed living, to exceptional food, gracious service. Life as it used to be. Room and meals from $475 per month. Innkeeper, 20 Park Street, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

## VACATIONS

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**Rainbow Bend Fishing Club**—For all ages seeking simplicity in natural surroundings. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida Keys, 33052. 305-743-6740.

**Schooner Timberwind Sails Maine Coast.** Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $165—no extras. Brochure. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247-B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

**Tropical Island Near Sarasota/Bradenton:** Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

**Jewel Box Elegance,** Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E. P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

**Puerto Rico Beach House**—Costa Azul at Luquillo. 3 bedrooms, yard, terraces. Fully equipped kitchen, linens, washing machine. Comfortable, private, convenient to other resort areas. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.

**Singapore To Bali Cruise** on Holland America: the most exotic new adventure in cruising. Every other Monday, starting July 16th, 1973. 14 days, 8 wondrous ports from Singapore through Malaysia, Sumatra, Java to Bali and back. All cruises aboard Holland America's brand new luxury liner, m.s. Prinsedam. Wide range of entertainment, haute cuisine, impeccable service (no gratuities required). See your travel agent or write for free full-color brochure to: Holland America Cruises, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

## VACATIONS

**Patagonia Ranch Hideaway.** Superb scenery . . . sun . . . air . . . for riding, swimming, tennis, birding. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

**Nantucket,** Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfiing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

**Housekeeping Cottages For Rent.** Write L. V. Joyce, Swans Island, Maine 04685. Telephone 207-526-2794.

**Bitterroot Ranch** high in remote, beautiful Rockies. Welcomes families loving horses, wildlife, fishing, unspoiled nature. Only 25 guests. Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

**Hotel On Small Island**—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

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**Hacienda De San Roberto**—fine country inn near Taos. Box 449, El Prado, New Mexico 87529.

**Complete Immersion**—Gracious living in comfortable French home in rural BURGUNDY to realistically learn French, French cooking and wines. Only adults; up to 4 at a time. For information: J. Le Roux, Pailly 89640, Sergines, France.

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**New Experience.** Live in Rome as the Romans live. Two people to occupy my apartment two weeks or longer. References required. Write now. Signora Goozay, Via Trapani 16, Rome, Italy.

**Whitneys'** . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Summer Season 1973, June 17th-October 14th. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

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**Colorado Mountains**—families needed to enjoy rugged mountain recreation, 1,300-acre ranch village, 30 modern vacation homes, near National Forest, old silver mines, pioneer esoteria. LCR, Box 789, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211. 303-395-8390.

**Undiscovered Paradise Isle**—Cat Island, Bahamas. Beautiful beachfront stone, thatched roof house accommodating 6. Maid, vehicle, sunfish, sailboat. $350 week. Ideal swimming, fishing, skin diving, lobstering, exploring. Fishing guide available. Inquire Cay Cohen, 64 Stafford Road, Colonia, New Jersey 07067.

**Ornithologist?** Or just bird watcher. Vacation on the North-South Flyway at the Engleside Motel on beautiful Long Beach Island. Reserve by mail or phone. Engleside Motel, Beach Haven, N.J. 609-492-1251.

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**Parador Martorell,** inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 384, Luquillo, P.R.

**Camden, Maine.** A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic and beauty since 1902. An historic Inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June-November A.P., M.A.P. Write Box A43, Whithall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

**Pelican Cove Motel And Marina**—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

**Windjammer Vacation**—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $150 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

## VACATIONS

**Your Own Special Island,** DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, British Virgin Islands. Small, but not too small. Accommodates only 24, year 'round, in a friendly, informal cottage colony. Skindiving, swimming from gemlike beaches, boating, fishing. A tropical paradise. Fine food, cozy bar. DRAKE'S ANCHORAGE, 1230 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. Tel. 617-868-0380.

**San Juan, Puerto Rico.** The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

**Goose Cove Lodge** on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Extra emphasis on ecology in June. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

**Wyoming Wilderness**—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

**Maine Windjammer Cruises!** Sail the Maine coast aboard a schooner! Food, fun, accommodations for six carefree days: $135-$150 complete! Box 617SR, Camden, Maine 04843.

**Tobago Cottages**—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

**Nassau**—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

**The Thrill Of Canoeing**—A complete package that includes canoe rental, experienced guides, camp grounds. It's a carefree adventure for the whole family as you explore the Upper Delaware, breathe the clean air of Nature and feel totally alive . . . Larry Axelrod, 348 Woodley Road, Merion, Pennsylvania 19066.

**We'll Trade** our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October. Phone 704-451-2020.

**On A Clear Blue Lake.** Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, Sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

**Whaler's Inne,** Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

## SUMMER WORKSHOPS

**Cummington Community Of The Arts,** in the Berkshires, a small summer community of individuals pursuing creative work. Brochure, Vita Shapiro, 107 Park Street, Newton, Massachusetts 02158.

## VACATION WORKSHOPS

**Summer Pottery Workshops:** In Adirondacks. Coiling, wheel, wood reduction, salting. Open workshop, instruction. S. Marks, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

**Writers' Workshop,** July 30th-August 10th, 1973. At York University. Fifteen novelists, poets, playwrights including John Herbert, Gwen MacEwen, and Austin Clarke conducting seminars. Write: Writers' Workshop, Centre for Continuing Education, York University, 4700 Keele Street, Downsview, Toronto, Canada.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**1973 Homeria**—Lectures by leading authorities on Homer's works and life, many at sites with Homeric associations, plus GREEK ISLAND cruise. Six credits from UC Extension-Santa Barbara. July 28th-August 18th. Descriptive brochure from HALEY STUDY-TOURS, 500 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California 94111.

**France-Humanities**—Perpignan, Pyrenees, Carcassonne, Barcelona. Arts, Architecture, Music of Roussillon, Language. Ages 19 plus. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017. 212-867-7264.

**London Theatre And Dance.** July 1973. Two courses featuring shows, master classes, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. Write: ETSP, Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.



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## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**Studio Art Center Of Tuscany**—July 1st-August 25th. 8 weeks of Art. 20 minutes from Florence in the Tuscan Hills. Total fee including air travel, instruction, room and board, only $1,500 (monthly enrollment available). Studio Center, 377 Park Avenue South, NYC, 10016. 212-689-1980.

**International Seminar**—Egypt, Italy, Greece, Greek Islands. June 11th-July 13th. Six hours graduate and selected undergraduate credit. Tuition, room and half board approximately $1,750. Write Dr. Robert Vanden Branden, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

**Vacation Art Workshop, Florence**—For students under 30. Painting, Sculpture, Jewelry, Bookbinding, Etching, Photography, Artistic Weaving, Art History. 5 weeks. Write Florence Student Travel Service, Via Guicciardini 13, Florence, Italy (airmail only).

**Mallorca**—6 week seminars; excursions, creative workshops. Accommodations. Brochure: SR Box J-961.

**Humanities And Fine Arts In Italy.** Courses in art, Italian, music, etc., in unique renaissance town. Tours: Rome, Florence. Sessions: July/August. Tuition: $295. IILA, Chicago Conservatory College, 410 South Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

**Summer In Greece:** The Athens Centre for Creative Arts. Music, archaeology, painting, poetry, literature, theatre; seminars, workshops and festivals. Sea and sun in Athens and the islands. June or July. Tuition $350. Write: The Athens Centre, Philadelphia Music Academy, 313 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19017.

**Photographic Studytour** of the ORIENT with credit available form UC Extension, Irvine. Special visits to AINU VILLAGE in Hokkaido, MEO TRIBE in Thailand, and native dance performances. Director Tom Grimm, professional photographer and lecturer, will provide technical assistance throughout. June 25th-July 15th. Descriptive brochure from HALEY STUDY-TOURS, 500 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California 94111.

**American Repertory Theatre In Europe**—Summer Session: June 15th to August 2nd. Seven weeks onstage and backstage training and experience for beginning and advanced drama students. Based on Fleming College Florence campus. Performance tour to festivals of northern Italy. Write' Mrs. C. Bigelow, ARTE, 326 East 69th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. Tel. 212-988-5462.

**College Humanities Consortium:** Europe June 18th-July 19th, 1973. Credit: Art, Humanities, History. $870. Write Box 6597, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

**Summer Studies In England.** Apply now! BSTC, 80 5th Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10011.

**Greece: Paint In The Sun**—Greek Easter trip or 3-8 weeks summer session on Aegean island, Samos. Workshops in: PAINTING. CERAMICS. WATERCOLOR. Excursions, lectures, sun and sea. For adults, college students. Brochure: PYTHAGOREION INSTITUTE, Box 1124, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653. Tel. 617-255-1345.

**Students!** A 6-week European Travel-Study Program in Italy and Spain. In conjunction with The American College of Rome. Write: International Humanities Programs, Box 236, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. Call 516-541-7431.

**British Broadcasting**—London seminar, July 23rd-August 24th. Six hours graduate and senior credit. School of Communications and Theatre, Temple University, Philadelphia, 19122.

**5-Week Summer Study Program** in Greece-1973. July 16th-August 17th. Ancient Greek Civilization. Write for Brochure: Athenian College for Greek Studies, P.O. Box 1312, Evanston, Illinois 60204. 312-866-7550.

**Europe At Moderate Cost:** Ages 9-14, 14-18. Travel-study programs in France, Spain, Austria, other countries. From $595, including flights. Also Camp in Spain. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017. 212-867-7264.

**Culinary Adventure In Florence,** July 9th to 23rd. Daily cooking lessons, vineyards. Hotel included. Mrs. Bernard Berman, 2830 Gordon Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania 18104.

**Oxford Summer Schools.** Revolution and change in contemporary society. Celebrity speakers. Three 2-week sessions, June and July. Write Alternative Society, 9 Morton Avenue, Kidlington, Oxford, England.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**Yeats International Summer School,** Sligo, Ireland. The 14th Yeats International Summer School, 11th to 25th August, 1973. Director: Dr. John S. Kelly, University of Kent, Canterbury. Lectures and seminars daily on aspects of Yeats Scholarship Anglo-Irish History and Literature conducted by distinguished Irish, British and American scholars. Plays, Recitals, Poetry Readings and Excursions. For information and brochures, apply to Mrs. K. Moran, Secretary, Stephen Street, Sligo.

## STUDIES ABROAD

**Study Programs In France**—French and all Fine Arts. Programs include: Academic Year, January Interim, Summer in France, Christmas in Paris and London. PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

**Liberal Arts In Rome.** Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year '73-'74. Courses offered: Anthropology, Archaeology, Baroque Art and Literature, Film and Filmmaking, History, Independent Studies, Italian Folklore, Italian Language and Literature, Philosophy, Political Science, Renaissance Art and Literature and Urban Studies. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Dennis L. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8441.

**Europe—Tours, Summer Sessions** at European Universities, Studies Abroad. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

**"American Education In Swiss Tranquillity"**—American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, co-educational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

**Hacienda El Cobano.** The University of Oklahoma's Study Center, Colima, Mexico, offers credit and non-credit programs for 1973.

**Spanish:** High school, adult and college level.

**Workshops:** High School Art Workshop. Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Latin American Feminism. Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

**Study At Sea.** World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

**Columbus International College** of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding, Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College, Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

**Montessori Training-Rome**—International Diploma to teach elementary grades. Write: Miss Lorenson, P.O. Box 139, Times Square Station, NYC, 10036.

**Institute For Advanced Musical Studies,** Sion, Switzerland, offers exceptionally talented music students unusual opportunities for intensive training and performance under the guidance of an internationally distinguished faculty. Programs leading to Bachelor's, Master's and Doctor's degrees. Special year-abroad program for students enrolled in U.S. colleges. Magnificent setting in the heart of the Swiss Alps. Catalogues, forms available in the U.S. Write I.H.E.M., 4823 North Kenwood, Indianapolis, Indiana 46208.

## TRAVEL

**Latin America**—2-4 week study tours in Art, Archaeology and Ethnology. Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Brazil, Central America from $195. Mibar Ltd., 135 West Wells, Milwaukee, 53203.

**European Music Festivals Tour**—July 26th, 4 weeks, expertly planned, escorted, flexible. Plaza Travel, Hotel Plaza, NYC, 10019.

**Oriental Deluxe Art And Antique** Collectors' Tour with Cornell professor, August 1973. Corinne Zinn, 84 Audubon, Binghamton, N.Y. 13903.

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**Europe? Stay In A Castle.** New 4th edition Castle-Hotels book lists 500 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 360 illustrations, rates, maps, histories, 164 pages. $3.95 plus 15¢ postage. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

**Auto Babysitters**—INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than long-term outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garage, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216. 212-493-9800.

**For High School Students** and Graduates. Stay in Soviet youth center. Or join African Safari; ski in August at Mont Blanc; bike in Denmark; ride horseback on beaches of Brittany; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain; live with European family. Festivals, theatres in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa, 22nd year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

**Worldwide Freighter Guide**—$1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZAR Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

**Solar Eclipse!** All inclusive tour to the heart of the Sahara to view the longest Eclipse in this century. Including all meals, accommodations, tents at the site, flights to Dakar, Gao, Timbuctu. Land rovers to Tassilit. Return via Abidjan. 17 days, $1,498 per person. Depart June 19th, return July 6th. For information, write African Explorers, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859 or phone: (N.Y.) 212-356-3434, (N.J.) 201-721-2929.

**Going Abroad This Summer?** Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 30 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special project and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

**Sailing Vacation Aboard** popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

**Bicycling-Hiking-Camping** trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, Colorado, Canada. Free brochure includes bicycle equipment catalogue. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767. 802-767-3297.

**Europe—An Unregimented Tour!** Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequola, Pasadena, California.

**This Ad + $8.00** per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$12.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

**Summer '73**—Camping, hosteling, backpacking teenager trips in Europe. Travel by bicycle, horse, kayak or minibus in small groups. Special sections for college age and 12-13 year olds. Brochure available. Freewheel Express Ltd., 11 Waverly Place, NYC, 10003. 212-674-1240.

**Overland To India** and return, all summer. $690, all-inclusive, land portion. Overland Excursions, 84 Narcissus, Rocky Point, N.Y. 11778.

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**Europe Via Microbus.** Small, flexible, coed groups. 3-7 week trips from $495. Free brochure. Travel Easy, Dept. S, 48 West 48th Street, NYC, 10036. 212-575-9270.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

No. 2033

By Janet Elliott Cameron

**DEFINITIONS**

A. Skeptic (2 wds.)

B. Painting technique in which a canvas is completed in one session (2 wds.)

C. Printing house that specializes in publishing books for which the authors pay all or most of the costs (2 wds.)

D. Messenger of the gods (class, myth.)

E. Co-starred with Mia Farrow in *John and Mary* (2 wds.)

F. Cut of meat (3 wds.)

G Against the very slight possibility (4 wds.)

H. Thorough defeat

I. Figure piece by Millais (2 wds.)

J. Reach the summit

**WORDS**

33 119 10 2 19 141 49 180 60 152 158
92 193 27

96 133 206 37 82 23 6 159 179

25 117 7 208 142 130 101 38 83 11 43

12 182 198 85

42 125 196 120 153 13 20 3 89 184 199
44 87

84 4 40 62 116 24 147 9 21 181 203

28 45 190 121 14 39 156 161 95 197 32
104 151 26

57 210 97 102 86 108 17 118 8

34 29 46 165 88 100 201 103 41 15

135 47 213 16 207

**DEFINITIONS**

K. Annul by an authoritative act

L. Small camera

M. Spiced pickle of East Indian origin

N. Certain

O. Honest person (colloq., 2 wds.)

P. Lack of refinement

Q. Hardship

R. U.S. general and statesman; secretary of state 1947–49

S. Notorious lady of history who started her career by posing as Goddess of Health in quack doctor's exhibition (2 wds.)

T. One who trains others routinely or mechanically

U Occasion for a periodic Chinese celebration (3 wds.)

**WORDS**

48 167 58 183 22 30 214 36

5 51 18 59 192 187 35

110 61 31 50 144 98 189 134 202 90

186 105 124 205 70 56 76 93 64 178 1
131 136 111

140 185 132 126 91 77 145 113 168 71 65
106 148

53 78 109 94 75 172 122 154 200

114 72 80 163 175 52 211 138 171 150

79 81 112 212 66 160 73 188

67 139 164 146 174 149 176 128 194 170 54
166

107 68 55 127 195 204 137 169 173 99 157

191 74 177 123 115 209 129 143 155 69 162
63

**DIRECTIONS**

*Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.*

| | | | | | | 1 N | | 2 A | 3 E | 4 F | 5 L | 6 B | 7 C | 8 H | | 9 F | 10 A |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 C | 12 D | 13 E | 14 G | 15 I | 16 J | | 17 H | 18 L | | 19 A | 20 E | 21 F | | 22 K | 23 B | 24 F | 25 C |
| 26 G | 27 A | | 28 G | 29 I | | 30 K | 31 M | 32 G | 33 A | 34 I | 35 L | 36 K | | 37 B | 38 C | 39 G | 40 F |
| 41 I | 42 E | | 43 C | 44 E | 45 G | | 46 I | 47 J | 48 K | 49 A | 50 M | 51 L | 52 Q | 53 P | 54 S | | 55 T |
| 56 N | | 57 H | 58 K | 59 L | 60 A | 61 M | 62 F | 63 U | | 64 N | 65 O | 66 R | 67 S | 68 T | | 69 U | 70 N |
| 71 O | 72 Q | 73 R | 74 U | 75 P | | 76 N | 77 O | 78 P | 79 R | | 80 Q | 81 R | 82 B | 83 C | 84 F | 85 D | |
| 86 H | 87 E | 88 I | | 89 E | 90 M | 91 O | 92 A | | 93 N | 94 P | | 95 G | 96 B | 97 H | 98 M | 99 T | 100 I |
| | 101 C | 102 H | 103 I | 104 G | 105 N | 106 O | 107 T | | 108 H | 109 P | 110 M | 111 N | 112 R | 113 O | 114 Q | 115 U | 116 F |
| | 117 C | 118 H | 119 A | 120 E | 121 G | 122 P | 123 U | | 124 N | 125 E | 126 O | 127 T | 128 S | 129 U | 130 C | | 131 N |
| 132 O | 133 B | 134 M | | 135 J | 136 N | 137 T | 138 Q | 139 S | 140 O | | 141 A | 142 C | | 143 U | 144 M | 145 O | |
| 146 S | | 147 F | 148 O | 149 S | 150 Q | 151 G | 152 A | 153 E | 154 P | 155 U | | 156 G | 157 T | 158 A | 159 B | | 160 R |
| | 161 G | 162 U | 163 Q | 164 S | | 165 I | 166 S | | 167 K | 168 O | 169 T | 170 S | 171 Q | 172 P | | 173 T | 174 S |
| 175 Q | | 176 S | 177 U | 178 N | 179 B | 180 A | 181 F | 182 D | | 183 K | 184 E | | 185 O | 186 N | 187 L | 188 R | 189 M |
| 190 G | 191 U | | 192 L | 193 A | 194 S | 195 T | 196 E | | 197 G | 198 D | 199 E | 200 P | 201 I | 202 M | 203 F | | 204 T |
| 205 N | 206 B | 207 J | 208 C | | 209 U | 210 H | 211 Q | 212 R | 213 J | 214 K | | | | | | | |

**Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 88**

BRAND-NEW DOUBLE-CROSTICS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM, SPIRAL-BOUND, FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS, 380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y 10017.



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**Only Sony's Trinitron system lets electron beams hit the screen in unbroken stripes for greater brightness.**
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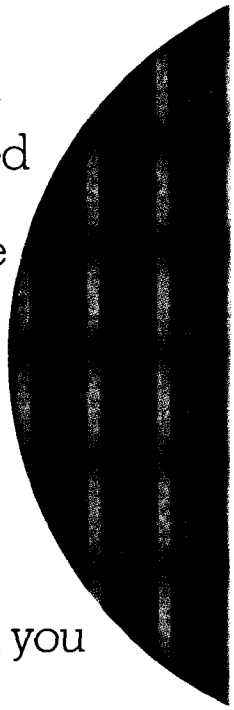

What you see here is for real. A picture actually broadcast over closed-circuit TV, and photographed off a Sony Trinitron screen.

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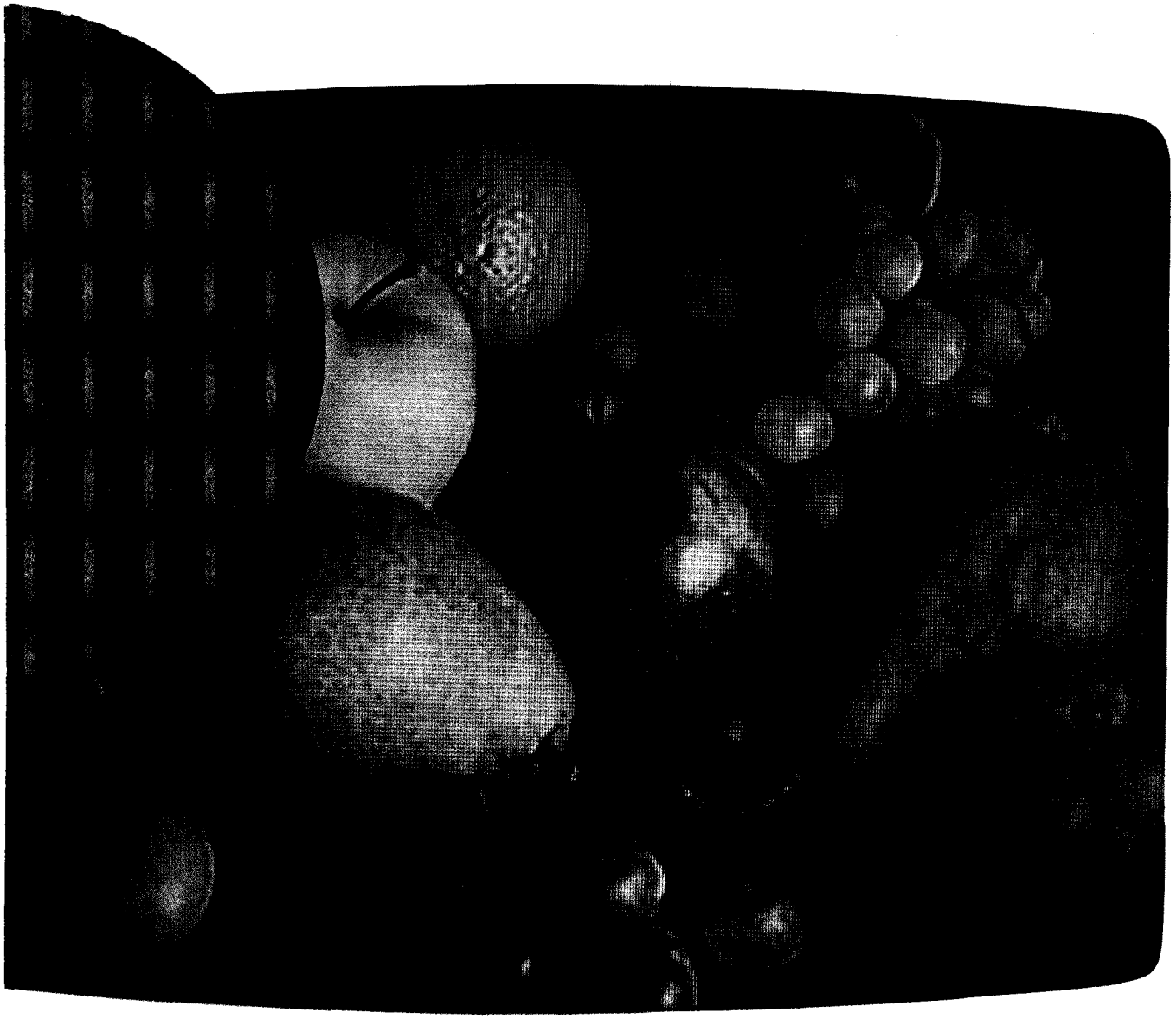
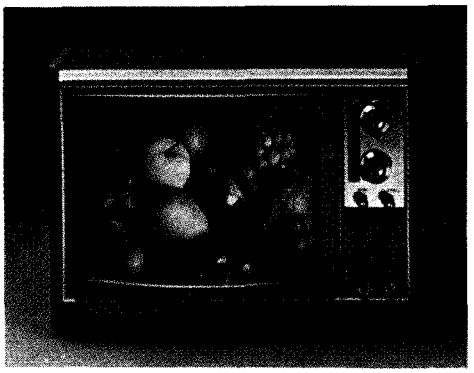
# BALONEY.





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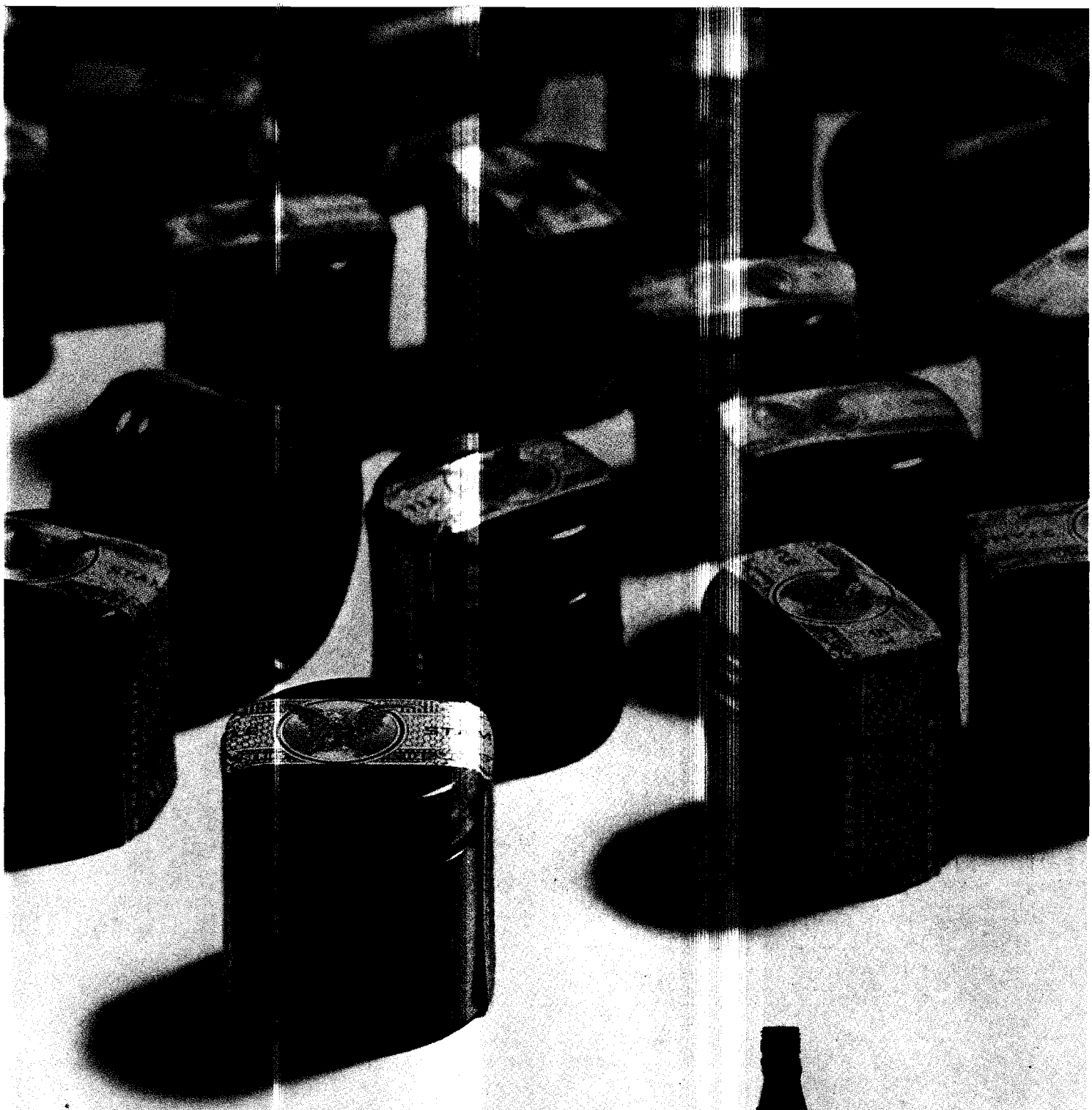

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